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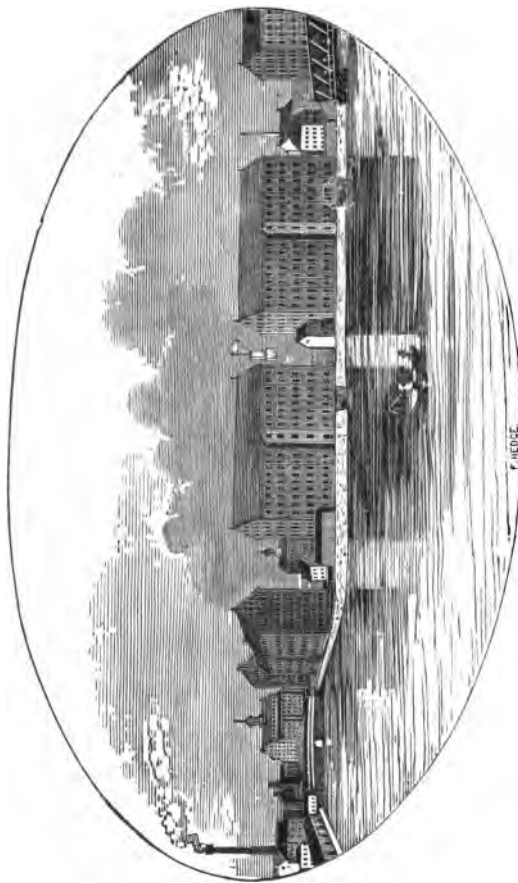
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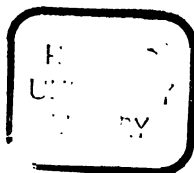
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"Is Saul also among the Prophets?"  
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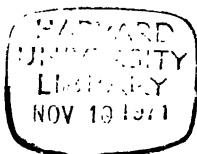
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I N D E X .

<p>A Fragment,</p> <p>An Allegory,</p> <p>After Death,</p> <p>A Leaf from my Journal,</p> <p>A Visit to the Grave-yard,</p> <p>Aunt Matilda,</p> <p>An Article,</p> <p>A Morning Reverie,</p> <p>"Ah! who would live always?"</p> <p>"An ower true tale,"</p> <p>A Sketch,</p> <p>Autumn,</p> <p>Beauty,</p> <p>Bonaparte in the Red Sea,</p> <p>Bashfulness,</p> <p>Christmas and New Year,</p> <p>Catherine Gabriel,</p> <p>Cowper,</p> <p>Correspondence of A. G. A., 167 262</p> <p>Correspondence of the Offering,</p> <p>Diligence ensures success,</p> <p>Dialogue on Beauty,</p> <p>Deal Gently,</p> <p>Evening Hours Reflections,</p> <p>"Earth speaks in many voices,"</p> <p>Flattery,</p> <p>Frederic and the Cherries,</p> <p>Fragment,</p> <p>Factory Labor,</p> <p>Friendship,</p> <p>Flower Dream,</p>	<p>61 Happiness, 43</p> <p>101 Home, 102 155</p> <p>117 Hugo Grotius, 202</p> <p>139</p> <p>156 Ingratitude, 115</p> <p>185 Individual Influence, 165</p> <p>264 Influence of Fashion, 228</p> <p>211</p> <p>225 Journey to the Moon, 9</p> <p>238</p> <p>270 Kindness, 164</p> <p>280</p> <p>Landing of the Pilgrims, 30</p> <p>208 Letters from Susan, 145 169 237 257</p> <p>292</p> <p>277 Miss Hannah More, 183</p> <p>Mind amongst the Spindles, 260</p> <p>71</p> <p>140 Need of a Revelation, 81</p> <p>178 Nothing, 142</p> <p>232 Napoleon at St. Helena, 226</p> <p>278</p> <p>Our French Letter, 45</p> <p>70 Our Improvement Circle, 114</p> <p>160</p> <p>190 Poetry, 40</p> <p>Profanity, 129</p> <p>149 Past, Present and Future, 154</p> <p>157 Pythagorus the Samian Sage, 180</p> <p>Pleasant Duties, 230</p> <p>34</p> <p>106 Rejected Contributions, 96</p> <p>107 Random Thoughts, 172</p> <p>199</p> <p>207 Study,</p> <p>217</p>
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THE LOWELL OFFERING.

NOVEMBER, 1843.

Written by the author of "Kate in Search of a Husband."

THE SMUGGLER.

INTRODUCTION.

AN American and European smuggler are very dissimilar in character; that is, if the pictures we have of the latter are drawn from life. An American smuggler is, of necessity, daring, but not reckless; he evades the revenue laws, but is not lawless; he smuggles in hopes of greater and speedier gain, is not driven to it from crime; and withal, he may be a good citizen, and ready to sacrifice the wealth that he accumulates in defence of his country, if circumstances should demand it. Whether this inconsistency of character arises from our political institutions—which take for their basis "that all men are created equal, and are endowed with certain inalienable rights; among which, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" or because smuggling is not considered a *transgression* of law, involving crime, but as an *evasion*, exhibiting tact, daring, and prudence, we may not here determine. The causes we will not trace; the character we will endeavor to portray. And by *smuggler*, we mean the man who imports and exports goods and merchandise upon his own hazard, without "*entry*;" not the man who makes a *false* entry, and adds perjury to smuggling. There are many who would smuggle, and yet scorn to add crime to their venture. Smuggling, in the United States, is regarded as a speculation—an investment of *money* upon chance; not one of honor, or character. To be *suspected* as a smuggler, is not to be less respected; to be *detected* as one, is a compromise of Yankee ingenuity far less pardonable. With smuggling, as with every thing else, which is viewed as a purely *legal*, not *moral*, obligation, success stamps it honorable; a failure only, is disgrace.

Again; a smuggler is but a practical illustrator of the principles of *free trade*, and differs from the theoretical one in this point only, that he likes high tariff laws; and the actual prohibition of any luxury (especially one the ladies deem indispensable) fills him with delight. Exorbitant duties, and actual prohibitions, are the life-giving spirit of his trade. Whereas, should the principles which he illustrates and practices, become general, it would ruin his profession. The fines and forfeitures, by which the violation of the revenue laws is punished, are the smuggler's "bill of protection" against the more timid. This gives his profession a smack of ro-

mance and adventure, the more attractive to the bold and daring. All of this is prosy and tiresome ; but these details were necessary for a true estimation of the principal personage of our tale.

CHAPTER I.

It was within a few miles of the northern American frontier, in the spring of eighteen hundred and fourteen, that a solitary horseman was seen wending his way through the mountain passes (which by courtesy was denominated a road) of an unbroken forest. He was clad in a large gray overcoat, the cape falling over his person and concealing its contour, while a high standing collar of fur completely muffled his face. A fur cap covered his head ; and his feet and legs were entirely encased in bright scarlet leggins, or rather stockings, for they covered his feet, and reached far above the knees. His horse evidently had been ridden hard, and the impatience of the rider still urged him forward at the top of his speed. The rider apparently was a man of peace, and intent only upon his own business, for although fast approaching the enemy's frontiers, he carried no weapons of defence, unless a large heavy-mounted riding whip might have been so construed.

Although the almanac marked the present month as belonging to spring, yet in that cold mountainous region, winter still lingered in all its fastnesses of snow, ice, and cold ; and his horse, by a slight deviation from the trodden track, sank down in the snow with a sudden and unlooked-for movement which nearly threw his rider over his head. But fixing himself more firmly in his saddle, and tightening the rein, his horse regained his footing upon the firmer part of the path, without obliging his rider to dismount.

"Thank God ! I am almost over this infernal mountain," the rider exclaimed aloud. "It is enough to make a saint swear just for the sake of companionship."

A few turns more brought him in sight of an opening large enough for quite a farm, in the centre of which stood a barn, and a small log house ; that is, a house formed from whole timber, the logs laid lengthwise, one upon top of another, and grooved at the ends to fix the angles firmly. The barn was much more civilized. It was of pretty good sized dimensions, and framed from sawed and hewed timber, covered with boards. At the east end of the house, there was a large wood-pile, rivalling in size the house itself ; and at the west end, there was an open shed, where, in spite of the frozen atmosphere, there were two men busily engaged in shaving pine staves, while a third one was setting up the staves into small tubs, which would hold three or four gallons.

"Do you expect any use for your buckets this spring?" abruptly inquired the traveller, reining in his horse towards the shed.

"Certainly, if you are in these parts," returned the elder of the three, coming forward and shaking the hand of the traveller with a hearty recognition.

"Not so fast, good friend," rejoined the traveller, "don't call me a *sap-head* until the custom-house officers catch me. But any news ? Hounds ahead ?"

"I was down to the captain's to-day," replied the forester, "and they thought from movements, that Eaton's folks had a boarder. You understand ?"

"And so, they think to catch 'Smuggling Ned' with his pack on his back? Well, I have five hundred pair of boots coming up this afternoon. The men are tired, and I hoped to have sent them back from here; but if you don't see me within three hours, know that I am playing mouse to some cat, and make the best provision you can. How many of the boys are at home?"

"Three."

"Wont they lend a helping hand to a poor devil caught in toil? I want the men to keep the wood clear through, and they are nearly done up now. If the boys will lighten their packs some, and pilot them through the woods, they shall have my everlasting thanks; and you know Ned is no niggard to pay. But I will leave all the arrangements with you, if you don't see me within the three hours. By that time, I shall know whether to let pretty Sally watch me, or to fly her charms." And with a loud laugh and familiar nod the traveller rode on.

A mile farther, and the traveller reined up his steed at the "Tavern of the Woods." It was a low wood house, long enough for a palace, and not wide enough for an "entry." There were sufficient outside doors to have mistaken it for a saw-mill, and just as many windows as doors. On the north side, or rather end, there was a high hill, which extended in a semicircle to the east. On the south was a level, or plain, some few rods in width. And at the west, there was an abrupt descent toward the mountain stream, by courtesy called a river.

Down by the river-side, nestled under the hills, peeped forth a small cottage. And upon the hill east of the tavern, another stood out in bold relief, like a watchtower against the surrounding forests. Excepting the two mentioned, not another human habitation met the eye. Every side was hemmed in by the mountain's unbroken forests. Proud old hemlocks, which a century had failed to bow, reared their gigantic heads toward the brilliant sky. The spruce and fir towered their more slender and graceful forms, as if vain that they had been fashioned in a more delicate mould.

But it was the season of penitence and sackcloth with the maple, beach, and birch, as if one half of the year should be passed in penance for their gorgeous attire of the other half. Who can look upon a deep unbroken forest, where mountain and plain still remain undisturbed by the woodman's axe, and not feel deep reverence for HIM, to whom alone its fragrance in the summer, or its sternness in the winter, breathes anthems of praise? In its stillness, in its solitude, God reigns! Mid the bustle and strife of busy life, men forget JEHOVAH; but alone in the fastnesses of the woods and mountains, they feel His presence.

Some one has said that there is more patriotism among mountaineers than is to be found among the dwellers of the city, and the inhabitants of the more fertile plains—attributing the bravery and love of country, which has been exhibited in Switzerland and Scotland, more to the wild grandeur of their Highlands and Alps, than to the national education of the inhabitants. Or, perhaps, to be more just to the author's idea, he thought that the ever-visible evidence of the sublime and bold in the natural world, fashioned and moulded the mind more to its own image. With justice he might have added, that the contemplation of beauty and grandeur of the material world subdued man to a more reverential awe for the GREAT CAUSE who created it.

Perchance, with equal strength it might be maintained, that the frown-

ing darkness of the mountain and forest, is but the minister to sin, and to those who seek iniquity. That its wildness is in unison with the recklessness of him who would violate the laws of God and man. Satan, when he would have tempted Him who was perfect, "took him up into an exceeding high mountain." And the outcast from human sympathy, the reprobate of laws both human and divine, seeks the gloomy cavern, the secret recesses of the forest's glade.

CHAPTER II.

The traveller alighted at the door of the house, and consigning his horse to the care of a man who stood there, (in such primitive settlements, in America, there are no servants,) exclaimed, as he shook him familiarly by the hand,

"Ah! ha! Amos, how are you? See that Turk has good care. Don't grudge him a good rubbing, for he is almost used up."

The man laughed out of both corners of his mouth, but vouchsafed no reply.

The loud tones of the traveller's voice drew forth the other inmates of the house, and the landlord and landlady, Mars and Tom, all appeared at the door and window.

"How are you?" and the *Yankee reply*, "How are you?" were exchanged, and the steed was led to the stable, and the traveller into the house.

It was evident that the traveller was no stranger, and preparations were commenced to furnish him with a warm venison steak, and boiled potatoes; and a mince pie was put to the fire to warm. The food mentioned was soon on the table, with other *et ceteras* of bread, butter, cheese, pickles, and apple-sauce.

While it was preparing for the table, the landlord and traveller had been closeted in an adjoining room; and before he had seated himself to appease an appetite which the strong mountain air had rendered almost imperious, Amos was called, and despatched, ostensibly to grind his axe on his neighbor's grindstone, where the traveller had first halted after crossing the mountain.

"Thunder! Amos," said he, addressing the man, "you must speak once. Tell the major to see that my men do not come within half a mile of his house. Tell the boys to cross the road down by the Taft brook, and see if there are any horse tracks in the snow beyond the bridge. If there are not, the road will be safe. Now see that your axe is sharp this time."

Amos hung his axe over his shoulder, and started on his errand, but without a word of assent, or comment; and the traveller seated himself at the table. He had scarce commenced his meal before a young girl, of seventeen, or eighteen years of age, entered the room, and glanced intelligently at the traveller, but instantly withdrew her eyes, and preferred some neighborly request from her mother to the landlady.

"Ah, my sweet Sally," said the traveller, addressing the girl, as the landlady left the room to grant the request of her neighbor, "you will make a poor man of me. You watch me so close whenever I come within the range of your charms, that, by my troth, I believe you'll catch me at last."

"Me, sir!" answered the girl, blushing. "You know we have no neighbors but Mr. Culver's folks; and if I happen to come into the house when you are here, you think I am watching you."

"And I am so flattered by it," rejoined the traveller, "that if I thought

you only watched *me*, and not my business, faith, I'd let you catch *me*."

"Oh, sir!" replied the girl; and as Mrs. Culver had furnished what was requested, she departed.

"Damn her!" was his hearty ejaculation as she closed the door.

"Well, captain," he continued, addressing the landlord, "I see you are correct. They have a fox up to Eaton's. I must get him out of his hole, so let us have Turk, and we shall soon see who will be on my train."

"Wait a while," replied the landlord, "you are too impatient. It will be good three hours before your men can reach the brook through the woods, and let them get in full train after you before the men come up."

"Will they be likely to start after me immediately?" inquired the traveller.

"Within fifteen or twenty minutes," was the reply.

"Let me see," he continued, musing, "I want them just ahead of the boys, and"—

A new arrival at the door interrupted the remark; and he looked from the window to reconnoitre the new comers.

"The devil!" said he—"more petticoats! I wish"—

"Stop, stop," interrupted Mrs. Culver; "no evil wishes on all woman-kind—you hope to be married."

"Not I, in faith," he rejoined; "or at least, not while I have two thousand dollars in peril by one of the sex."

The new arrival was a raw youth of sixteen, or seventeen, accompanied by a young lady not much his senior in years, but evidently his superior in intellect and intelligence. Mrs. Culver assisted the young lady in removing her manifold shawls, cloaks, and hood; and when divested of her superabundant quantity of clothing, the traveller, whom we shall hereafter give his own cognomen, Edward Clapp, half uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

The lady was rather below the usual size in stature, with a full and rounded form, which might create the envy of a modern belle; a clear and brilliant complexion, and every feature a model of feminine beauty. I cannot say she looked like an angel, for I never saw one, but she was a most excellent specimen of a young American beauty. A woman to love and respect—not a being to worship, or make a dunce of. The sunny glance of her bright blue eye, as she returned the ordinary courtesies of civility, made Edward instantly recall within his own breast the ungallant feelings with which he had greeted her entrance. For an instant he almost forgot his anxiety for his periled merchandise; but even a pretty girl cannot hold a merchant, or smuggler in durance, when his interest pulls another way—that is, if he is an American. If (as a foreigner has flung at us) the "almighty dollar" is not always on his tongue, you may be quite sure that it is nearest his heart. "Business first, and pleasure afterwards," is the motto of American energy. And often, too often, GAIN becomes the ruling star of their destiny, and they cease to be aught but automata to secure wealth. I cannot but think, that if *money* was considered less the *object*, and more the *means*, that we should attain a greater degree of enjoyment. Wealth will ever be a minister to, but it never should be the ruler, or arbiter of, our happiness.

By the time that the last travellers' horse was disposed of, it was time for Edward to resume his journey, and Turk was brought to the door. As he mounted his horse, he glanced at the western mountains, and ex-

perienced delight in noticing that the sun was already too low for the young lady and her companion, servant, or *cousin*, to continue their journey before morning.

"I shall be here again before morning," said he to the landlord, as he wheeled his horse from the door.

The first mile he pursued his way at a brisk pace, and then tightened the rein and rode on more leisurely. But before he had passed more than three miles of the way, he caught the glimpse of two men in a light sledge pursuing him at a rapid pace. Without any apparent notice of those following, he continued his way slowly, but regulated the speed of his horse so that he was overtaken at the moment of reaching the bridge that crosses the Taft brook. The road was a narrow snow path, which admitted of only one vehicle abreast; and after passing the bridge, he leaped his horse into the snow, which was three or four feet deep out of the beaten track, and caused the beast to rear and plunge so as nearly to unseat his rider. The other travellers paused, as if to render him assistance if necessary.

"Pass on, pass on, gentlemen," said he, "I would regain the road; but as you drive faster than I wish to ride, I will follow rather than lead."

"As you please, Mr. Clapp," answered one of the men in the sleigh, "provided that you bear us company."

"Ah! how do you do, Esq. Eaton. I did not recognize you. It will give me the greatest pleasure to be your company as far as our routes are in the same direction. Drive on," he continued, as he leaped his horse back into the road, "but do not drive too fast, or my horse will not keep pace with yours."

"Mr. Clapp," rejoined Esq. Eaton, "you are aware that you have rendered yourself a suspicious person, and are suspected of carrying on contraband trade. And it behooves every honest citizen and patriot to examine well all suspected persons, especially at this crisis, when the armies of a foreign foe are on our frontiers; and"—

"Let me tell you, esquire," interrupted Clapp, "if *every* honest citizen and patriot examined *every* suspected person, then I should be better informed of your business than I am. You have long been suspected of being a d——d rascal, and it would not require any very extra effort to prove it. But drive on—my business, whatever it may be, is not furthered by stopping and bandying words with every bully or coward I may meet."

"But we must insist on your company, sir," replied the other individual in the sleigh with Eaton, who had been thus far a spectator, rather than an actor, in the scene. "I am fully authorized to see that the laws of my country are not violated with impunity. I have sufficient reason to think you a dangerous person to our body politic, and a bold unprincipled violator of our revenue laws; and to convince you that it is useless to resist, you see," he continued, pointing to the rear, where another sleigh had appeared in view, "that I have assistance sufficient to enforce my commands."

"Who you may be, sir," retorted Clapp, "I neither know, nor care. From the company I find you in, I should sooner take you for a robber and thief than an honest man. Questioning your character, as I do, sir, (from your company) you will not, or cannot, think my refusal to acknowledge your authority here as any resistance to the laws. I will accompany you, without the least resistance, to Capt. Higgins's, (whom I know to be an honest man) and there will satisfy you of the perfect right which I have

to travel all or every road in the United States peaceably. But as to allowing you or any other stranger to bid me stand, or examine me, in a lonely wood like this, I shall not do it. If you are an honest man, and, as you say, an officer under government, you will not refuse to accept my proposition."

"But, sir, Esq. Eaton can assure you of my character. You know him, and"—

"Yes, I know him," interrupted Clapp, "for a d——d knave. His assurance could not satisfy me, for I the more question your truth from being found in his company."

After some further parley, Clapp's proposition to proceed to Capt. Higgins's was accepted. Capt. Higgins's was some four miles ahead, and the first house at which they would arrive, after leaving the woods. The prominent object with Clapp was to secure their attendance upon *him*, until the darkness would conceal the snow-shoe tracks, where his men would cross the road, until the next morning, as snow-shoes were equally available for custom-house officers, as for hunters and smugglers; and men without burdens would undoubtedly progress much faster than men laden like beasts.

When they arrived at Higgins's, Clapp's first movement was to despatch a boy to a distillery, where potatoes were manufactured into a species of ardent spirits called whiskey, to procure a gallon of the beverage. He well knew that a custom-house officer would not be very likely to leave his glass untasted (the date of the incidents which we chronicle, was a long period prior to the Temperance reformation) even if the good of his country demanded it. The whiskey was produced, and the examination proceeded in rather a desultory style. A drink first made them good friends—all "hail fellows, well met;" when the officer informed Clapp that he had received information that he (Clapp) had purchased a quantity of boots in the vicinity of Boston, about ten days previous. That the boots were supposed to be destined for the Canada market; and that they had not as yet crossed the frontier. And that, by detaining him for eight or ten hours, undoubtedly the proscribed merchandise would be secured to support "the laws and dignity of these United States." And moreover, as Mr. Clapp must be aware how much of his information was true, that Mr. Clapp, if he had been misrepresented to the government, would willingly consent to the detention as a good citizen. (Probably the gentleman meant to convey the idea, that a good citizen was willing to be *suspected* for his country's good.)

In reply, Mr. Clapp admitted the purchase of the boots at the time and place specified; but denied that they were intended for the Canada market, having already forwarded them to the order of the quarter-master-general, for the use of the American army on the northwestern frontier. That the detention he should submit to with but little inconvenience. To be sure, Capt. Culver would expect his return there before night, as he had only rode out to view the fine sugar maple lots which were in the vicinity of the Taft brook. The very high prices of sugar in the market, had led him to think of the practicability of engaging largely in its manufacture in the spring, and he wished to select the most eligible situation. But probably Capt. Culver would think that he had concluded to go farther, and would experience no anxiety on his account. But as they would remain until morning, would it not be well to see themselves well provided

with all possible comforts, and he would send for another gallon of whiskey; and instantly despatched the boy again on the errand.

We have given the substance and manner of the examination, instead of the examination itself, for we confess our perfect inability to do justice to the original scene; although Yankee as we are, we could not give a just delineation of the perfect apparent nonchalance and coolness of Clapp, nor the plausibility of the officer, nor the apparent secret satisfaction of his party. It was like a company of cats playing with a mouse, until the time had come to destroy it. The reader is well aware that they possessed tolerably correct information. The only fault was, that their last information was dated twelve hours back, and forty miles south. At that period, the boots might have been seized, but their destination could not have been proved. Fifty miles from the frontier, merchandise might be intended for "home consumption." Ten miles from forty-fifth degree of north latitude, in the woods, or within the precincts of a scattering settlement, the same articles assumed a different aspect.

The night passed jovially away with the officer's party over the whiskey, and on the watch; but Clapp early complained of fatigue, and procuring a buffalo robe from Capt. Higgins, wrapped it around him and lay down upon the floor, and, apparently, was soon in a profound sleep. Many were the jokes passed by the other party upon his slumbers, but he watched with one eye shut, only fearing that they might weary of watching him.

The morning dawned, and Clapp witnessed with delight the snow which had commenced falling, as it would obliterate the tracks of his men where they crossed the road, and leave not a vestige whereby the tale might be told. His blandness and courtesy was only equalled by the mortification of the other party; and as he had waited the stipulated time, there was no farther pretext to detain him longer, and he was permitted to depart.

"You have tricked us now," said Eaton, as Clapp mounted his horse, "but we will have you next time."

"I will agree to give you the first hundred pounds of sugar that I make this spring, if you ever catch me again in as low company as I am in now." And bowing low to the esquire and officer, he rode off.

SEA-SIDE MUSINGS.

UPON the heaving bosom of the ocean

The embryo waves a restless murmur keep;
Still struggling forward, gathering strength with motion,
And hoarsely muttering as on they sweep.

Their crested heads now loftily they're rearing;
And madly rush they from the boundless main.
See! the bleached strand with headlong force they're nearing!
They've reached the goal! and now, they're lost again.

Methinks from them an emblem I may borrow;—
For human life is like the swelling wave;—
A tumult wild of mirth, and pain, and sorrow,
Hasting to meet its destiny,—the grave.

Amid yon ripples in the sunlight dancing,
Mark one whose brightness scarce exceeds the rest:
But, landward now, as pioneer advancing,
It comes in all its ocean splendor drest.

Far on the sands its glistening length it measures;
 Then to another doth its brief reign yield:
 Yet, sinking, leaves a hoard of pearly treasures,
 That late in coral caverns lay concealed.
 Thus have ye watched, from out the teeming distance,
 The fearless path of some exalted mind,
 Who brought forth hidden truths to cheer existence,
 And dying, lived in what he left behind.
 Yonder, behold! another giant billow
 Comes foaming, dashing, onward to the shore;
 Lashes, with angry roar, its wave-worn pillow,
 Then, spent with rage, recedes, to rise no more.
 Left it no vestige of its might remaining,
 Ere its majestic form in silence slept?
 Green slime and worthless weeds its track are staining,
 And Sundered rocks o'erthrown, show where it swept.
 Ev'n such was he, who, gifted in youth's morning,
 Hope to the world of future blessings gave,
 But sold his birthright; each pure impulse scoring;
 And only shame and ruin mark his grave.
 There, softly from the deep blue waters swelling,
 How gracefully yon crystal wavelet glides;
 And, as a pleasant whispered tale 'twere telling,
 To the rough crags, in music it subsides.
 So often has a young and gentle spirit
 Awhile pressed joyously the shore of life;
 But soon its parting voice came to those near it,
 Sweet as an angel's hymn amid earth's strife.
 Oh! far on Being's shores, where dimly lower
 The mists of Guilt before the sunniest light,
 I feel myself, by some resistless power,
 Swiftly impelled, nor see my way aright.
 Groping, confused, I seek my destination,
 May ne'er my feeble strength Sin's forces aid;
 Nor be it mine to scatter desolation
 On aught that He, the Holy One, hath made.
 Ambition's meed, a sounding name possessing,
 I ask not; still not worthless would I be;
 But blest in life, and after life a blessing,
 Would calmly sink into Death's silent sea.

L. L.

JOURNEY TO THE MOON.

A DREAM.

ONE clear moonlight evening, last winter, I attended a lecture on astronomy. The subject chosen for that evening was our satellite, the moon, its seasons, scenery, &c. The lecturer happened to be a man possessed of a strong imagination, and considerable talent; and as he warmed with his subject, he became quite eloquent, and gave such glowing descriptions of the possible Lunarian scenes, its valleys and plains, and the inhabitants

thereof, that I almost fancied myself there, standing upon one of the highest peaks of its Appenine, and taking in, at one view, all the picturesque scenery below. I returned home with my mind intensely occupied with sage conjectures concerning the truth of the remarks I had heard, and with more than half a wish that some expeditious mode of travelling could be invented, which would at once annihilate time and space, and land us safely in some snug harbor of the moon at a moment's bidding. I was about, however, to dismiss these wishes as utterly vain, when friendly Morpheus came to my aid; and, nodding in my chair, with my senses closed to all surrounding objects, I found no difficulty in leaving Earth and all its cares behind, and soaring aloft to that satellite I had so much wished to visit. I dreamed that, having by some chemical process or other, found means to divest myself of that essence termed gravity, and having put a piece of bread and cheese in my pocket, in case of being detained on the passage by adverse winds, I set sail. Leaving good old mother Earth far behind, I rose rapidly, and soon passed the latitude of clouds and storms, and entered the regions of boundless space. Soon I approached the moon, and landing on its surface, found myself at the end of my journey. But how different was every thing from what I had anticipated! That which I stood upon was not earth, but some indefinable, imponderable substance. The color of objects around was neither white nor black, nor yet any of the seven primary colors, but it was color, and that of the most brilliant hues. Animated beings, "of the queerest shape that ever I saw," "if that can shape be called, which is, and yet is not," were moving at a distance with almost the velocity of a steam engine. Some lacked heads, and some arms, while some were supplied with half a dozen of each. Some of these singular beings were solid and opaque, some transparent, while others were completely vaporized. Wearied and confused by this multiplicity of strange objects, I sought for some one to whom I might communicate my ideas, and turned to go towards these wonderful beings, when I perceived one of them approaching, with a strong degree of curiosity impressed upon his features. Him I addressed in the dialect of Earth, informing him that I was a traveller from a sister planet, who had come on a voyage of discovery, and requested to be shown some of the curiosities of their country. To my great satisfaction, he replied in plain English, congratulating me upon my safe arrival among them, and offered to be my guide in my "exploring expedition," as he had himself travelled extensively, and was well acquainted with all parts of the country.

Beginning to feel a slight sensation of home-sickness, (as is natural to inexperienced travellers whose organ of inhabitiveness is largely developed,) I turned to look for my earthly home, and made some inquiries of my new-found friend, respecting its apparent size, the time of its rising, &c. He informed me that it was truly a magnificent spectacle, but that would I witness it, I must travel to the opposite side of the moon, as it was never to be seen from the spot where we now stood. He offered to conduct me thither, to which I assented; whereupon he spread a pair of huge wings—when, perceiving that I had no such facilities for travelling, he folded them again, remarking that he would walk. Our road lay across the so-called Appenine mountains, but which we found to be nothing more than mere masses of *moonshine*. Those of the Lunarians whom we met on the way, regarded me with the greatest astonishment. One of them

inquired of my conductor, if that fellow, pointing to me, did not rain down in the last shower, for, said he, I should think his brains had been turned topsy-turvy by some dreadful mishap, and had not yet recovered their equilibrium. Another wished to know if I had not fallen from a comet which had just crossed the moon's orbit, on its way to the sun.

After a long and wearisome march over mingled masses of rocks and moonshine, we arrived at the end of our journey. Here I beheld my native earth, like a broad sun, beaming in meridian splendor from the unclouded azure, and bathing all surrounding objects in the loveliest earth-light imaginable. It was a glorious scene, of which I never should have wearied, but which baffles all description. None can form an adequate idea of it, but those who have witnessed it.

Being very much fatigued with our journey, my guide proposed that we should step into a printing office near, where, said he, you will have an opportunity to see something of our printing press. Accordingly we entered the editor's sanctum without farther ceremony, and found the editor seated in his arm-chair, with his spectacles on his nose, his hat on his head and feet on the table, looking over the last despatches from Sirius. After many vain attempts to decipher it, he threw it from him, impatiently exclaiming, "Next time our brother of the dogstar sends us news, I would thank him to send us a literal translation." Looking round the office, (which was spacious enough to contain a couple of the Egyptian pyramids) I saw ten or a dozen *imps* engaged in printing. Their printing press, as the editor informed me, was a specimen of the way they do the thing in the sun, it being set in motion by means of a volcano. The editor handed us his paper for our inspection, the *Lunarian Banner*, a huge sheet, twenty feet square, bearing for its motto, "Variety's the spice of life," and containing a little of almost every thing above the moon, on the moon, and under the moon. He presented us with a few copies for distribution among our good friends when we should return to the earth; and, in return, we promised to send him the *Lowell Offering* when there should be a regular line of communication opened between the sister planets—with which idea he seemed to be much pleased.

On inquiring with regard to the salubrity of the climate, and the general state of health in the vicinity, I was informed that coughs and colds were the order of the day, and that the mountains, lakes, rivers, &c., had been attacked with the influenza very nearly resembling, so far as I could discover, our late epidemic. Feeling anxious to see a case of this description, the editor informed me that he had been in attendance as physician upon a mountain that had been sorely afflicted with it, and as it was now nearly the time for his usual visit, he proposed to me to accompany him.

I accepted the invitation, and after a long and toilsome march, we arrived at the foot of this distressed mountain. It was vomiting forth torrents of flame and smoke, and every now and then giving a hollow hideous groan. We began to ascend its side, and had nearly reached its summit, when the mountain, which had all along shown signs of uneasiness, apparently being displeased at the intrusion of a stranger, set up a most tremendous roar, and shook its lofty sides with such vehemence as to send me sky-high, throwing me far beyond the sphere of the moon's attraction, and bringing me within that of the earth. The velocity with which I travelled was such that I was soon able to distinguish objects upon the earth's surface. I saw myself rapidly approaching the vast Atlantic, and likely

soon to be swallowed up in its waves. Luckily, I awoke in my fright, when, lo, I found myself in exactly the same place from which I had started.

If you would know the reason why I write no more sense,
I wish to say a word or two in my own defence;
And the only possible reason that I can now assign
Is, that when I bid the moon "good-by," I left my brains behind.

M. A.

A SCENE IN ELYSIUM.

OLD Jupiter sat, in a leisure hour,
In a fragrant and lovely Elysian bower;
With his foot reclined on an ottoman neat,
Of the brightest moss and violets sweet.
A gossamer wrapper around him was thrown,
For a lover of ease had the old man grown;
Yet his whiskers so fine were curled with much taste,
And his smoothly-combed ear-locks fell down to his waist.
His form was majestic, his manners were bland,
Like Georgy the Fourth of our father-land.
He was kindly to all, but his looks were more sweet
When the Graces or Venus danced nearer his seat;
And his eye roved afar, for some good-natured muse
To come and sit by him, and tell him the news.
Fair Juno looked on, with bright smiling eyes,
Too shrewd to betray aught of fear or surprise.
Her brow was encircled with jewels of light,
Her train was embroidered with spangles as bright;
She waltzed with Apollo, on Neptune she smiled;
She frolicked with Cupid, and called him "dear child."
But if Jupiter saw it, he thought it no hurt,
And seemed not displeased that his dear queen should flirt;
So he talked with Minerva, who came like a sage
And complained of the follies and wants of the age;
Sarcastic and truthful and witty was she,
As a "*vestal antique*" is expected to be.
Now Juno it pleased not to see them so free,
And more brightly she smiled on the lord of the sea;
More gaily she chatted with numberless beaux,
But at Venus some glances most spiteful she throws,
And what might have happened sure nobody knows
If those who were friends had then changed to foes;
But then a loud knocking was heard at the gate,
And Zephyrus entered the bower of state.
The goddesses turned to the beautiful boy,
Whom they and their partners were wont to employ,
When a message they wanted from Heaven, to go
To cheer, or perplex, some poor mortals below.
But sometimes his service by them would be sought,
And a message from Earth to Elysium was brought.
So here he now came, with his radiant eyes
Filled with mischief and frolic and deepest surprise;
All ears opened wide for the news he might bring,
And when it was told their laughter did ring
Through bower and grove, for a factory maid
To Minerva for help, and for wisdom, had prayed,
In a task which on her was heavily laid,
And which she could neither avoid nor evade.

Yes; there was a noisy and comical scene,
 As they talked of the factory magazine.
 Old Jupiter laughed till red in the face;
 But Mars said such girls an army would grace;
 While Vulcan thumped on till knuckles were sore,
 And Apollo said *bas bleus* were ever a bore;
 Then Morpheus drowsily lifted his head,
 And, rubbing his eyes, good-naturedly said,
 That he would oft give them such wonderful dreams
 As surely might furnish some excellent themes;
 And while he was nodding, mid-nodding again,
 Poor Zephyrus stood there, and racked his light brain
 For reason to aid the petition he'd brought,
 But of which he now found there was little or naught;
 For Minerva was cold, and answered with scorn,
 That boldness like this could never be borne,
 That treasures to give, from Wisdom's deep mine,
 To them, would be throwing her pearls before swine.
 Then he turned to the Muses, who said 'twould be sport,
 And they to the Mill-girls at times would resort;
 They wondered if they could distinguish their voice
 From clajoring spindles, or stream's rushing noise;
 And whisperings soft, from Elysian bowers,
 Might be like the dew to perishing flowers.
 But Zephyrus wished that each of the nine
 Would promise her aid at once, or decline.
 To Clio he went; who, with plectrum and book,
 Could scarcely vouchsafe him a nod or a look;
 Her favors the greatest of mortals might ask,
 The noblest of writings, she said, were her task.
 And then to Euterpe poor Zephyrus flew,
 Who laughed in his face, and her *tibiræ* blew;
 She asked if in Logic her aid was desired,
 And if Music, by them, was warmly admired.
 Then Thalia he met, with her comical grace,
 With a wink in her eye, and a leer on her face;
 She hitched in his mantle the end of her crook,
 For such were the freedoms the muse often took;
 But she readily promised him that which he sought,
 And said that the maidens by her should be taught.
 "O, surely," said she, "'twill be such nice fun,
 I wish that my labor e'en now was begun."
 Then the messenger went, and to Melpomene
 He gracefully bowed, and low bent the knee:
 She laid from her hand the sceptre and crown,
 And pensively smiled, as she calmly looked down,
 But when his request she had patiently heard,
 A refusal she gave in a single short word;
 Then raising her mantle, with dignified grace,
 She veiled in its folds her beautiful face.
 To fair Terpsichore next Zephyrus went,
 For he on his errand was earnestly bent;
 She paused in her dance, and threw down her flute,
 And gazed in his face, as smiling as mute.
 Her answer was kind, but no promise she gave,
 For she to her word would ne'er be a slave;
 And she asked of Erato, who stood at her side,
 If they o'er such efforts might ever preside.
 "Sure, you should know best," said the sweet little muse,
 "And you are aware that I ne'er can refuse;
 We surely may bow, when mortals aspire,"
 Then she threw down her bow, and tuned her soft lyre.
 He thanked her, and smiled, and turned on his way,
 To graceful enchanting Polyhymnia,

Who stood in her beauty, with pearl-circled brow,
 But her scroll and her barbitos thinks she of now,
 Nor will list to a word the poor child has to say,
 But tells him he'd better be gone on his way.
 "Next time better luck," he patiently said,
 And then to Urania he cheerfully fled,
 Who, drawing more closely around her white robe,
 Laid her delicate hand on the heavenly globe,
 And said that if every factory lass
 Would join in an astronomical class
 Her aid and instruction she'd gladly impart,
 And attend to these girls with all of her heart.
 The boy answered not, but he laughed in his sleeve,
 For he thought 'twas as well quite to laugh as to grieve.
 Then to Calliope he went, the last of the nine,
 Who last, but not least, 'mongst her sisters does shine.
 With a desperate effort his suit he preferred,
 And the prayer of the boy she pleasantly heard;
 His message she marked on her tablets so bright,
 And said she would visit the maidens some night;
 If but for amusement she promised to go,
 And Zephyrus flew with his answers below.
 And whether they'll think of the promises made,
 And if they'll remember the girls who have prayed,
 Why that we can't tell; but all readers may see
 Who will give us their names, and pay us our fee.

THE AFFECTIONS ILLUSTRATED IN FACTORY LIFE.

NO. I.—THE SISTER.

ONE pleasant summer evening, the girls at No. 20 were grouped in the doorway, to view a beautiful sunset sky. There are few evenings in the year when their hours of labor permit them this privilege, excepting upon the Sabbath, and those evenings are not always favorable to a glorious exhibition of the exit of the King of Day. They gazed upon him now, sinking lower and lower, "trailing clouds of glory," and, when he was gone, they turned away with the feeling, that this had been a happier and *longer* day than they had known for weeks. "The days and nights are as long as ever," is a common saying; but is it always true? Is not the brilliant summer day, which gives the laborer time to enjoy a rising sun before commencing his daily task, and to look upon its setting glories, as a brilliant closing scene to a wearisome drama, and which is followed by a long pleasant dreamy twilight—is not a day like this longer than that of a dark dull dreary desolate winter month, eked out at either end by the yellow stifling light of lamps, and demanding for the body a longer time for repose?

The girls in that doorway would have answered *yes*, and they turned away with the feeling that one pleasant incident is more of a day than hours of monotonous toil. Two of them still lingered, and throwing on a couple of bonnets and shawls, which hung near the door, they prepared for a walk by the river, in whose roseate depths the shadows of clouds and rocks and trees were transfixed, as if it were all one brilliant specimen of mosaic. Ere they left the house the stage stopped, and, leaving one female passenger and her trunk, wheeled rapidly away.

The new comer was a slight delicate-looking girl, apparently about sixteen years of age. With a faltering voice she inquired for the mistress of the house, and the girls kindly shew her into the sitting-room, and called Mrs. Matthews. Mrs. Matthews soon made her appearance, and the girls went out to the river.

"Can I be accommodated here with board, if I succeed in obtaining a place to work?" said the stranger, with a redder cheek and glistening eye.

"Why, let me see!" said Mrs. M., giving the plate, which she held in her hand, an extra wipe, with a coarse brown towel; "let me see, child: there's Hitty and Angeline, and their two cousins, in the lower front; and the four Graves girls in the upper front; and the bed-rooms are full; and the lower back is stuffed with down-easters, and so are the attics; but there is one place in the upper back, if you will sleep with a Scotch girl in the trundle-bed. May be you wouldn't like to do that, though it's as good a bed, and as good a girl, as any in the house."

"I have no objections to my bed-fellow being a Scotch girl, or to my bed being a trundle-bed, if those are the only difficulties," replied the new boarder; who then gave her name as Hannah Felton, and requested to be shown to her room.

"If this is your trunk, in the entry, wont you just take hold of one end of it, and I will help you take it up stairs; and then it will be out of the way," said Mrs. Matthews.

Hannah took hold of one handle, but she was weary and dispirited, and let it drop before she reached the stairs. Mrs. Matthews took hold of both, and carried the trunk up two flights of stairs.

"The Stillman girls are gone to meeting, but here is Ellen Campbell; may be you can talk with her; and I will get you some tea in less than five minutes;" and she left Hannah with Ellen, who shew her where to put her trunk, and made a place in the closet for her bonnet and shawl.

Hannah could easily understand Ellen, though her accent was strongly Scotch; and there was nothing in her looks to distinguish her from a Yankee girl. In less than five minutes a little bell tinkled in the passage, and Ellen told her that her supper was ready. Hannah soon found her way into the dining room, and sat down to take some much-needed refreshment. Mrs. Matthews had not troubled herself to replace the table-cloth, but, upon the usual oil-cloth cover, were huddled together the remnants of some hot cakes and custards, butter and cheese, a bowl of preserves, and some cold tea, with milk, but no sugar. The traveller's hunger was soon appeased, and Hannah felt no disposition to prolong her visit to the tea-table.

"You can sit here by the window, and I will get you the rocking-chair," said Mrs. M., who had been waiting to clear the table.

"She is a kind woman, after all," said Hannah to herself, as she sat down in the nicely cushioned chair; and she was correct.

There was a deep vein of the kindest feeling in Mrs. Matthews's heart; though, above it, there was a slight crust of asperity, which was misconstrued by those who did not consider how much of it was the effects of vexation and toil. With a large family of boarders to take care of, and no one to assist her, but a lame and stupid sister-in-law, it was not strange that she often fretted, and, at times, seemed harsh and unreasonable.

There is much in our condition to affect our tempers for better or worse; and those, whose lines have always been in pleasant places, should have

much charity for the less-favored ones, who have been always exposed to neglect, disappointment, contempt, and never-ending toil.

The room grew darker and darker, and the girls retired to their chambers, but Mrs. Matthews brought no lamp to Hannah, for she was too weary to stir, unless compelled by necessity, and she thought she could rest herself in the dark. The eyes of the stranger were strained at every passer-by; with a look of hope, as they approached, and disappointment as they went their way. At length she caught a glimpse of a tall robust form, whose lifted eyes scanned the numbers over the doors, and, exclaiming "It is Orville!" she sprang to the door, and welcomed the gentleman ere he had time to inquire for her.

Mrs. Matthews heard a bass voice in the room, and she brought them a lamp, and closed the doors. Hannah did not introduce her visitor; and when, after a short though earnest interview, he left her, she retired to her room.

She did not awake the next morning till Phebe Matthews hobbled into the room to make her bed, and then she found that her room-mates had all been at work more than an hour. She immediately arose, and was dressed in season to join the gay and loud-talking company at the breakfast-table. There was enough to eat, and that which was very good, but the girls had all given the stranger a scrutinizing stare and finished their meal, ere she had got through with her first cup of coffee.

"We always make room-mates take care of each other," said Mrs. M., entering the room with another plate of hot cakes, "and Martha Stillman must take the new boarder with her, when she goes into the mill, and show her the overseers, and counting-room folks, and help get her a place."

Martha hung her head, and looked sheepish; but, at length mustered courage to say that they must go then, or the gate would be shut.

The pretty face of Hannah Felton was a passport wherever she applied, and she had no difficulty in securing a situation; especially as no letters of recommendation were ever required: a custom which she thought very favorable for her, though she did not know whether it was best or not for all.

We will pass over the first months, and even the first year, of Hannah's novitiate in the mill; for, to herself, it passed much as the first year of such labor does to all. But there was trouble thickening around her. Her innocent looks and quiet manners had ingratiated all in her favor, with whom she had much personal intercourse; and, but for one circumstance, her situation would have been made as pleasant as possible, and that was the mystery that hung around her. Of her past life she had revealed nothing. Ellen Campbell felt too grateful and flattered by her invariable kindness to seek a confidence which was not voluntary. The Stillman girls were at meeting all day, on the Sabbath, and nearly every evening in the week, and with them there was but little opportunity for communications; and for a long time it was not observed, in the large family, how little they knew of the history of the stranger. To those who have any thing to conceal, or who feel unwilling that their affairs should be subject to general remark and investigation, there is a decided advantage in living where the observations of those about them are distributed among so many. Hannah was so gentle, so quiet, and pleasant, that she would have got along very well had it not been for the visits of the unknown gentleman. It was remarked that he never came till after dark, as though he wished to escape all observation that he could avoid, and

that they never conversed freely before any of the family, appearing to feel much constraint in the presence of others; and that they often walked together till it was quite late. There was a general desire in the family to know who he was, but it was considered one ascertained fact that he belonged to the city, for some of the boarders had passed him in the streets, and Martha Stillman knew that he attended Mr. B's meeting.

"I will ask her who he is," said Phebe Matthews, one day, to her sister. "She sha'n't receive company here, that she is ashamed of, or who is ashamed of her, and of the house he visits."

"No, no, Phebe," replied Mrs. Matthews; "let her alone—it would make her feel bad to be asked now, she has kept it to herself so long; and you know we have never seen any hurt in either of them."

Phebe made no answer, for she felt that Hannah could be accused of no other impropriety than the mere reception of the gentleman's visits. It also required some bravery to ask, bluntly, a question which had always been so carefully evaded. But she was resolved to "screw her courage to the sticking point."

"Pray, who is that gentleman, who has just left the house?" said she to Hannah, one Sabbath evening, just as her visitor left her. - "What is his name?"

Poor Hannah turned red and white, and then red and white again, and stammered out, "He is a friend, Phebe—a dear friend—indeed we are related; we bear the same name—his is Orville Felton. You know I always call him Orville." And she had fled to her chamber ere Phebe could resume her questioning.

"I don't believe any thing about his being a relative," said Phebe to herself; "and, with all her pretty looks and innocent ways, I believe she is a dreadful hypocrite; and may be something worse." She put on one of her blindest smiles, and went to Hannah's chamber, to get the lamp. "Isn't he your lover?" said she, endeavoring to look very cunning.

"We have loved each other, ever since we have known each other," replied Hannah, quietly.

"But don't you feel a particular regard for him?"

"Perhaps so."

"And hav'n't you ever thought of him as a lover?"

"Never."

"But don't you think he loves you?"

"I hope so."

"Well, I should think if he had any proper respect and regard for you, that he would not visit you in the manner he does; and that he might show you some attention publicly; and go with you to meeting, and to the lyceum, and to concerts; or, if he is ashamed to be seen with you anywhere else, I should think he might take you to the museum. You know it isn't so much matter there who a gentleman is seen with."

Poor Hannah reddened more furiously than ever, and hid her blushing face in the pillow. Phebe stood watching her, with the lamp in her hand, and did not leave her till she saw, by the heavings of the counterpane, that her frame was convulsed with suppressed sobbings.

"I don't know what to make of the girl," said she to her sister, when she related the occurrence. She does not appear to be a wicked girl; and you know she does not dress up, nor any thing of that sort. There

is not a girl in the house who spends so little money. If it was not for that man I should think her one of the best boarders that we have."

The next time the stranger came the girls all left the room, that his usual short interview might not be constrained by their presence. Phebe Matthews went into the room, and, under pretence of taking her knitting-work from the window-sill, she drew the curtain slightly awry. After she had left them together long enough to suppose they might have forgotten every thing, and every body, but themselves, she went out, and peeped through the window. Horror of horrors! the unknown had his arm around Hannah's neck, and she was looking into his face with a very sad and earnest expression. She held in her hand a small ivory miniature.

"I must go now," said Orville, for this was really his name; and, taking from her the miniature, he gallantly touched it to his lips, and then placed it in his bosom.

"Will you not come again soon?" said Hannah imploringly. "I sometimes feel as though I should die if you did not visit me, and I don't know but they will kill me if you do."

"I cannot come often, but whenever I can you shall certainly see me."

"And when will you be married, Orville? O, will it not be soon? It seems as though I should die to stay here much longer. I am sick now, mind and body both. I shall be really sick I know."

"Cheer up, my dear, for a little while. Better days are certainly coming for us both;" and he kissed her cheek, as she burst into tears.

Phebe turned from the window when she saw him take his hat, and she was soon sitting beside her sister.

"I do believe the Old Harry is in the girl," said she, at length, "and we must tell her to find another boarding place. The Stillman girls say that they shall go away if she stays here longer."

"Well," replied Mrs. Matthews, "Ellen Campbell says that she will go, if Hannah is turned away, so that would make it even; and I cannot turn Hannah away until I see something myself. I should not feel as though it was right."

"Well, I don't want to see any thing more than I have seen to-night," replied Phebe, with a very mysterious look. "I am convinced now, and you know I have had my thoughts this long while." She then related what she had seen, coloring all the circumstances from her own suspicious imagination, and justifying herself for her mode of obtaining the information.

"Tell her," said Mrs. Matthews, "that she must promise to see the gentleman no more, or leave my house at the close of the week."

"I will never make such a promise," said Hannah, decidedly, to Phebe, when the message was given.

The whole family were in a state of high excitement. All were arrayed against Hannah but Ellen Campbell, and Mrs. Matthews, who endeavored to remain neutral. Martha Stillman was sister to the overseer's wife, and went over to his house to tell him about it, and advise him to discharge Hannah from his room. She thought it was high time that such girls should see that they could not come to a factory, to do whatever they pleased. The overseer had a room full of help, and one of his old favorites, who had just returned from a visit to her relatives, was waiting for frames. Martha carried back word to Hannah that she must leave her work in a fortnight. The poor girl made no reply, but her lips were pale

and compressed, and her eyes were bloodshot. The next morning she was not at work in the mill; and, when the girls met at the breakfast-table, her place was vacant. Ellen Campbell went to her room, and found her in a high fever. She called Mrs. Matthews, who looked conscience-stricken, as she witnessed the effect of mental excitement and trouble on the slight and over-tasked frame of Hannah.

A physician was sent for, who shook his head, and looked very dubious. "She may recover; and she may not," said he, feeling of her pulse.

"I know that," replied Mrs. Matthews, "but which do you think is most probable?"

"The chances are equal," was his reply. "Is there a good girl to take care of her?"

"I will do it," said Ellen Campbell; "for that purpose I can obtain leave of absence from the mill."

The doctor soon left them, and Ellen took her station, as nurse, beside the sick bed. For several days she did all in her power to keep her charge as quiet as possible, and for that reason did not allow her to converse, especially upon the exciting subject which was on her lips and heart.

As the fever approached its crisis Ellen felt alarmed. "If she should die," thought she to herself, "what other friend has she to grieve for her loss? There is *that one* certainly; and I, at least, may know more about him."

"Hannah!" said she, approaching the bed-side, and speaking in a low, but apparently cheerful, voice.

"Dear Ellen," replied Hannah, faintly.

"Have you no friends whom you wish to have informed of your sickness?"

"Tell me truly, Ellen, do you think I shall die? I am prepared for any answer."

"The doctor said, this morning, that your recovery was very doubtful."

Hannah turned away her face with an expression of agony, and large tears stole down her fevered cheeks.

She then directed Ellen to go to a house in the city, naming the street and number, and inquire for Olivia Ainsworth. If she was there, to request her to visit her immediately.

Ellen called Mrs. Matthews to her place by the sick bed, and complied with the wish of her friend. She soon found the house, and the young lady promptly made her appearance. She drew up haughtily as Ellen delivered her message, without giving the name of the sick girl.

"I am not acquainted upon the corporations," she replied, with an air of offended dignity.

"My friend did not say that she was an acquaintance of yours; but she is dying, and would like to see you once."

"Are you sure that I am the person?"

"If your name is Olivia Ainsworth, you are the one whom my friend wishes to see."

Miss Ainsworth's curiosity was excited, and she consented to accompany Ellen to the sick bed of her friend. She said nothing till they reached the house, and then merely uttered the exclamation, "How disagreeable!" as she ascended the first flight of stairs. She put her handkerchief to her nostrils, as she entered the sick-room; but, when she had cast one glance

at the dying girl, her haughtiness vanished, in an instant, and she stood, a sympathizing woman, by the unknown female.

"Is there any thing that I can do for you?" she gently inquired.

"Tell me," asked Hannah, exerting herself for the interview, "if you are engaged to be married to Orville Felton."

"*I am*," replied Miss Ainsworth; and she turned pale as the idea of a lowly and much-wronged rival entered her mind.

"But you are wealthy, and he is poor."

"I have wealth enough for us both."

"But his connexions are not among the wealthy and fashionable."

"He has talents which, in time, will shed a lustre upon them."

"But would you marry him if you knew that his only sister was a *factory girl*?"

A new light seemed to flash upon Miss Ainsworth, as she scanned more earnestly the features and complexion of the sufferer.

"I would *never* marry a man who could deceive me."

At that moment the door opened, and Phebe Matthews limped into the room, followed by Orville Felton.

"My dear sister!" he exclaimed, springing towards the bed.

Hannah faintly returned his embrace, and there was, upon her features, a transient smile of mingled bitterness and joy.

He started as he first observed Miss Ainsworth, but offered her his hand, though he crimsoned to the roots of his hair.

She coldly declined the proffered salute, which Hannah observed, and, starting from her pillow, she exclaimed, "For my sake, be friends now! This is no time for reproaches, even if we have any right to rebuke each other. But we have all done wrong, though Orville may have been the most to blame."

Miss Ainsworth arose to go, and Felton followed, promising to return immediately. She pressed the hand of the patient tenderly in her own, ere she departed, and said she would call upon her soon.

She rejected the arm of Felton, and he felt that he was a discarded suitor; but he was resolved she should hear something in his defence.

He told her of his admiration upon their first acquaintance; and that, though he was much struck with her beauty, her talents, and accomplishments, he was equally aware of her extreme pride. But he considered that her only fault, and did not expect to find a woman faultless. And, when he had resolved to win her for his bride, he knew that it must be by concealing all in his own situation which would offend her sense of dignity. He had sent for his sister to work in the mill, that the small pittance, she received from the remains of their father's fortune, might be appropriated for his expenses, which were much increased by his connection with her. He had intended to repay her quadruple, when his approaching marriage should bestow upon him the means of being generous; and it was in accordance with his earnest desire that she had faithfully kept the secret of their relationship. He did not tell all; for he did not inform her that part of Hannah's earnings had been willingly given to him, and that he had lavished them upon love-tokens for her. He said enough, however, to make her feel that she had been wronged, insulted, and basely deceived, and she told him, plainly, that she was disgusted. Requesting that his visits might thenceforth cease, she bade him adieu, and retired to her room.

And did there come to Olivia Ainsworth no thought that she had done wrong? that in her pride, and foolish contempt of the factory operative, so often and vehemently expressed to her lover, had been the origin of all this sorrow, and vexation, and perhaps of *death*? No, not then; for it was no time for calm reflection; but, in her visits to the sick girl, she learned many a sad and much-needed lesson.

And if the deepest contrition, the firmest resolves of amendment, be any expiation, then was the sin of Orville Felton forgiven as he watched by the bed of his lovely affectionate self-sacrificing sister. In her love, and her sweet silent influence, he felt that he was a regenerated being. She did more than this, she reconciled him to her who still loved him, and whom he yet loved; for who could resist the sweet pleadings of the gentle girl? or the humbling influences of that sick-room? When they sat with her during her long convalescence, for she did recover, she told them gently, but truly, how much they had erred—how they had cherished the opinions and prejudices of the vain and fashionable, in spite of their own better judgment, and their own kinder feelings.

They could listen to these gentle reproaches from her, and acknowledge their justice; and when, one day, they sat each with a hand of hers in theirs, she pressed them together, and prayed that what she had joined might not be put asunder.

The hand of Olivia trembled in that of Orville, and he looked at her with a troubled, yet hopeful, expression.

"For the sake of calling this sweet girl my sister, I will be your wife," replied Olivia, blushing. "Her love has saved us all."

O, beautiful is the love of a sister! It is a love as pure as deep and tender, as the human heart can feel. A mother's love is all this, but it is also too often a blind love. She too seldom sees the imperfections of her son, or looks at them with an eye which turns the dark spots to brightness. And there is another love in woman's heart. "I love him with his faults; nay, I love him faults and all," is the language of passion. It may do well for a bride, but too *true* for this should be a sister's love. She should love with an eye open to every fault, but watching to correct it. This is her hardest task, and how is it to be accomplished? One thing she should ever remember, and that is, that man's proud spirit will not brook reproach or rebuke from a sister. Remonstrance, gentle kind warning and advice, are all that she can utter with her lips, but if she wish to preach it must be by her actions. Let the brother see her steadfast in duty, firm in principle, and unchanging in affection, and an influence, silent, sweet and sure, is shed around him. But for this she must really love; she must be ready and willing to sacrifice her pleasures, comforts, and, if need be, her interests, for his sake. I have seen those who, from what I thought mistaken ideas of duty, were continually lecturing their brothers. But it did no good. "That is women's talk," would be the only reply. And harm was done, for the sweet intercourse of brother and sister was rudely broken, and passions aroused which had better have slept for ever. In some cases silence may be a sister's most effectual remonstrance, and in others, a single expression of wounded feeling will work far more of cure than hours spent in reproof. But when the sister does reprove, it should be with this concession, that not her better knowledge of right and wrong, but her superior advantages for perceiving them have given her the power. When the brother embarks upon the busy sea of life, the sister is often

left an idle spectator on the strand. She can mark the tide as it ebbs and flows; she can see the vessels as they rush along upon the billows; she can watch the gathering clouds, and catch the first glimpses of the coming storm. Then can she warn him of his danger, firmly and truly, but without arrogance or conceit, for this has been unheeded by him, not from less strength of vision, but because his eyes were fixed upon far other objects. Happy is the sister who has not this task; she who looks upon a brother's sunny career, and there beholds no cloud or shadow.

The brother may leave a lowly home with the determination that riches and honors shall be his; down in the humble vale the sister may stand, and view, with a heart that leaps at every joyful throb of his, the upward path he treads; and if he ascends where the sun of fame and fortune glitters brightly upon him, and his dazzled eye sees not the snares and pitfalls which surround his steps, then should she raise the voice of love, and kindly tell him of his danger. If he heed her not, but stumble and fall, she should come with a soothing voice and ready hand, to bind his wounds and cheer his heart.

When men are in affliction, to our sex they turn for sympathy and consolation; and if they find it not, they are but too ready to accuse all mankind of selfishness, obduracy, and hardness of heart. When a brother finds himself sunk in misfortune and infamy, to whom should he turn but to a sister? And she should be ever ready to receive him to her heart, for she alone (unless he has a mother) can do this without a sacrifice of principle or delicacy. Wretched and degraded he may be, but she should think of early days spent happily together, and of those who were alike the parents of both. But if, far above her, the brother keeps his onward way, and the world set a broad line between them, and treat him with much distinction, but pass her unheeded by, still she should heed it not. Ever should she retain her self-respect, for by this means, and this alone, can she preserve his. Never should she forget that kindred blood fills the veins of each, and that the same fond bosom pillowed both their infant heads. To him should she be still the same—calm and dignified, though kind and affectionate. If she continues to influence him, it will be by the steady love she cherishes, and the respect which virtue and affection inspire in all men. A sister can, in one respect, exert an influence which the mother cannot: she can enter more warmly into his plans and pursuits—can feel and talk more with him about them, for the young often slight the counsels of the aged and wise, because they think them dictated by unsympathizing hearts.

If the brother go far from his friends, and seek among strangers a home and a name, even there should he feel that a sister's changeless love has followed him; that she prays for his weal, and sorrows in his wo; that she cherishes his remembrance at the fireside he has left, and often reminds his acquaintance of the one they might otherwise forget. And never by neglect should she allow his love for her and the dear ones at home to lessen or decay. It is a hallowed flame, which should be fed by a constant interchange of thought and feeling. Though his duties to God and his fellow-man, are not affected by her conduct towards him, yet the fear of giving a pang to those who still love and watch him, may be a safeguard in the hour of trial and temptation.

And when the brother seeks to replace, by other ties, those which have been severed, the sister should not be troubled. She may never more

hold her wonted place in his heart, but she should rejoice that the place is not vacant. It should be enough for her that he is more happy; and never, for frivolous causes, should she indulge in feelings of dislike, or distrust, towards the new sister with which he presents her. She may be disappointed at his choice—she may grieve if he was infatuated or deceived, but never should pride, anger, or jealousy, make wide a breach which should never have been opened. Seldom should she interfere in his matrimonial choice, unless she receive that greatest proof of confidence which a brother can give, the right to assist and guide him in his selection, and then readily, cheerfully and conscientiously should she render her aid. And in every period and situation of life, should the brother feel, that in a sister's love he possesses a treasure greater than Golconda's mines or Peruvian mountains can bestow.

I know that it is easier to theorize than to practice, but she who cannot act well and truly the sister's part, should beware how she take upon herself other ties, and other obligations. * * * *

The first time that Hannah Felton left the house it was to attend the bridal fete of her happy brother, and the beautiful Miss Ainsworth; and as Orville looked upon his blushing wife, and then turned to his pale and lovely sister, he knew not which was dearest to him, the full-blown rose, or budding lily.—

"I declare," said Mrs. Matthews, as she divided a slice of the wedding cake with her sister, "I always knew they looked alike. Strange that we never thought of their being brother and sister."

"Well, I could never bring my mind to believe that there was any thing *bad* about her," replied Phebe.

"Not even when you saw her brother put his arm around her neck, and kiss her," said Ellen Campbell, archly.

Phebe limped away, for she knew that her version of that story was now known to be incorrect. And there was not one of the family but wished they had been as kind and forbearing with the gentle stranger as Ellen Campbell.

ADELIA.

EDITORIAL.

TO OUR PATRONS. We presume that our former readers will feel some interest in knowing the causes which have induced us to resume our editorial vocation, and something of the present situation and prospects of the Offering.

When we wrote the article, which closed the third volume of the Offering, it was thought most prudent to discontinue its publication. The proprietor wished to drop it, and no one then appeared willing to take it up. But, before the covers were printed, the printers had offered to take upon themselves the responsibility of its publication, rather than that it should cease to exist; and such was the announcement finally made. Since that time it has passed into the hands of the two principal contributors, and we have purchased the right and good-will of the *Lowell Offering*, and have taken upon ourselves the risk of its publication, depending for support upon the favor of those who are interested in the good name and fame of the female factory operative, and of all who sympathize in the aspirations of the laboring classes.

We appealed in the introductory editorial to the last volume, to the gallantry of

the gentlemen for support, and that claim is strengthened now, by the fact that our magazine is not only *written* and *edited*, but also *PUBLISHED* by *factory girls*.

But we can appeal to a worthier feeling than mere gallantry—even of *patriotism*—for is not the Lowell Offering the only literary magazine which has entirely originated in our democratic institutions—the only one for which there is no counterpart in any other country?

We believe that it is, and it is this assurance which emboldens us to appeal for support to a community already flooded with light periodicals. We do not promise any thing like an adequate return for the fee of our subscribers. The embellishments of the Offering will be regulated by the support we receive, and we have never claimed for ourselves high literary merit.

In the literary world the Offering has been somewhat of a pet, and now, that it is just entering its fourth year, we hope its attractions will not cease. The days of infancy have passed, but the period of helplessness has not gone by; and words of love, and fostering cares, are now as necessary as they have been hitherto. Whether grace and beauty will increase with added strength, remains to be seen; and whether, with time, we gain strength, is doubtful. It may be that the Offering is to pine and die in early existence—that its only attraction has been that of infancy—that its character is such that it cannot be matured; or that years can never bestow aught but the decrepitude of age.

The Offering, we are aware, has been patronized as a "LITERARY CURIOSITY," not as a *literary treasure*; but as the novelty wears away, the merit should increase in order to retain the interest. We cannot promise to improve—we will endeavor to do so, and we will hope that if our contributions have no other value, they may be regarded as faithful transcripts of factory life wherever they aim to portray it, and of the intellectual culture and capacities of our factory *bleus*.

Our magazine, this year, will be conducted similarly to the last volume, unless we can alter for the better, which we should like to do. As our writers and patrons are of all denominations, it will, of course, remain free from sectarianism. It need not follow that *religion* should be banished from our pages. With regard to politics we, as females should do, remain entirely neutral; but we acknowledge no other restrictions. With these two exceptions we come before our readers with no manacles upon our wrists, no fetters upon our feet, no chains upon our limbs, and no muzzle upon our lips.

The Abolition of Intemperance, Slavery, and War, is now discussed in the different publications dedicated to those subjects; neither are we capable of assisting in their discussion; but if in any tale or review, these topics are hereafter touched upon, we hope our patrons will trust to our wisdom and prudence that it shall be done reasonably; or, if not, that they will excuse in us the lack of reason, wisdom, and prudence.

The subject of LABOR is peculiarly our own; and all thoughts and ideas upon this topic, which our contributors may think fit to offer, shall find a place in our pages, provided the tone of the article be not such as to exclude it.

Trusting to the generosity of our old patrons, and the kindness of those whose favors have not heretofore been bestowed upon us, we present to them this first number of another volume. And may the smiles of our Father in Heaven rest, not only upon us, and all who are connected with us, but also upon those who are inimical to our welfare, and revilers of our exertions.

H. F.

In this number we commence a long tale, "The Smuggler," by the author of "Kate in Search of a Husband;" a work which has been very popular, and we think this story is by no means inferior to that. We consider it a great merit that it is founded upon facts; and that its characters are drawn from life. Of course, in the more dramatic portions of the story, something of delicacy must be sacrificed to truthful delineation. It cannot be expected that men, with whom almost every other sentence is an oath, should converse with the purity of those in more favorable circumstances of life. It may also be objected that the hero of our tale is represented as too good—is made too interesting—that he enlists some of our sympathies, and that his occupation is too favorably represented. For ourselves we can only say that the Offering does not claim to be a standard in ethics, and those who read it are, usually, of a class not likely to be influenced in any way prejudicial to their morals.

THE LOWELL OFFERING.

DECEMBER, 1843.

By the author of "Kate in Search of a Husband."

THE SMUGGLER.

CHAPTER III.

EDWARD CLAPP, to take a retrograde movement in our tale, was a young merchant from Boston. He was an orphan, and had been adopted by an old bachelor uncle, to whose property he was heir-apparent, and who had educated and established him as a merchant upon his arriving at majority. The uncle was whimsical, and had died about two years previous to the events we narrate, leaving a characteristic will, and providing, as he thought, for all the earthly wants of "his boy."

In early life the uncle had been prevented from following his inclinations in respect to matrimony by poverty. Disappointed in his early predilection he had never thought of forming a second attachment, and applied his whole energies to the accumulation of wealth. His efforts were successful; and when his sister died, leaving her orphan boy, he adopted him, and bestowed upon him all the affections which had so long lain dormant in his breast. He loved Edward as fondly as if he had been his own son; and, anxious to provide for every contingency of the future, when his will was opened, after his decease, it was found, as all had anticipated, that Edward was sole heir to the estate; but, to all, the conditions which were annexed, were most unexpected. The will contained a proviso that Edward should marry previous to his twenty-fifth year, the eldest daughter of a gentleman who resided in Connecticut; or else the whole property, with the exception of one thousand dollars, was to go for the benefit of an asylum for the insane.

As want of wealth had been the only obstacle to the old gentleman's marriage, undoubtedly he thought that no other impediment could ever exist to prevent the marriage of any other person; and, with that obstacle removed, that any two persons who should refuse to come together "for better and worse," must be crazy. Therefore, for Edward's sole benefit, it was unreservedly given to erect an asylum for the insane.

Edward was astounded at the contents of the will, but was too proud and independent to consider himself the personal or real estate of his uncle, to be disposed of like the other property.

"Now," thought he, "the world is open for me to carve my own for-

tunes ; at least, whatever may be my fate, I can never be taunted with dissipating the property which my uncle toiled his life to accumulate. I have health, energy, and an education, for which I thank him ; my reputation and credit are good ; and I will still have as much wealth as I have been deemed the heir of. Thank my stars, I am not yet fettered by any engagements, or even by fancy. What!—marry a woman I never saw, or heard of, for the sake of a few paltry thousands ! I would not marry a woman who would accept me on such conditions. She must be ugly, selfish, and perfidious, or else she never could have won the good old man to such a piece of treachery. This was the mystery connected with his visit to the land of johnnycake and wooden nutmegs. Marry her ! No : I would not even marry a woman that was born in Connecticut.”

Thus he soliloquized, and thus resolved ; acquitting his uncle's memory of all blame, and attributing the whole matter to some undue influence.

He was already established in business, and his every effort was given to its prosecution. To accumulate wealth was his aim. The thought never obtruded itself of retaining that which his uncle had left, by complying with the conditions annexed to the will. Soon after his uncle's decease, war was declared against Great Britain, and the contraband traffic held out inducements for speedier gain than legitimate trade. Besides, there was something in its daring captivating to one of Edward's temperament, and he engaged in it extensively. His lawful trade was used as a cloak to conceal the true state of *all* of his business transactions, and thus far, his ingenuity and tact had evaded all detection ; but suspicion was as strong against him as any thing could be without positive proof. At first, he had travelled as the clerk of an old Swede, who was represented as chief of the concern. But it was too preposterous to palm off the ignorant foreigner in the character that he assumed ; besides, his ignorance of the English language had, in two or three instances, almost betrayed the whole matter ; so he had been “*shipped*,” as the phrase is, and Edward assumed the responsibility of his own business. His good nature, generosity, and keen perception of character, had made him a universal favorite with every body, save commissioned officers of government, and their hirelings. From Boston to the frontier there was not a man, woman, or child, excepting those who could be bought, that would have betrayed “Smuggling Ned” sooner than they would have betrayed a brother. There were many who would have considered themselves in duty bound to have given information, had they possessed any more positive evidence than “*hearsay*” of his transactions ; but, personally, they admired his frankness, and his probity, in all business with which they were acquainted ; and therefore they compromised with their consciences by taking every possible precaution to remain in ignorance of aught that might convict them of a positive dereliction of duty to state.

To return from our digression. The snow, which had commenced falling in the night, continued to increase ; and, by the time that Edward arrived at Capt. Culver's, the storm was so furious that no one could think of encountering it, unless compelled by necessity. When he entered the house, he had the satisfaction to find that the interesting traveller, whom he left there the afternoon previous, had not resumed her journey ; and, if he magnified the tediousness of the storm when questioned of the weather, he might have been forgiven, for he was in the habit of representing things always as they appeared to him.

If any thing on earth will make people social, and feel brotherly kindness for one another, it is an inclement storm. Those who would not notice each other in sunshine, will do it in shade; and will feel companionship with the thermometer at zero, or when the hail and snow are pelting against the windows. The travellers at the Mountain tavern, illustrated the truth of our position, and by noon were on terms of intimate acquaintance. As the family all joined the circle, and Mrs. Culver was one of the best natured and most motherly of women, the young lady did not notice that almost all of her conversation was monopolized by Edward.

Remarks upon the weather, and the probable duration of the storm, were the pioneers to more personal and intimate conversation; and, before many hours had elapsed, Edward had discovered that she had been spending the past year with an uncle who resided near lake Champlain, but now was on her way to her father's; that her cousin was to take her to Wells river, and there she would take the stage; and that her home was in New Haven. Edward felt a slight twinge when he found that he had thrown away all his efforts to please upon a Connecticut girl—one of a race towards whom he had sworn all distrust and hatred. Yet it required but an instant for his justice to correct his prejudices, and he soon forgot that her birth-place had been in the banned state; or if he remembered it, the thought did not cause a cessation in his endeavors to make himself agreeable. And that he was successful, need not be doubted, as, joined to his good-nature, humor, and originality, Nature had also given him a pleasing face, and well-proportioned form; and he possessed naturally, or had acquired, the tact of suiting himself to every one. From the nature of the case a formal introduction was out of the question; and he followed the example of the family, and called her Jane, as that was the title by which her cousin addressed her.

The young lady seemed to enjoy with zest the familiarity with which she was treated, as it was as far removed from rudeness as from the prescribed usage of conventional etiquette.

"I should like a mountain home myself," said she; "but I think I should like it better in the summer than in the winter."

"And what kind of a home should you like in the winter?" inquired Edward.

"Oh," she replied, "I did not say but that I should like it at all seasons. It is what we find within doors, rather than without, that makes *the home*."

Edward did not reply, but he soon caught himself in a reverie, something about domestic habits, and how much more desirable a companion would be who loved home, than one fond of fashionable society, and who loved company better than her own fireside. The remark which led him into the reverie was in itself nothing, but the artless simplicity of manner and tone in which it was spoken, stamped it with truthfulness and sincerity.

In the evening, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, the men who had been sent across the frontier with the merchandise, returned to Capt. Culver's to report the entire success of their mission. The hardy woodsmen liked Ned, both for his good-nature and generous pay. No one who ever worked for him, complained of their wages. Nor was it the mere matter of compensation that so much attached them to his interest. A man may be just, and pay every cent, and yet fail to attach those in his employ to his person. With every class—with the rude and ignorant, as well as the refined and educated, it is the mode and manner which enlists

their sympathy, rather than the matter. It may be called fancy, taste, or instinct, but it is, with almost every person, independent of his judgment and reason.

So many men at the Mountain tavern, and "Smuggling Ned" in their midst, could not fail to attract the attention of their neighbors upon the hill above them; and to use Ned's phrase, "the lovely Sally" in the storm, or *with* it, made her appearance too.

"Is your father at home?" asked Edward of the girl.

"No, sir," was the diffident reply.

"Well, it storms so," he remarked, carelessly, "that he cannot reach home to-night, and unless the snow is ten feet deep, I'll get up earlier than he will to-morrow morning."

Sally's eyes twinkled, as much as to say, "You can't tell yet;" and soon she was gone.

"Now, my men," said Ned, "we'll see the fun of old Eaton and his scamps measuring the snow to-night. Who will watch for his coming?"

"I will," said Amos, "and be ready too."

"A miracle! a miracle!" they all shouted; "Amos has spoke!"

"And so did Balaam's ass," remarked some envious one, who feared that Amos would be voted to the post of honor, and by his stupidity spoil all the fun.

"Amos is right," continued Ned. "You are all tired and cold but him. He has been in the house all day; and we'll leave him to arrange every thing. Let us to bed, to be ready whenever he calls."

No voice dissented from the proposition; and in ten minutes the Mountain tavern was as still as though there were no other persons in the house but its regular inmates.

After a short conference with Capt. Culver and Amos in the kitchen, Edward sought Mrs. Culver's room, where he still hoped to find her lovely guest. He was not disappointed; but she appeared with less animation than she had exhibited when he left her at an early hour of the evening. As distant as Mrs. Culver's room was from the bar-room, still the sounds of merriment had reached their ears, and Jane was pained (but why she asked not of herself,) that one who had made himself so agreeable, and adapted himself so easily to her society, should make himself equally the boon companion of a bar-room carousal. She felt that perhaps his present associates were as much so from choice, as perchance her society had been a matter of necessity.

Edward sought to dissipate the cloud; but, although she was courteous, there was the want of that artless confidence which had so charmed him during the day. Mrs. Culver noticed the change, and also his chagrin at it, and with woman's tact, divined why her fair companion felt her present restraint.

"Have your men," said she, "brought you good report?"

"Certainly," he replied, surprised at the question. "I never had a man in my employ who brought me an evil report at the last end of the chapter."

"But do you not sometimes fear reverses?" continued Mrs. Culver.

"In every thing I do not look for equal success with that which I find in my business transactions," he replied. "It will be my fortune rather to be crossed in love than business."

"Were you ever in love?" persisted Mrs. Culver.

Edward started as if the question suggested something new, or unpleasant, and a slight flush passed over his face. Instinctively his eyes sought and met Jane's, and she as quickly withdrew hers, and cast them upon the floor. Mrs. Culver looked up and saw the confusion of both of her guests, but so quickly replaced her eyes upon her knitting-work that neither of them noticed the glance.

"Do you fear to answer my question, Mr. Clapp?" she continued, after waiting a few moments for his answer.

"Here—now, I cannot tell you; and you know I would scorn to tell a lie," he replied, stammering.

"And do you always scorn a falsehood as much as now?" asked Jane, without looking up.

"To one of your sex always," he rejoined. "With men I may act differently—I meet them as they meet me. If subterfuge is the play, I am too much of a Yankee not to meet it with the like. But from woman I look for purity and truth; and in return, would give them kindness without the least violation of honor."

"You differ vastly from your sex in general," responded Jane.

"And have you learned to distrust so early?" rejoined Edward.

"It is a woman's first lesson," remarked Mrs. Culver.

"I have learned it in theory, if not practically," answered Jane.

"I will hope that you will unlearn the lesson," said Edward; "and if I could be your instructor, I would not fear the results."

"Men always believe they can accomplish wonders," remarked Mrs. Culver, quickly, as she saw Jane was pained. "But come tell me how it chanced that your men retired so early to-night. We could hear them here, and I expected that I should have to send in *my* request before they would be still."

"They have gone to bed, in hopes of some sport with the officers before morning. I started them off as soon as I could, for this company was preferable to theirs," he replied.

"Your fondness for female society seems to me to be of a recent date," rejoined Mrs. Culver, "and I fear I must attribute it wholly to a particular preference, rather than a general characteristic."

"If it should not prove as evanescent as it has been pleasing," he replied, "I fear that I shall lose my title, and 'Smuggling Ned' will become as great a coward as he had been hero."

"You a smuggler!" exclaimed Jane in astonishment. "You a violator of your country's laws—an enemy to her welfare?"

"Not so—not so," he returned. "No man loves his country more than I; and that I have sometimes evaded some of her laws, must be attributed to the fact, that she has some of the greatest scoundrels that she can boast of, to carry those laws into execution."

"Is that an excuse for you to assist her enemies?" asked Jane in reply.

"You look upon things differently from what I see them. I furnish the Canadians with food and clothing, not to help them, but to make them effeminate. Was there ever a poorer-clad, worse-fed, or worse-paid soldiery, than that which accomplished the independence of America? And yet, can the annals of history show purer, better, or braver patriots? Reasoning from these premises, is not the inference just, that well-fed and well-clothed men will fight with less valor than those with scanty supplies? Hence, for my country's good, I carry these things to her foes, lest hunger

and want may compel them to come after them. If peaceable measures and kindness will keep our foes at home, is not that man a patriot who uses them?" And he laughed at his own reasoning.

"Indeed," replied Jane, "the subtlety of your arguments is beyond my comprehension. Perhaps the lateness of the hour is the cause of my dullness. So, good-night." And she withdrew.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

THEY were a faithful band—the chosen followers of their God. Upon their sacred brows was stamped the broad seal of heaven. They were as "a city set upon a hill, which could not be hid" amid the surrounding darkness of the moral world. The intellectual and moral atmosphere was impregnated with the pestilential breath of the monster Infidelity, which had crept in, and taken possession of the high places of the nation; and Persecution, with fiery eyes and garments dipped in blood—with every possible method of torture that could be devised by the invention and ingenuity of man, dragged its hideous form through the length and breadth of the land, under the broad light of the noonday sun, thereby causing brother to rise against brother, parent against child, and children against parents, until the whole land was filled with anarchy and confusion, and the ground satiated with the blood of the persecuted. On every hill, and in every vale, were stationed the blood-thirsty minions of the law, to hunt and pursue their victims even to death, without one pitying emotion within their cruel bosoms for the infirmities of age, the helplessness of infancy, the sprightliness of childhood, or for maiden beauty. Even beneath the shade of the proud and far-famed capitol might have been seen the smoke of the faggots ascending to heaven as a crying witness against the infuriated multitude for their daring wickedness.

It was from such cruelty, and religious intolerance, and bigoted zeal, and that they might "worship God in spirit and in truth," "after the dictates of their own conscience," that that devoted band sought for an asylum in a distant land. Though their priests and rulers sought their lives, and the laws of the land refused to shield them from violence, yet their persecutors would not let them go, but placed watchmen over the ports and harbors, with strict charge not to suffer one of that little band to leave the shore. But they did go, for the mighty God was with them in their trials, and they put their trust in HIM with implicit faith. HE was with them to deliver, even as HE was with HIS chosen in Egyptian bondage. Though twice they were defeated, yet they resolved to try again, trusting in an all-wise Providence. Even the third time they were betrayed, and delivered up to their enemies, yet their disappointments and trials could not damp the ardor of their undertakings, but nerved them to greater energy and zeal, and to put a firmer trust in the God of the righteous. After repeated trials and disappointments they succeeded in obtaining shipping to Holland's shore. There they did not obtain rest, for the demoralizing influence of their neighbors alarmed them for their children's safety, and they looked to the far-off west across the deep waters of the broad Atlan-

tic, to find a place amid the dreary wilderness to plant their religion, where it might flourish and bloom till time should be no more.

Who was the faithful and heroic leader of that little flock? He was "a man after God's own heart," whose "body was a meet temple for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost." His deep and holy counsels added strength to the strong man's heart, and his pious words of consolation buoyed up the fainting spirits of the weak and fearful. He was their earthly guide and comforter, their friend and counsellor—yea, more, he was a father to that pilgrim band.

Having, after deliberate and mature reflection, resolved to take their lives in their hands, and seek a home among the wild and untutored children of the forest, they appointed a day for fasting and prayer, to ask the blessing of the LORD their God upon their enterprise; the holy principle of their actions being, "In all thy ways acknowledge God, and HE shall direct thy paths."

All preparations being completed, they embarked upon their long and perilous voyage. Old men and matrons, young men and maidens, and little children, thronged the deck of the gallant Mayflower, uttering hymns of praise to HIM who "holdeth the winds in HIS hand," and commanded the raging waves, "Peace, be still."

As the dim outlines of their native shore receded from their view, deep and tender emotions thrilled their hearts with sensations that can better be imagined than described. They were leaving the land of their birth, perhaps for ever; and they had parted with near and dear friends, to meet no more on earth; and they had sacrificed the few comforts enjoyed even by the persecuted—and for what? It was for dangers, toils, and privations; for perils by sea, and perils by land, and to be subject to the tender mercies of the hostile sons of the forest; and that they might "lay a foundation for an extensive advancement of the kingdom of Christ in the western wilderness." For two long weary months they were tossed by adverse winds upon the tempestuous ocean, and many times with fearful hearts, they were constrained to cry, "LORD, save, or we perish." After innumerable dangers and hardships they neared the destined shore; their hearts bounded with inexpressible joy as they first discovered the faint outlines of the land they were fast approaching. Mothers fondly embraced their children in manifestation of their happiness; and the glad smile of delight played upon every countenance.

They cast anchor in what is now called Cape Cod harbor. Each hardy sailor gladly obeyed the command to loose the cables, and furl the sails; all were summoned to the deck; deep silence reigned throughout the whole assembly; each knee was bent in reverence and holy adoration to that GREAT SUPREME BEING who had brought them safely through their dangerous voyage. The voice of praise and thanksgiving was heard ascending in the deep and musical tones of their leader's voice. He gave thanks for the many mercies received by that exiled band, and asked for blessings and guidance in the duties before them; and that they might be the happy instruments in the hand of God, for the salvation of the native owners of the soil.

The prayer was ended. With shouts of grateful joy they lowered the boats, and with lightsome hearts seated themselves therein, and touched the long-wished-for shore. They stepped upon the land with subdued and sacred feelings of holy reverence. All around was cold and drear—close

bound in icy chains. No friendly hands were extended to greet them in welcome; no kindred voice hailed them in gladness; no comfortable dwellings met their view to cheer them with kind hospitality, or where they might rest their weary limbs—all, all was desolate; yet God was with them to bless. He had gone before them, and prepared their way. For many moons before, the owners of the land, every man, woman, and child, slept the dreamless sleep of death, no more to claim their heritage. His providence saved them from famine, and furnished seed for the coming harvest. He tamed the wild and savage spirit of the red man, for His children's safety, that they might not sink beneath the accumulated toils and privations attending the inclemency of a New England winter.

With heartfelt gratitude and great surprise they heard the loud voice of the tawny messenger as he entered their strange habitations, exclaiming in well-known language, "Welcome, Englishmen! welcome, Englishmen!" It was by the influence of that friendly warrior, under Providence, that "the pale-faced strangers" enjoyed the peace of a mutual treaty for many years.

That noble-hearted band of daring exiles there laid a permanent foundation for a nation of patriots and freemen. They were the pioneers of that mighty revolution which broke the fetters of an infant colony, and filled monarchs with fear for their tottering power. Such were our forefathers—the living examples of the faith they professed, "counting all things but dross" in view of their heavenly inheritance. And well may we adopt the beautiful language of Mrs. Hemans:

"Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod:
They've left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!"

L. A. B.

PASSING AWAY.

THE beautiful, fair, and the lovely of earth,
Are destined to fade from the hour of their birth;
The dew-drops of morning, the sun's parting ray,
Are fading, fast fading, and passing away.
The roses of summer, whose breath fills the gale,
Who send forth their perfume from hill-side, and vale,
Look at eve to the skies, and in sighs seem to say,
"Bathe our petals in tears—we are passing away.
We pass from the meadow, the hill-side, and green,
And the spot looketh drear where our footsteps have been—
All, even the fairest, are marked for decay—
We bloom for a moment, and then pass away."
The sunny stream laughs in the pure light of morn,
But onward, still onward, its waters are borne;
Its sparkling is transient—its waves may not stay,
To the depths of the ocean it passeth away.
Yet what is the streamlet, the rose-bud, and dew,
To the cheek that is flushing with youth's crimson's hue—
To the eye that is kindling with hope and delight,
As it turns to the future, all splendid and bright?
Alas! for the visions and dreams of our youth,
When shadows seem substance, and friendship seems truth;

Like the sere leaves of autumn, the last beam of day,
 They fade into darkness—they all pass away.
Yes, passing away is the watchword of Time;
 Earth's bright ones are destined to fade in their prime,
 In Life's verdant spring to lie down in the tomb,
 And shroud in Death's mantle their beauty and bloom.
 And e'en the wide earth, with her valleys and rills,
 Her firmly set mountains, and unshaken hills,
 Is marked for destruction—is doomed to decay;
 On her brow is engraven, "Fast passing away."
 Then is there no rest for the tempest-tossed soul,
 No pole-star to guide us when dark billows roll?
 Is there no ark, no anchor, which still shall endure
 Through storm and through tempest, unshaken and sure?
 Yes, truth shall endure! Firm, immutable truth—
 Change never comes o'er it; 'tis e'er in its youth,
 Firm as Heaven's own arches, and pure as its day;
 Eternal is truth, it can ne'er pass away.
 Then cheer up, lone voy'ger on Error's wide sea,
 Let truth be a chart, and a pole-star to thee;
 'Twill guide thee to Heaven, the port of the blest,
 To the home of the ransomed, the haven of rest.

M. A.

THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

DURING the night of the first day of the year 1777, a man, aged sixty years, was at the window; he raised his eyes towards the azure vault of heaven, where sparkled the stars, like the white flowers of the water-lily upon a tranquil sheet of water; then lowered them to the earth, where no one was as destitute as himself of joy and repose, for his tomb was not far from him; he had already descended sixty of the steps which lead there, and he was carrying, from the time of his youth, only faults and remorse. His health was destroyed, his soul void and dejected, and his old age full of chagrin. The days of his youth reappeared before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father placed him at the entrance of two routes, one of which conducted to a rich and happy country, covered with fertile harvests, lighted by a sun always clear, resounding with a gentle harmony, whilst the other led to a cavern without issue, peopled with serpents, and filled with poison.

Alas! the serpents attached themselves to his heart, the poison stained his lips, and he knew not where he was.

He raised his eyes towards heaven, and cried with inexpressible anguish: "O youth, return! O my father! place me again at the entrance of life, in order that I may choose otherwise."

But his youth and his father were no more. Then he retraced in his mind all the men of his age, those whom he had known, and those whom he knew not, who had been youths with him, who now, scattered over the earth, were good fathers of families, friends of truth, of virtue, who passed calmly, and without shedding tears, this first night of the year. The sound of the clock, which told of this new step of time, came to his ear as a

pious hymn; it recalled his parents, the wishes they had formed for him, the lessons they once taught him; wishes which their unfortunate son had never fulfilled, lessons by which he had not profited. Overwhelmed with grief and shame, he could gaze no longer at the heaven where dwelt his father; tears flowed from his eyes, and fell upon the snow which covered the ground; he sighed, and seeing nothing which could console him: "Ah! return, youth," cried he—"again return!"

And his youth returned, for all this, that had disturbed him, was but a dream; he was young yet; his faults only were real. He thanked God that his youth was not past, and that he could forsake the path of vice for that of virtue, in order to enter into the tranquil country, covered with abundant harvests.

Return with him, my young readers, if, like him, you have wandered; this terrible dream shall be henceforth your judge. If, one day, overwhelmed with grief, you are forced to cry out: "Return, beautiful youth!" youth will return no more.

E. W. S.

FLATTERY.

In civilized society, numerous are the evils that spring up spontaneously from the rank soil of the human heart, and flourish like the tall cedars of Lebanon, chilling with their deadly shades many of fair Virtue's lowly violets. Among these, *Flattery* takes its stand as being one of the most common, and exerting, I apprehend, a baneful influence upon society. Its magic power is felt through all the walks and grades of life—as well by the tenant of the moss-roofed cottage in the lowly vale, as by him who dwells in the palace and mingles with the proud ones of the earth. It comes to us in the specious garb of friendship, with the smile of deceit upon its lips, and offers us to drink of its poisoned chalice. We drink, and straightway our faults and errors dwindle into comparative insignificance, while our worth and virtues are magnified into mountains, whose tops reach unto high heaven. It teaches us a lesson of pride and arrogance, where we should only learn distrust and humility. We need not search the records of the historian for illustrations of the truth of this; neither need we look abroad on the wide world to see it exemplified, but we may find it at home, by observing the effect which sweet-lipped hollow-hearted flattery has upon our own characters. Few, very few, are the individuals gifted with so strong mind and principle as to have never listened with pleasure to the sweet song of the siren, never tasted of her cordial, or bowed at her shrine. And few are those who have not, at some moments of their lives, stooped to flatter in order to please. Doubtless there are many who feel at times the meanness of this practice, and long to be freed from its influences, who yet have not sufficient strength of principle to break them asunder. They fear to be thought odd and singular, unless they can pass a compliment occasionally, in Flattery's civil tone.

"The plain naked truth would not be palatable at all times," say they; "a little spice of flattery is certainly allowable now and then, merely for fashion's sake;" and so, forsooth, they will offer her sweet incense to those

whom they call their friends, merely for the sake of pleasing. Their motive, it is true, may appear plausible, for it is perfectly natural that we should seek to please our friends, but is it right to do this by administering the poisonous dregs of flattery? We may gain our end, but it will never justify the means.

But while much of the flattery which passes as current coin in society originates from the desire of pleasing, there is still another motive, so low and despicable that even those who are actuated by it, are ready to condemn it in others. I allude to the practice of flattery, in order to be flattered in return. None but a mind already vitiated and depraved, can stoop to this practice, so humiliating to all true self-respect. We must feel ourselves poor indeed to be willing thus to purchase the wherewithal to feed our vanity. It is the bane of the soul, inflating it with a pestilential vapor, filling its emptiness with vacancy, and thus keeping out whatever is calculated to ennoble and purify. He who can rest satisfied with the unmeaning compliments of others, can never expect to attain any higher degree of excellence than he now possesses, unless he can shake off the spell that binds him and arouse to high and vigorous action.

People who flatter in order to be flattered in return, are very apt to become habitual flatterers. People who make flattery their business, who flatter indiscriminately, pouring out their incense by wholesale, and are ever ready to deluge their friends with a volley of it. These are the bane of society, and from such most fervently would I pray to be delivered. I would shun them as I would the pestilence. The moral atmosphere around them is contaminated; it breathes of degradation. If then, we would escape the baleful influence of flattery, we should never for a moment stoop to it ourselves—never listen to it from others, or countenance it in any manner. Let us at least endeavor to keep our consciences clear of this meanness, so that at the close of our journey, when we cast a longing eye to the spirit-land, and the sun of our being is fast fading from all that is mortal, to rise again on immortality, and we take a retrospective view of the past, we may be enabled joyfully to say, of this sin "I am verily guiltless."

MARY.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED WHILE WALKING ON THE BANKS OF THE MERRIMACK.

I saw a dark and troubled stream;
Its waters wildly sought the ocean,
While, from its depths, a still voice came,
And whispered, "Such is life's commotion."

I looked again: that stream was calm,
And mirrored the blue heaven above;
And such, methought, is human life,
When it is blest by heavenly love.

Thus blest no sin shall dare to reign,
No angry thoughts disturb the breast;
For Christ shall calm the troubled wave,
And give the weary spirit rest.

ELIZA.

THE RETURN.

It was on a pleasant evening in the month of August, in the year 18—, that a stranger might have been seen walking on the banks of a lovely river that winds its way through the pleasant little town of W—. He was aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the sound of music softly stealing on the ear. It appeared to be a plaintive air, performed by one well skilled in music. He arose from the seat upon which he had thrown himself, and, walking forward, soon came in view of the performer. It was a young lady of uncommon beauty, seated at the door of a neat white cottage. Her age might have been about seventeen, and of such perfect loveliness it would be in vain for me to attempt a description. She was habited in a garb of deep mourning, which contrasted finely with the lily and the rose, which were blended together beautifully in her countenance. From the lustre of her deep blue eye there seemed to beam a soul of intellect. A painter would have deemed her no unworthy model for his pencil. Her companion was an elderly gentleman, who appeared to be her father. He held in his hand a weekly periodical, which he seemed to have been perusing, but had discontinued at the commencement of the air his lovely daughter had been playing. A cloud of sorrow seemed to pass over his high and intellectual brow as he sat watching the loved being before him. His mind was busy with other days. At the advance of the stranger they arose, and invited him to take a seat with their humble cottage. And while they are pleasantly engaged in conversation, we will take a glance at the past.

Mr. Somers, for that was the gentleman's name, had once been in the mercantile line of business, and had stood high in society; but by misfortune, and treachery of pretended friends, he had been reduced to comparative poverty, had removed far from the metropolis, where he and his wife had attended to the education of their children—a son and daughter. But he had been deprived of their society even here—the son probably but for a short time, but the wife had been snatched away by the cold hand of death. The son had gone, like many young men of the day, to try his fortune in the far West; and upon the lovely Julia did Mr. Somers now look for that support which declining years and ill health require.

"I have called," cried Henrietta Fairbanks, as she ran into the sitting-room of Mr. Somers, where Julia was seated with her father, on the morning after the stranger's visit, "to solicit your company for an evening, as I am to have a few select friends with me. I thought I would not write you a note, but came myself, as the surest way of obtaining your consent. Now, Julia, you must not say no: you will not, will you?"

Henrietta Fairbanks was the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in the town of W—. She was a being formed to be beloved. She was not so strikingly handsome as Julia, but the sparkling wit, the modest demeanor, the warm and sunny smile, and the benevolent heart, was what won the love of every one. Since her first acquaintance with Julia, she had been her dearest friend. If her simplicity of manners had at first found a way to the heart of her friend, her good sense and sound judgment had taken still deeper root there.

"O, Julia," said she, "I know you cannot refuse me. My evening's pleasure would be spoiled could I not have the presence of my dearest friend."

Julia made her no answer, but looked up inquiringly into the face of her father, who had been watching her countenance while her young friend was speaking.

"My dear child," he at length said, "if it is your wish to go I shall say nothing to prevent you. Perhaps I am too selfish in wishing to confine you so much to myself. Yes—go my child; and may you be happy in so doing." And kissing the tears from her cheek, which his affectionate words had caused to start, he arose and left the room.

"Now I know you will not disappoint me," said Henrietta. After spending a few moments in conversation, her friend arose to take her leave.

Since Mr. Somers removed to W——, Julia had objected to going into company. Although numerous had been her invitations, she had politely rejected them, preferring rather to remain with her invalid father, and this evening was the first she had consented to spend with the thoughtless and gay. The contemplated evening at length arrived. The parlor of Mr. Fairbanks was filled with the most fashionable of the town. They had nearly all assembled before Julia made her appearance. All eyes were riveted on the lovely stranger as Mr. Fairbanks conducted her to a seat. On Julia's casting her eye around the room, the first person that attracted her attention was the stranger who had found his way to their cottage, a few evenings previous. A blush mantled her cheek when she saw he regarded her with much earnestness. On perceiving that he was observed by her, bowing politely, he removed to a distant part of the room. As he moved away the thought struck her that she had seen that figure before, and there was something in the face that was familiar. "But no," she thought, "it cannot be *him*, for did not a cruel father send him far over the sea, and did not news come that he had found a watery grave? Be still, my heart;" and she pressed her hand upon her throbbing temple, as though she would banish from thence some painful emotion; and after casting her eye to the place, which a moment before he had occupied, he had vanished. In vain did her eye search for him in the crowd. She had nearly succeeded in regaining her composure, when she saw her friend approaching her.

"My dear Julia, I have a friend to whom I wish to give you an introduction. Will you go with me?" She arose and accompanied her friend to a recess in the window. "Here I will leave you a moment to prepare yourself for a pleasant surprise, which I have been planning for my amusement and happiness."

So saying she tripped away, leaving Julia wondering what this plan could be. Not long did she leave her to herself, for, in a few moments, she returned, leaning on the arm of the stranger. In the next moment Julia was clasped in the arms of her long-lost lover; for the stranger was none other than her earliest friend and lover, Frank Rivers.

The surprise was too much for her delicate frame, and she fainted in his arms. On opening her eyes she met the anxious gaze of her lover, as he bent fondly over her. From conflicting emotions she could not speak; but, pressing the hand that held hers, she burst into a flood of tears, which relieved her throbbing brain; and, as she looked up to her friend for an explanation, Henrietta threw her arms around her neck.

"Forgive me, Julia, for causing you to suffer, but the temptation was so strong I could not resist. Knowing you had given Frank up as dead, I wished to give you a pleasant surprise; but had I known the result, I would not for worlds have trifled with your feelings. As you have somewhat recovered, lest my guests should notice my absence, I will now leave you in the care of this troublesome friend of mine; for, by-the-by, I presume a few words from his lips would do more to aid your recovery than all the cordials which I could offer;" and, looking archly at him, she tripped away, leaving him to explain his so sudden appearance when she supposed he had found a watery grave.

Frank Rivers was the only son of one of the wealthiest merchants in the city of —. He also had extensive business in India. Frank had been Julia's schoolmate; and the childish preference had grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, until it had ripened into a lasting friendship. Their parents had watched their young affections with pleasure; for, at that time, Mr. Somers was considered among the wealthiest of the merchants. Mr. Somers had given his children all the advantages of an education which wealth could procure; but Misfortune came with her withering grasp, and laid his fairest prospects low in the dust. We will now take the liberty to listen while Frank relates his story to the attentive Julia.

"On hearing of your father's failure I could not believe it, but, hastening to your father's store, I soon found it was too true. When my father was informed of the circumstances he appeared very much astonished; and on continuing my visits to you, I perceived there was a marked change in his manners towards me. He, at first, asked me if I intended to marry the penniless daughter of a broken merchant. I told him in the days of your father's prosperity he had manifested no opposition to my choice, but, on the contrary, had approved of it; and now, in the day of adversity, I could not forsake you, as I had not only obtained his consent, but also yours, and your father's, to a union as soon as I should become of age; and never should poverty make me withdraw from my engagement. But enough—I will not pain you with a recital. From that time he treated me with much severity, until, a few days before my departure, he came into the counting-room where I was. His manners appeared changed, as though nothing had occurred. He informed me he had very important business in the West Indies, which he wished me to undertake, as he was getting rather old, and felt unwilling to go so far from home. He said I could finish the business in a few months, and would soon be at home. At first, the thought of leaving you, situated as you then was, overcame me with grief; but then I should not be separated from you long. The thought that it would be but a few months (although to me they looked like years) bore me up. Bidding you a hasty adieu, I soon set sail for India. When I arrived there I found that the business would detain me much longer than I had anticipated. After that was settled my father caused me to stay, from one pretence and another, until three years had passed away. I wrote to you constantly, but never a line reached me after the first two or three letters you wrote."

Julia, who had remained silent during his relation, now uttered an exclamation of surprise. "They told me, Frank, that you had found a watery grave. They said you, and a number of others, had gone out in a boat on a pleasure excursion, that a gale had overtaken you, that the boat was capsized, and but one escaped to tell the news."

"Yes, my dear, so Henrietta has told me. But to proceed: while in India I became acquainted with a very wealthy gentleman by the name of Thompson. He was a childless widower, and had no relatives; and being thrown often in his society we formed for each other, the affection of a father and son. A few months since he was taken suddenly ill, and in one week from the time he was taken, I followed my dear friend to the grave. Upon opening his will, to my surprise I was declared to be sole heir to his fortune. As soon as I could settle the business, and dispose of the personal property, I determined to return home, and learn the cause of your silence.

On returning to my native city I could learn nothing respecting your father's family, except that your father had removed to a distant part of the country. I determined to travel, and if possible learn the place of your residence. It was on a visit to my uncle, under whose roof we now are, that my cousin informed me that you lived but a short distance from here; and it was not until I had made a promise that I would not spoil her little plan of surprise, that she would make me acquainted with the cottage where you were; but to wait until the evening should arrive, I thought would be impossible. I therefore determined to make you a visit; and, as I knew I had greatly changed in my personal appearance, I thought I might safely do it without being recognized. For this purpose I chose the hour of twilight, but the emotions of my heart would not permit me to proceed; and casting myself down on a seat I remained absorbed in thought, I know not how long, until your sweet song broke upon my ear. Regaining my composure, I arose, and—but you know the remaining part of my story. Suffice it to say, you did not recognize me; but O, how I longed to discover myself to you. Still the thought of breaking the promise given to my cousin, deterred me. But now, dearest, we are met, I trust never more to be parted." * * *

We must bring our story to a close. In six weeks from that evening, Julia Somers stood the blushing bride of the handsome and the rich Frank Rivers. Some weeks after, a travelling carriage might have been seen to draw up before a splendid mansion, from which two gentlemen alighted, assisting as many ladies. They ascended the steps which led to the mansion. Said Mr. Rivers, for he it was, turning to his wife, "This, dear Julia, is your home." And, turning to the other gentleman and lady, "Welcome, thrice welcome, our guests, Mr. Somers and Miss Fairbanks."

Yes, it was Julia's brother returned after a long absence, laden with riches and honor—returned to be present at Julia's wedding. He had come with his sister to her new home, accompanied by Julia's young friend, Henrietta Fairbanks, his affianced bride.

ELIZABETH.

HOPE.

Is there a boon to mortals given?
 A blessing ours not known in heaven,
 A source of joy which we know here,
 But those which never may appear?
 O, yes; 'tis Hope—which like the cloud,
 That Israel's sons to Canaan showed,
 Guides and directs our path till death,
 Nor leaves us till our latest breath.

P O E T R Y .

A continuation of a dialogue, commenced upon page 176, volume iii.

Annette. We promised, when we spoke of poetry, a long time ago, to resume the subject. Will you do it now by giving me a slight outline of the history of poetry? for, though we could not define its substance or spirit, satisfactorily to ourselves, that which has always thus existed must have left in every place some trace of its existence.

Ella. You are right in this. The poetry of every ancient nation can be traced further back than its arts or sciences. In fact it not only preceded, but it preserved the science of early times. All other literature came to it, and was taken into the arms of its rude, though faithful, nurse; and the thoughts and feelings of the child were expressed in the unpolished ditty which soothed and fostered its life. And when the child was strong, and could leave its nurse to roam afar, then it brought back to her, not only bright flowers and precious gems, but also the elixir of life, that she might live, henceforth, in youth and beauty.

Annette. Their mutual obligations then are equal. I have heard that the histories of all the Scythian and Gothic nations were embodied in their national songs and ballads; that their kings or chiefs were also frequently their scalds or poets; and that their early historians, such as Saxo-Græmaticus, obtained, in this manner, their historical information.

Ella. But something, of even more consequence than historical information, is to be found in the poetry of ancient and uncivilized nations. A faithful transcript of the heart, of its hopes and fears, its superstitions and its pleasures, in short, nearly all that can be known of its mental philosophy, is to be ascertained by a reference to, and a study of, its poetical compositions.

Annette. But why should poetry be preferred to prose for this purpose?

Ella. Because it is so much more readily and firmly impressed upon the memory. This may be owing to the greater degree of pleasure which it excites. The first poetry of all nations was rude and artless; it had in it somewhat that captivated. Madame de Stael defines this pleasure as the effect of the mingled play of Hope and Memory in the recital of rhyme. The latter retains the cadence of the first closing syllable, while the former looks forward to the corresponding word, which will complete the melody. If her philosophy is correct, then the practice of many modern poets is unnatural and injudicious, who prolong their periods to such a degree, wander through so many different measures, and employ such a variety of long and short lines, corresponding in rhyme at such a distance from each other, that all sense of melody is utterly lost. Another foolish practice is, the literal imitation of ancient lyrical poets, among those who say "I sing," who never can sing; and talk of "*striking the chords of a lyre*," who have never even seen a lyre.

Annette. Then the more ancient the poetry, the more did it appeal to the senses; or, rather, it appealed to a greater number of the senses—to the ear and eye as well as the heart. And this was probably the reason why the ancient bards possessed so much more power over the people than modern poets.

Ella. The poetry of the present day is too often but versified prose; for true poetry is an art as different from mere versification as rhetoric is different from grammar. The mere versifier employs common language in the composition of pleasant rhymes. The poet makes his language; and his mother tongue becomes, in his hand, like iron in the fiery furnace. That, which before was cold, hard, and black, now glows with brilliant fervent heat, and sends forth its sparkling scintillations to delight the beholders. His impress is always stamped upon the language in which he writes. He makes new words, and baptizes old ones into a new faith. If Chaucer had been equal to Homer, and his language as perfect, he would have done for English what the blind bard did for Greek. We are so truly elevated by the perusal of all real poetry—all around us is made so easy and harmonious, that we do not perceive that we have been really lifted up. The bright and beautiful are around us, and we think the clouds have come down in all their rainbow-tinted glory. The poet is an aeronaut, who takes us in his car, and the earth seems gradually to sink beneath us, till it has gone into the depths of space, and we are in a purified region of the universe.

Annette. I am well aware of the influence of poetic words upon the sentiments expressed. How entirely different they can make its effect, I have heard the following verse quoted as an example.

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, and the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

Imagery, which I have always considered an indispensable adjunct to true poetry, is rendered almost necessary by the imperfection of language—its dearth of that which may express all deep emotions. But, if poetry is thus the very utterance of violent feelings, must not the poet himself be ever under their influence. Must he not, as I have asked before, be one differing from his kind in this, that feelings, which are uncommon in them, are usual in him. If not a madman, does he not differ from others even as a maniac differs?

Ella. You would liken him to the harp, which sends forth a wail to the slightest breeze; and, when strong winds sweep over it, sends forth tones of loud rejoicing in the fierce gust, or shrieks of woe at which all might stand aghast. I would liken him rather to the hand which sweeps the lyre, and can call forth, at will, the words of mirth or sorrow. He can rouse the good angel, who ever sleeps within the breast; or still the evil demon, who would fain have free range in the chambers of the soul. You would compare him to the fierce soldier, whose blood boils tumultuously in his veins, and whose maddened passions seek a vent in wild action, perhaps in destruction and death. I would compare him to the fabled Moorish king, with his magic chess-board; who looked calmly on, and saw all strife, and war, and death, in contemptible mimicry before him.

Annette. Then you have a more elevated opinion of him even than myself. You would make him supernatural, while I only make him unnatural. To you he is a god; to me but a prophet. He stands before us, and interprets the *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharzin*, which a fearful hand has written upon a mysterious universe.

Ella. No, no. I only think him a man; though possessed, in a su-

perior degree, of some of the attributes of humanity. The world, in general, is like a jury whose minds are all agreed; the poet is their foreman—he shall speak for them.

Annette. Then it is only because he can express, in a better manner, what all know and believe, that they permit him to be their representative. But, if it is so, may he not still have some higher distinguishing characteristic? He expresses, in clear definite vivid language, the thoughts and feelings which are common to all, though vague in all. But may there not be something in him, higher still, which is as vague to him as their conceptions have been to them. Something which he can partially understand and enjoy, but which he can never embody or define. I know that the true poet has been said to give materiality to the spiritual world, and a spirit to that which is material. But, while he does this, may he not still be unable to portray his visions of another and more beauteous land? I have myself had flitting visions of an indefinable beauty, as transient as the imaginary scenes which an inventive eye discovers in the evening clouds, or the fireside embers. And, in reading of such natural poets as Mrs. Hemans, and Miss Davidson, we learn of those enchanting visions, which enticed them away into the dream-land, but of which they never brought back the faintest delineation.

Ella. Then while I look upon the poet as one to be compared to the lenses of the kaleidoscope, which resolve into regularity and magnificence that which is otherwise but confused, puerile, and worthless, you would compare him to those of the telescope, which can give a view of distant and brighter worlds—worlds which he can never exhibit to those who have not, themselves, some share of this far-sightedness, and some of which he cannot even describe. But we seem to have left poetry for the poet, and still to have no intelligible idea of the difference between the creator and the creation.

Annette. I think we are satisfied that there is no history of poetry. What it has been once it is now, and will always be. It is more like geography than history; more description than narration; and with this disadvantage, that we describe an inaccessible land, though one which is visible to all—a country of charmed seas, and glittering glaciers; of brilliant icy wastes; and skies for ever blushing with the changing, but always beautiful, *aurora borealis*; a clime whose cold pure distant glory creates in us the deepest yearnings for heaven.

Ella. And I think you will now agree with me that it is common to us all. It is latent in many, in most of mankind; but not lacking. It is drawn out by afflictions, or excitement, or disease, but not created by them. In many a familiar heart, which now shines on us in its gladness, there may be a sealed up chamber, where the sleeping spirit dwells; and it may be that Death alone is to arouse the sleeper, and unlock the portal. And there may be those in whom this spirit is too fitfully active to give, to any, a sure strong proof of the nature of its being.

Annette. You remind me of kings, queens, and great men, who have only found that they possessed the gift of song when all other gifts were taken away. But, when we have found the poet, it is not always that we have the poem.

Ella. No, he may live among his fellow-men, warbling his sweet strains, which seem but the prelude to some noble melody, and then die; leaving not even that behind which might have been a fitting requiem.

Annette. And is not every noble poem a mere collection, in one vast monument, of the polished stones which have been gathered together in long intervals of time—a string of gems which have long been collecting—a sort of labor in mosaic, in which the plan of the poem is the pattern, and the flowing ideas, fixed for ever there, are the brilliant crystals now clustered together in harmonious beauty.

Ella. I have never looked precisely in this manner at *the poem*—the master-piece of human genius, or rather of human art; for this poet must be not only the genius but the artist. His poem is a stately sacred edifice, of which the plan springs up before him dark, faint, and shadowy. It grows loftier and more distinct. Low in the spirit's depths the corner-stone is laid. From afar the massive stones and beams are brought; with toil and patience they are silently laid the one upon the other. The sound of the axe and of the hammer is not heard. From many distant lands are brought the gold and gems to finish and adorn it. Time passes on, and at length it stands complete, glorious, and enduring. It is dedicated to HIM who bestowed upon the builder the power and wisdom by which he finished the magnificent structure; and the temple is thronged with worshippers when they know that the Shechinah hath rested there. * *

H A P P I N E S S .

HAPPINESS is a treasure which all men seek: and why is it that so few find it? Is it not because they search for it in the wrong path? Some think, if they were rich, they should be perfectly happy. Accordingly, they labor, and toil, and deprive themselves of the comforts, and almost of the necessities of life, that they may hoard up a mass of money, which they know not how to use. They obtain it. Are they happy? No: their minds are continually tortured with the thought, that they may lose a few shillings; and that is sufficient to render them very unhappy. Others seek for happiness in the path of fame. They may stand high, but others have stood there before them. They are not satisfied, and consequently are not happy. Others, again, think that to be happy, it is necessary to dress in the most costly materials, cut in the most fashionable style. To be convinced that these are not happy, it is only necessary to observe the chagrin of some fair one, who has spent time and money in procuring a fashionable bonnet, or shawl, when she sees some one whom she dislikes, with a bonnet, or shawl, precisely like her own.

If then, wealth, fame, or fashion, will not make us happy, where shall we find this pearl of great price? Let us go to some lowly cot, where the honest laborer dwells. He envies no man. His bread is earned by the sweat of his brow; and, to his fellow-men in distress, he renders all the assistance in his power. In his habitation dwell virtue, industry, and contentment; and without these accompaniments, no one can enjoy happiness. The gay and fashionable may be pleased, for a moment, with a splendid party, or ball, but lasting happiness is not theirs. How quickly will sickness or misfortune destroy all their pleasure.

If we would have a source of happiness which will not fail us in adversity, let us cultivate the intellect; and, above all, let us cherish virtue, and contentment. J.

SHALL I BE OLD?

SHALL I be old?

When my form is stiff, and my heart is cold;
When the stream of life has ceased to flow,
And they lay my body dark and low;
When that time arrives will my head be gray?
And the night have come to a long long day?
Shall I be old?

Shall I be old?

When my days have passed, like a tale that's told;
Will the story be like that which they tell
When, around the hearth they love so well,
Long tales are told of a happier day,
And the length'ning hours are cheered away.
Shall I be old?

Shall I be old?

When they lay me down, 'neath the churchyard mould,
Will they speak of one who died in youth,
Ere life was robbed of beauty and truth,
When Hope, in her heart, was fervent and bright,
And the future still seemed but a vista of light.
Shall I not be old?

Shall I be old?

When wrapped, at length, in Death's icy fold,
Will those, who look on my pale cold clay,
In whisperings low will they sadly say,
'Twere better, far better, that long ago
We had laid her thus, so still and low—
Alas, that she was old?

Shall I be old?

When the love of life has ceased its hold,
Will life itself in my heart be left?
Though existence of joy is strangely bereft;
When love, and hope, and strength, are dead,
Will Time, o'er their sepulchre, faintly tread?
Then, I'd not be old!

Shall I be old?

When the fearful curtain is upward rolled,
And I leap, from the waves of life's dark sea,
To the blissful shore of Eternity,
Will the path I have left with brightness glow?
Of deeds well done will survivors know?
Then, I'd be old!

Shall I be old?

With a heart by faith and love made bold,
Shall I enter those bowers of peace and joy?
Where youth is renewed, and pleasures ne'er cloy,
Where their sun is ne'er dim, their skies ever fair,
Where their flowers never wither, and also where
They ne'er grow old.

EDITORIAL.

OUR FRENCH LETTER. We have recently received a letter, communicating a request from Madame Dumas, of Paris, for information respecting the situation of the Lowell Female Operatives; their hours of labor, their savings, and the *surveillance*, or oversight, exercised in regard to those of them who are away from their parents. This knowledge is sought by Madame Dumas in behalf of the Philanthropic Society; and we will merely remark, for the benefit of those of our readers whose idea of Paris is, that it is distinguished merely for its gaiety, refinement, and dissipation, that it contains some of the most learned, and also some of the most benevolent, societies which exist in any country.

As many of our distant subscribers may have a desire for the same information, even if not for the same reasons, we will answer this letter publicly.

We will first give our readers a copy of the "regulation paper," which contains the only "code of laws" by which so many thousand young females are kept in excellent order; and add some statistics, collected by an eminent physician, who formerly resided in this city, though he is now a professor in a distant medical institution. The following are the regulations.

"Every overseer is required to be punctual himself, and to see that those employed under him are so.—The overseers may, at their discretion, grant leave of absence to those employed under them, when there are sufficient spare hands in the room to supply their place; but when there are not sufficient spare hands, they are not allowed to grant leave of absence unless in cases of absolute necessity.—All persons are required to observe the regulations of the room in which they are employed. They are not to be absent from their work without consent of their overseer, except in case of sickness, and then they are required to send him word of the cause of their absence.—All persons are required to board in one of the boarding-houses belonging to the company, and to conform to the regulations of the house in which they board.—All persons are required to be constant in attendance on public worship, at one of the regular places of worship in this place.—Persons who do not comply with the above regulations, will not be employed by the company.—Persons entering the employment of the company, are considered as engaging to work one year.—All persons intending to leave the employment of the company, are required to give notice of the same to the overseer, at least two weeks previous to the time of leaving.—Any one who shall take from the mills or the yard, any yarn, cloth, or other article belonging to the company, will be considered guilty of stealing, and prosecuted accordingly.—The above regulations are considered part of the contract with all persons entering the employment of the

Company. All persons who shall have complied with them, on leaving the employment of the company, shall be entitled to an honorable discharge, which will serve as a recommendation to any of the factories in Lowell. No one who shall not have complied with them, will be entitled to such a discharge."

So much for the regulations. They are not strictly enforced, for it is not considered necessary to treat the operatives as eye-servants; and the majority never think of their regulation paper after they have read it once. We will now extract from the document which we have referred to, and which it will be perceived was written to counteract the erroneous impressions which many wish to create. The writer says, with regard to health:

"More than one-half of our population are between the ages of fifteen and thirty years, and a great proportion of these are employed in the mills. In the year 1830, the population stood, by an actual census, at 6,477; the number of deaths was 114, and of this whole number only *seven* occurred among the persons employed in the mills! In the year 1828, the population was 3,500; girls in the mills, 1,500. During that whole year, there was not a single death, in the city, among these 1,500 girls. I ask those who are versed in the lore of medical statistics to match these two facts. Even if they were picked facts, they would be none the less extraordinary. But they are not picked facts. They are the only ones, and they are all of the kind which are contained in the tables before me. If I am now asked whether I consider these results as *average* results—as safe data on which to rest our conclusions as to the degree of health enjoyed by our population, I frankly answer no. I do not believe that the other years would have given such results.

They are too extraordinary to be looked for. But they are still of very great value. They show *positively, absolutely, undeniably*, a state of things wholly and irreconcilably inconsistent with the existence of a feeble, deteriorated and unhealthy population. I know that in 1828, and probably in 1830, girls who had been here at some time during the year, died during the year elsewhere. I know that in making all these estimates, we are constantly to bear in mind the circumstance that a certain number of girls leave the city while sick, and die among their kindred. But the number is easily ascertained, and it is far from being large."

With regard to their *earnings* the same document adds the following:

"In estimating the different causes which affect the morals of these females, the price of their labor ought not to be left out of the account. I have no wish to put this down for any more than it is worth. I know that there is no necessary connection between good character and external prosperity. But, nevertheless, this element is worth something. All other things being equal, a well-paid female population will be more virtuous than an ill-paid one. They are more likely to form habits of industry and frugality, they will have more self-respect, and they are removed from many temptations to vice. All these considerations apply with great force to the Lowell factory girls. The average wages, clear of board, amount to about two dollars a week. Many an aged father or mother, in the country, is made happy and comfortable, by the self-sacrificing contributions from the affectionate and dutiful daughter here. Many an old homestead has been cleared of its incumbrances, and thus saved to the family by these liberal and honest earnings. To the many and most gratifying and cheering facts, which, in the course of this examination, I have had occasion to state, I here add a few others relating to the matter now under discussion, furnished me by Mr. Carney, the Treasurer of the Lowell Institution for Savings. The whole number of depositors in this institution on the 23d July, was nineteen hundred and seventy-six; the whole amount of deposits was \$305,796 75. Of these depositors *nine hundred and seventy-eight are factory girls*, and the amount of their funds now in the bank, is estimated by Mr. Carney, in round numbers, at *one hundred thousand dollars*. It is a common thing for one of these girls to have *five hundred dollars* in deposit, and the only reason why she does not exceed this sum is the fact that the institution pays no interest on any larger sum than this. After reaching this amount, she invests her remaining funds elsewhere."

And now with regard to their *moral well-being*, we have these facts:

"The amount of strictly religious influences will be best and most clearly shown, by the number of accessions to the several churches. The aggregate number of these I am not able to give, from want of the requisite materials. I have been able, however, to procure returns from nine of the fifteen churches in the city. These churches were organized at different times since the origin of the city, and the whole number of persons who have joined them by profession, amounts to 5,559. From eight to nine-tenths of these were females, a large proportion of whom were employed in the mills. But even this statement, striking as it is, indicates but a part of the result of these religious influences. Large numbers of females have here become interested in the subject of religion, who have not united themselves to any of the Lowell churches, on account of the shortness of the time during which they intended to remain in the city. One of our clergymen who reports 400 admissions by baptism into his church, since its organization in August, 1833, says that 200, at least, have been converted under his preaching, who have not become members of his church for the reason above stated.

"There are now in the city fourteen regularly organized religious societies, besides one or two others quite recently established. Ten of these societies constitute a Sabbath School Union. Their third annual report was made on the fourth of the present month, and it has been published within a few days. I derive from it the following facts. The number of scholars connected with the ten schools at the time of making the report was 4,936, and the number of teachers was 433, making an aggregate of 5,369. The number who joined the schools during the year was 3,770; the number who left was 3,129. About three-fourths of the scholars are females. A large proportion of the latter are over fifteen years of age, and consist of girls employed in the mills: *More than five hundred of these scholars have, during the past year, become personally interested in practical piety, and more than six hundred have joined themselves to the several churches.* Now let it be borne in mind, that there are four or five Sunday schools in the city, some of which are large and flourishing, not included in this statement. Let it be borne in mind, too, that a

great proportion of these scholars are the factory girls, and furthermore, that these most gratifying results, just given, have nothing in them extraordinary—they are only the common, ordinary results of several of the past years. There has been no unusual excitement; no noise, no commotion."

"[Closely connected with this subject of the moral influences acting upon these girls, is that of the character of their overseers. The constant presence and example of the overseer must act powerfully, either for good or for evil, upon the minds and manners of the girls under his charge. I asked one of the superintendents how many of his overseers were members of churches, or connected with Sunday schools. After making inquiry he sent me the following note.

"Dear Sir: I employ in our mills, and the various departments connected with them, thirty overseers, and as many second overseers. My overseers are married men with families, with a single exception, and even he has engaged a tenement, and is to be married soon. Our second overseers are younger men, but upwards of twenty of them are married, and several others are soon to be married. Sixteen of our overseers are members of some regular church, and four of them deacons. Ten of our second overseers are also members of the church, and one of them is the superintendent of a Sabbath school. I have no hesitation in saying, that in all the sterling requisites of character, in native intelligence and practical good sense, in sound morality, and as active, useful, exemplary citizens, they may, as a class, safely challenge comparison with any class in our community. I know not among them all, an intemperate man, nor at this time, [May, 1841,] even what it called a moderate drinker.

Yours, truly,

"I ought to state here, that the above is not given as a singular or picked fact. I have made no similar inquiries in relation to any other of the manufacturing establishments. The same thing is true in regard to the number of girls who have been school teachers, and also to the number who are in the habit of attending evening schools.]

"I shall now proceed to enumerate some of the influences which have been most powerful in bringing about these results. Among these are the example and watchful care and oversight of the boarding-house keepers, the superintendents and the overseers. The moral police of all the establishments is vigilant, active and rigid. While industry and good conduct are respected and rewarded, no violations of the excellent and judicious rules of the corporations, and no improper or suspicious conduct meet with any indulgence or toleration. It is only by maintaining an unsullied and unimpeachable character that a girl can retain her situation in the mill, and when dismissed for any impropriety from one establishment, there is no possibility of her getting a place in any of the others. But a power vastly more active, all pervading and efficient than any and all of these, is to be found in the jealous and sleepless watchfulness, over each other, of the girls themselves. The great body of the girls are as virtuous as the female population of any part of New England; they have an honest and conservative pride in the preservation of their character and respectability as a class; and even if all others who are interested in their welfare should be remiss, there is no danger that they themselves will forget or neglect the obligations they owe to themselves and to each other. The strongest guardianship of their own character, as a class, is in their own hands, and they will not suffer either overseer or superintendent to be indifferent to this character with impunity. Their censorship is despotic, and no superintendent nor overseer could keep his hands, if he failed to remove an obnoxious individual, when the finger of censorship had pointed her out.

"But there are other good influences which have had a most powerful effect in creating the excellent state of things which exists among these girls: I allude to such as are of a more directly moral and religious nature. The facts in connection with these subjects have already been given, and these facts are exactly such as might have been looked for. There is not to be found in New England a body of clergymen more zealous, laborious and devoted to their great duties, than our own. By their own personal efforts, in the pulpit and out of it, and through the instrumentality of their teachers in their Sunday schools, an aggregate amount of good influences is brought to bear upon this part of our population, *unequalled*—I have no hesitation in saying it—in any part of the country. The relationship which is here established between the Sunday school scholar and her teacher—between the member of the church and her pastor—the attachments which spring up between them are rendered close and strong by the very circumstances in which these girls are placed. These relationships and these attachments take the place of the do-

mestic ties and the home affections, and they have something of the strength and fervency of these. Every clergyman and every Sunday school teacher who has been long in the city, will confirm the truth of these remarks."

"The hours of labor average within a few moments of twelve," for overseers and weavers. The spinners, carders, dressers, warpers, &c., keep the weavers in employment, and many of them have much spare time.

For the benefit of our French correspondent we will append a few more remarks. The majority of the females here are "away from their parents." Speaking of them as a class, they are all away from their homes. And, what will seem still more remarkable in France, the majority of them are the daughters of *land owners*. They are brought up in the country, and generally return to their country homes after an absence of from three to ten years. They come here to gain, for themselves, a livelihood independent of their parents, or to obtain an education superior to that which a district school will give them, or to obtain the means to be benevolent and philanthropic themselves, or—for we must say it—to obtain finer clothes than their honest rustic parents are willing or able to bestow upon them.

In the past volumes of the Offering we have written fully upon subjects connected with the condition of our fellow-laborers, and we have done it elsewhere than in the pages of our own magazine.

We have still much to add, but reserve it for future numbers, and will close this article with the hope that what we have written may be of advantage, not only to our own subscribers, and our French correspondent, but also to our readers in "the mother country."

LITERARY NOTICES. The covers we shall resign this month to our partner, Miss Curtis; whose opinion does not exactly coincide with our own in regard to the expediency of publishing puffs, &c.; and we must make our notices of books as concise as possible.

From Jordan & Co. we have received one of Retzsch's superior drawings; called *THE GAME OF LIFE*, or *The Chess-Player*, explained by Miltitz. This drawing represents Satan playing with Man for his soul. The figures upon the board are allegorized. The king upon Satan's side, is the Prince of Evil himself; his queen is Pleasure; the officers are six vices, Indolence, Anger, Pride, Falsehood, Avarice, and Envy in one figure, and Unbelief. The pawns are Doubts. Upon the young man's side the king is his own soul; the queen is Religion. The officers are Hope, Truth, Peace, Humility, Innocence, and Love. The pawns are Prayers. One glance at the etching, and we have a beautiful and impressive allegory. Innocence, Love, Humility, and Peace, are gone; Religion is in danger; Devotion is weakened by the loss of pawns; and the young man has only vanquished Anger, and one doubt. How stands this fearful game with each of us?

From Harper & Brothers, New York, we have received the concluding numbers of *BRANDÉ'S ENCYCLOPEDIA*, and *ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE* during the French Revolution. They are both very valuable works—the *Encyclopædia* for reference, and the *History* for that which cannot be obtained in an *Abridgement* of it.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, we have received *THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER*, an interesting story, by Mrs. Cameron, the author of *Emma and her Nurse*, and some other popular works. Also, *A TOKEN OF LOVE*, very neatly bound and gilded, with one engraving. It is a collection of beautiful poems, all having reference to Love in its various manifestations. Some of them are very fine.

From Mr. Walsh, the Catholic bookseller of this city, we have some books, which we willingly notice; and we would, in this place, express our gratitude for the confidence which they appear to feel in a differing faith. *MARIA, or Confidence in GOD* ultimately rewarded, is a translation from the French. It is a pretty story, and embodies some interesting information respecting the French Revolution. It is beautifully and fancifully printed, and bound in "green and gold." *THE CATHOLIC CHRISTIAN* is neatly bound in calf. We have read only the preface, which is a refutation of a work entitled "*A Letter from Rome, showing an exact conformity between Romanism and Paganism, &c.*" This reply is very able and excellent. There is a slight vein of sarcasm in it which makes it more pungent and impressive. *THE MIRACULOUS VIRGINS*, a remarkable account of *The Estatica of Caldara and Addolarata of Cupriana*. As the account of these two young women is so well authenticated, we should think it would be very interesting to Protestants of the medical profession, to see how far the phenomena exhibited can be reconciled with natural Mesmerism. *THE TRUE PATH FOR THE TRUE CHURCHMAN*, a pamphlet which we have not yet found time to read.

THE LOWELL OFFERING.

JANUARY, 1844.

By the author of "Kate in Search of a Husband."

THE SMUGGLER.

CHAPTER IV.

At five o'clock in the morning every man was called. Amos had done his duty, and if he had no assistance, must have worked hard at the post assigned him. Edward was the last disturbed, and when aroused, his first waking exclamation was, "Has Eaton come?"

His last waking thoughts before sleep were far from Eaton, or custom-house officers. What he thought the reader can easily imagine, as he has already half-formed the opinion that Jane was the star of Edward's destiny; and the change he had found in her in the evening, had cost him more pain than any whimsicality which he had ever seen in the sex before. Could she have seen him starting from a sound slumber, when, according to every rule, all of his dreams should have been of her, and heard his first exclamation—nay, if she could have looked still deeper, and seen his very thoughts laid bare, why, if she possessed any of the vanity of the sex, she must have felt a little pain, that business, fun, or gain had shadowed her image entirely. If she could have looked into a more secret recess, she would have found the impression that her beauty and artlessness had made, but at that hour and time the door was closed. All that was active, all that was busy, was with his declared foes. I repeat, "business first," and every thing else "afterwards," is the talisman of American success.

"Has Eaton come?" was the first inquiry, as he sprang upon his feet.

Amos made no reply, but turned to leave the room.

"D—n you!" Edward continued, vexed at the man's stolidity; "you can speak, and you shall."

Amos continued silent and unmoved, but stopped in the door. Edward knew that he would effect as much by swearing at the doorpost, as at Amos, and would make one speak about as quick as the other by that process; and, cooling his passion a little, and throwing Amos a dollar,

"There," said he, "take that and answer me. Balaam's ass spoke by a miracle, and you can speak too."

Amos pocketed the money without moving a muscle, and waited for the interrogatory to be repeated.

"Has Eaton come?" again repeated Edward.

"I don't know," was the reply.

"What, in the name of stupidity, did you call me for then?"

"There's five men come to Eaton's half an hour ago, and I thought that some of them would be the right one."

"Good! Has it done snowing?"

"Yes; but it's drifted into heaps like haystacks."

"Are the men up?"

"Yes."

"Ready?"

"Yes."

"Any thing else?"

"No: not unless you would laugh to see the horses limp as they put them into the barn. I guess they are all corked."

"Good! Spoil five horses to catch 'Smuggling Ned'—ha! ha!" And with a burst of merriment he followed Amos down stairs.

"What is it?" was the eager inquiry as he reached the lower room; "we can't get a word out of Amos."

"Because you don't know how," was the reply, still laughing. "Money and rum can work miracles, for either will open Amos's mouth."

"But let us know the sport," was the continued inquiry.

"Nothing: the sport has not begun yet; but Amos says five men have come to Eaton's on five lame horses. Thank old Boreas for his closing storm, for they would not have come on horseback if the road had been passable." Laughter and ejaculations of joy resounded from every voice in the room. "Now, hush," said Edward, "and every man follow Amos. Leave the house without noise, and take your packs from the stable. Go south until you know you are pursued; then turn north, and seek the highest point of Bald hill. He who shall reach nearest the top before he is overtaken, shall have five dollars extra."

While he was speaking the men had been lashing on their snow-shoes, and were in an instant ready for their departure. Their breakfasts had been prepared over night, and they had eaten before Edward came down.

"Here, all around, take a glass to nimble your heels; and then go as slow as you please, provided you keep ahead of those who will be after you."

They repaired to the stable, and Amos produced a good-sized burden for each man, in the shape of a large bag well filled.

"Confound you, Amos," said one of them, "this load is too heavy."

"No matter," said another, "we shall not have to carry our packs far."

Adjusting their loads upon their shoulders, they issued from the stable, and crossing the plain south of the house, were soon lost sight of in descending the hill beyond.

Not five minutes elapsed after they were out of sight, before Esq. Eaton, accompanied by the officer, who had held Edward in durance the night before, made his appearance at the Mountain tavern.

"Ah! Up?" said Eaton: "your men start early this morning."

"Certainly," replied Edward; "men in my employ are not wont to be lazy."

"It is of no use to parley, Mr. Clapp," interposed the officer, "I shall have you this time. I have started seven men after yours, with strict orders to bring them back."

"Well," rejoined Edward, "if seven men bring back eleven, I must think that some of them will be loaded heavily."

"There is no occasion to joke, sir," returned the officer. "The men may be left where they are found, but the goods will come back."

"What goods, sir?" inquired Edward, with all simplicity.

"What goods!" rejoined the officer angrily. "The goods which you have just despatched south on the backs of your men."

"You are laboring under a mistake, sir," replied Edward. "My men have not gone south, nor did they carry any goods with them."

"Most likely," interposed Eaton scornfully, "that their way lies in some other direction than south. It is about as probable as that they had not burthens of smuggled goods on their backs."

"I wonder not that *you*, sir, dispute my word," continued Edward, addressing Eaton. "I should suppose truth was so great a stranger to you, that *you* would not recognize her."

"Well, sir, if you are such a lover of truth," retorted Eaton, "will you please inform us where your men were going, if not across the mountain, and of what was their packs composed?"

"I am under no obligation to give you the information," returned Edward, "but I have no objection. You will remember that the last time I saw you I informed you of my intention of engaging in the manufacture of sugar. I am not disposed to wait for the season, therefore have engaged the men, whom you saw go from here, to carry out horse manure to put round the roots of the trees, to see if it will not bring out the sap earlier. I am well aware that it is a new idea, but as that kind of manure is excellent to bring forth early cucumbers and potatoes, I cannot see why it would not be equally valuable applied to other things. As it was an experiment, I had hoped also to keep it a secret, but you have defeated me."

Eaton turned on his heel scornfully, as if he was not to be imposed upon by such a tale.

"Your romance is very fine, sir," returned the officer, "but you can hardly expect us to believe such a preposterous story. But we lose time. I came to see if it was probable that your men would resist when overtaken."

"Certainly not, if they are stopped by legal officers; but if you have sent a rabble after them, they will not be very likely to heed their requests, as they happen to be the strongest party," answered Edward.

"Well, I did hope to escape a wood chase, but if we must there is no alternative," remarked the officer. "Come, Eaton," he continued, "they are more than a half hour ahead of us." And they returned to Eaton's to provide themselves with snow-shoes.

The men who started first pursued their way south about a mile when their pursuers appeared in view, and they turned about, and, taking the valley of the river, followed it north. Used as they were to their snow-shoes, it did not require any extra effort for them to keep at the distance they aimed. It was daylight, and they could see the exertions that were made to overtake them, but the toil of their pursuers only excited their mirth. Occasionally they would rest for a few moments, and exultingly send forth their halloes as if cheering their enemies.

But onward they went, and after following the river three or four miles, struck off from it towards the east. A half mile brought them to the foot of Bald hill, a rough precipitous ledge, which rose abruptly four or five hundred feet from the level. Now came the toil. They could scarcely keep themselves perpendicular, and were obliged often to hold on to the trees and saplings to sustain their footing. Their pursuers were as ex-

hausted as themselves, and they began to fear that they might go so far as to discourage them. After a few words of hasty consultation, they agreed to come to a stand.

In an instant every one, but Amos, had unstrapped his pack from his shoulders, and throwing it on the snow, seated himself upon it to await the coming of the pursuers. Amos retained his pack; but, arranging it so that it would rest, and relieve the weight upon his shoulders, he seated himself also.

In ten or fifteen minutes the officer's party reached their halting place.

"Well, you give up?" said the foremost man.

"Give up what?" returned one of the smugglers, who was always called Jack Devil.

"We are sent by Capt. Mason and Esq. Eaton to take the smuggled goods which you carry, which we now seize in the name of the United States," returned the first speaker pompously.

"I run of a notion that you seize them more likely in the name of my namesake," rejoined Jack. "But we are no outlaws, or smugglers. Show us your commission, man, and if it runs in the name of the United States, we'll give up. Them's Smuggling Ned's orders always. He says, 'Never resist the laws, or officers, if so be that rogues make the one, and the devil the other.'"

"None of your *sass*, sir," returned the officer's party's speaker. "When we get you back to Eaton's, the *square* will make you suffer for it."

"You tell Eaton, and your captain, that Jack Devil don't care a copper for their whole posse; that his tongue is his own property; and that whatever they can make the son suffer, his father is sure to get out of them with interest when he gets them home to h—l."

The parley proceeded with equal profanity; and we beg the reader's pardon for introducing any portion of the dialogue; but our characters are not fictitious. Profanity was one of the characteristics of an American smuggler during the war of 1812, and we cannot well make them *act as* characters, unless it is *in character*. Again, we are aware that almost every one whom we mention is dignified with a *title*. But that is an *American characteristic*. Go into a country town in New England, and, at guess, call every third person esquire; every fourth one captain; every fifth one major; every sixth one colonel; and so on to the end of the chapter. It will be a matter of surprise to the inhabitants how you should know them all by *name*.

After resting a short time to recover their breath—during which Jack Devil kept a constant fire of words—the officer's party endeavored to take formal possession of the smugglers' packs. This movement was positively resisted by the smugglers, as they would not deliver up to those *not* in authority—it was contrary to their employer's positive orders. Matters began to assume rather a dubious aspect for the men who would support the dignity of the government; and the smugglers were the strongest party, and coercive measures were entirely out of the question.

At this juncture Capt. Mason and Esq. Eaton appeared in view. They had followed the trail of the parties, and, as the smugglers had led the way, it was far from being the most direct from the Mountain tavern to the Bald hill. Mason and Eaton were nearly exhausted. Fearing that they should lose their prize, they had travelled at their utmost speed; and, besides, they were unused to tramps on foot, impeded, rather than aided,

by snow-shoes. The instant they came in sight, Amos, who had remained quietly and unnoticed with his pack strapped on his shoulders, started in a direct point for the highest summit of the mountain.

"Stop the fellow!" shouted both Mason and Eaton; "stop him!" and three or four started in pursuit. But Amos, if his tongue was not so nimble, made good use of his legs, and the ten rods start which he had secured. On went his pursuers, and on went Amos, stimulated by the thoughts of the five dollars extra.

At the top of the mountain, on the north, there was an abrupt termination of the ledge in a precipice between fifty and a hundred feet in descent. The snow was drifted in at the base, and against the perpendicular face of the ledge, making the descent regular, but very steep. Amos was nearly out of breath in his exertions to reach the highest point, but he made his way to the precipice, and unloosing his pack from his shoulders, he sent it over the edge of the ledge as far as his strength could give it motion. Where the pack fell the snow had drifted almost as hard as the terra firma itself, and the bag, being nearly round, rolled lazily over and over, and finally lodged against a tree near the base of the precipice.

Amos's pursuers vented their rage and disappointment at this manoeuvre in no very measured language. But he, delighted that he had succeeded, flung himself upon the snow, and, not heeding the torrents of oaths that were levelled at him, laughed as loud and heartily as he ever could laugh, *gratis*. "Ho! ho! ha! ha!" shouted he again, and again, as he watched them make the circuit of the ledge, and finally secure their prize.

An hour or more passed before they were able to rejoin their companions. Amos preceded them, and heralded their approach by "Ho! ho! ho!"

The smugglers, of course, refused to carry back their goods to the settlement, and there being two less of the officer's party (including Eaton and himself,) than of the smugglers, what to do with the two extra packs was a source of deliberation. One, two, and three dollars a man was successively bid, to hire the smugglers to carry the goods to the settlement, but was refused.

"I tell you what, sirs," said Amos, his avarice getting the better of his taciturnity and fidelity to Edward; "I was paid jest seven dollars to bring that ere pack here, and I will carry it back for *you* for ten dollars, if you pay me before I start."

Bitter as was the proposition, it was accepted; and the other pack was disposed of on the same terms. Jack Devil stood by, indignant at his comrades for being hired by the other party, and swearing, as he afterwards said, "so it was blue two miles round."

At two o'clock in the afternoon both parties had reached the settlements. The smugglers' rendezvous was at the tavern; that of the other party at Esq. Eaton's.

Immediately upon learning the success, or failure, of his men, Clapp repaired to Eaton's, accompanied by Capt. Culver, and demanded the restoration of his property.

"What right," said he, "do you claim to take forcible possession of my property? It may be that I am crazy—that I am wild, but I claim the right of a citizen of the United States to follow my own whims. The merchandise which you have seized belongs to me, and it is my right to send, or do with it as I please. Even if I imported, or exported, it from, or to, foreign dominions, I have a perfect right so to do, for it is an article

of free commerce to all, and with all nations. However, that which you have seized is, to the best of my knowledge, an American production, and was intended for home consumption. In your capacity as a public officer, you have, I concede, authority to examine and search contraband goods. But this you have not done in this case: you do not know what you have taken. You saw some persons in my employ leave Capt. Culver's—you followed, waylaid, and by force seized what they were transporting for me; and this you have done, not by, or with, law, but in the face of every law of the land, which guaranties to every person peaceable possession of all immunities and privileges. I now demand, that you examine what you have seized, and if the examination does not prove me free from the charges and suspicions laid to me, I am ready to make every restitution to the injured laws of my country. If, on the contrary, you have transgressed the limits of your instructions, I also demand the restoration of my property; and from *you*, as an individual amenable to the law, reparation for the injury I have sustained by your unlawful proceedings."

The packs were produced, and the examination commenced. The result was, that Clapp told the truth, respecting the contents, in the morning. With the exception of a quantity of swingling tow, or the refuse of flax, in which it was packed to give it shape, every man's load consisted entirely of *litter from the horse stable!*

The vexation of Capt. Mason, Esq. Eaton, and their mortification for travelling something like eight or ten miles to secure such a commodity, may easily be imagined.

"And now, sirs," continued Clapp, "as you must be convinced of my veracity, and the illegality of your proceedings, I will let you off if you will return the manure to Capt. Culver's stable. To be sure, I intended it for my sugar orchard, in the vicinity of Taft's brook, but perhaps the trees will produce as much, if not quite so early, without it."

Capt. Mason and Esq. Eaton obtained immortality by the brilliancy of this achievement, for it never was forgotten by the people of the country; and from that time, their military and civil titles were entirely lost in the sobriquet which was familiarly attached to their names, more expressive of the splendid talents exhibited on this occasion than one used "to ears refined."

"I'll travel in this part of the country *unquestioned*, for the next three months," said Clapp to Capt. Culver, after they returned from Eaton's. "I shall only have to inquire how much was gained by Government in the great seizure of manure, to keep Mason and Eaton at a mile's distance."

THE RECLAIMED.

"HOME! how can I leave thee!" exclaimed Emma Wharton, as she stood at her window, on the evening before her bridal.

So absorbed had she been in meditation, that she had not noticed the entrance of a second person, until a well-known voice aroused her; and Charles Mordaunt stood at her side.

"And will not our forest home be as pleasant as this?" said Charles. "Can we not, in each other's society, enjoy as pure and unalloyed happiness as though we were surrounded by all whom we hold dear?"

"Yes, Charles; I doubt not but our new home will possess many attractions, which are strangers in our present homes; but when I think of those whom I shall leave behind—those who have watched over me in infancy, and been my companions in later years, you cannot wonder that I feel sad. But this grief unfits me for the duties of the morrow, and I must seek the aid of 'nature's sweet restorer,' to revive my spirits;" and with a cheerful "good-night," she retired to her chamber.

Charles Mordaunt was the only son of a wealthy merchant, and possessed talents of the highest order, and a mind capable of superior judgment. He had chosen law for his profession, and had, at the time my tale commences, just completed his studies. His high standing in society gave him free access to the circles of fashionable amusement, and it was at a party given in a neighboring town, that he first saw and admired Emma Wharton. He sought her hand, and was not refused; and on the morrow they were to be wedded, and remove to a newly settled section at the West.

Emma Wharton loved Charles Mordaunt with a deep and devoted affection; but when she looked forward to the step which she was about to take, she trembled—not only for the responsibility which she was about to assume, but she had noticed that he had contracted a fearful habit, which, if persisted in, she feared would destroy their prospects of happiness for ever.

Charles Mordaunt loved "to linger around the wine-cup." But she trusted that the new scenes, to which they would be introduced, and their seclusion from the haunts of mirth in their new home, would free him from all temptation to partake of the poisonous bowl. Alas! for the trusting heart of woman. Her confidence may be misplaced, and her affections unrequited, yet she will still hope. Thus it was with Emma. Incapable of deceit herself, she trusted that others were equally so; and, confiding in his affection for her, she was willing to unite her fate with his.

They were married; and, bidding farewell to the scenes rendered halloved by the remembrances of former days, they proceeded on their long and toilsome journey. On their arrival, Mr. Mordaunt purchased a neat cottage; and, beneath Emma's guiding hand, "the wilderness" soon began to "blossom as the rose." Nature had ever been her favorite study, and here she could behold her in all her varied forms, from the tiny wild flower that bloomed at her feet, to the majestic forest tree that spreads its towering branches over their lowly abode.

For several months, nothing occurred to disturb their happiness, and Emma fondly hoped that her fears would never be realized; but one evening Charles entered the room where she was sitting, and handed her a card. It was an invitation to a party which was to be given at the village. Emma hesitated: she knew that at such places, wine was freely introduced, and she feared its effects on one who had so long abstained from its use; but she finally yielded to his urgent solicitation, and went. Charles drank freely of the contents of the poisonous bowl, and from that evening his downward course was rapidly traced. Emma warned him mildly, yet firmly, of the danger of the course he was pursuing, and besought him to "turn and live;" but warning and entreaty were alike un-

availing. Home had now no charms for him, and the society of the young wife was exchanged for that of his companions in debauchery.

But her constitution, naturally delicate, was unable to bear the hardships which she was now obliged to endure. Reason was dethroned, and she was prostrated beneath a raging fever. During her sickness Charles was continually at her bed-side. Remorse had begun its work, and he felt how deeply he had wronged her whom he had vowed to cherish and protect. And now the crisis came on which was to decide between life and death.

"Silent he stood, as turned to stone,
Waiting to hear the dying groan."

Then, falling at her bed-side, he prayed, in agony of spirit, that if God would but spare her life, he would never again touch the accursed poison which had been the cause of her suffering, but that the remainder of his days should be spent in the service of his Redeemer.

A low feeble voice responded "Amen." It was Emma's. Life had triumphed; and, with returning reason, her ear had caught the sound of that blissful sentence.

His prayer was answered. She recovered rapidly, and, in a few weeks, was again able to attend to her customary duties.

But where, it may be asked, was Charles? Had he so soon forgotten his promise, and returned to his accustomed haunts? No: it was still held sacred; he sought the mercy he had so long rejected, and the balm of Gilead was poured into his wounded spirit. Peace and contentment were again restored to their quiet dwelling; and an altar was raised, where, morning and evening, their sacrifices ascended to Heaven. He lived many years, an ornament to society, and to the church of which he was a member.

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided." The tall grass of the Mississippi valley waves above the resting-place of Charles and Emma Mordaunt.

P. A. L.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

THE soul!—what is it? It is an emanating ray from the Deity, to illumine these dark prison-houses of clay—these frail tabernacles of dust; a ray divine of celestial birth, destined to exist through an endless eternity. Why should any dare question the immortality of the soul, when every thought and emotion, within our bosoms, so plainly indicates its present and future existence? Why do mortals, in every station of life, so instinctively cling to immortality, and tremble at the thought of ceasing to be? The most degraded members of the human family—those whose intellectual and mental capacities are steeped in heathenism—and even the very outcasts of all society, dread annihilation, and form to themselves some vague idea of a future world—all, all instinctively shrink from the idea of nothing. Why are felt those yearnings for immortality, that fear and dread of annihilation, and that instinctive shrinking from the thoughts

of nothingness, if it is not an evidence of a never-dying spirit, destined for a higher, and nobler existence? Who has not contemplated the vastness of the soul, its amazing height, its unsearchable depth, its unlimited length and breadth, and its capability of expanding and expanding through all eternity, till it takes in the whole of the material universe, as well as the great and wondrous plan of salvation!

It is a beautiful thought, and one fraught with untold rapture, to think of the soul as a free and uncumbered spirit, soaring away through all the never-ending round of worlds on worlds, and systems on systems, unlimited by space, and endless as the Deity; bathing her snowy pinions in the bright ethereal beauty of the heavenly scenery, and drinking in light and knowledge from all the celestial attributes of her Creator; and when millions on millions of years have passed away, she has but just commenced her glorious race. Why wonder that the Savior so plainly taught its worth in these sayings, "What will it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?" Oh, what a mine of thought, that knows no bound! In contemplation of its being, it must be awed by its mighty magnitude, and most truly seek its Maker in adoration and praise. How small, to be contained in these clayey caskets, yet how mighty! Boundless as the Deity! Surely it cannot hide itself in the darkness of the tomb, and cease to be. Oh, no! that narrow prison cannot hold the soul in fetters. It will burst the bands of death, and soar away to God who gave it.

Oh, what a precious gem of priceless worth! In comparison of which the diamonds of Golconda, the gems of the East, and the united wealth of the Indies dwindle into utter insignificance; and worlds on worlds of ten thousand thousand-fold, are, as it were, but a drop in the ocean, or as a cipher to the universe. Truly, we should be filled with wonder and amazement, in view of the untold worth of the soul, and strive to fit it for its destiny in the eternal world; yet how many live on, seemingly regardless of its preciousness, forgetful of the only true riches—the soul at peace with its Maker.

What is it but the principle of a never-dying nature, that has prompted searches into Nature's arcana, and would lay bare the very foundations of the earth, and pry into her hidden store-houses for food to satisfy the cravings of a mind that is never satisfied; that has soared on the wings of fancy, and of science, to the far-off realms in ethereal space, to hold communion with the stars, and learn wisdom from the celestial attributes of an Almighty Creator.

It is the soul, the never-dying soul, alone, that is able and capable of comprehending the works of an omnipotent Creator; though in the flesh she sees imperfectly, yet she clings to immortality with a tenacious grasp. How delightful to contemplate the glorious rest of the saints in heaven, when the chains of their earthly bondage shall be broken, and they, freed from the bondage of sin, shall taste, unmingled, those blissful joys that know no end; when "drest in robes of fair renown," with "glittering crowns and harps of gold," they will make "heaven's resounding arches ring" with the glad notes of redeeming love. Oh! give me the rest of the saints made perfect in a Savior's image, and a humble seat near my Heavenly Father's throne, and my joy will be complete. ANNALINE.

THE AFFECTIONS ILLUSTRATED IN FACTORY LIFE.

NO. II. — THE MOTHER.

MATERNAL affection is illustrated, in factory life, in every manner in which this strongest of woman's passions can be exhibited.

Americans have been said to possess parental love in a degree superior to any other nation; and, though they may cherish, to blamable excess, that which is, in itself, delightful and praiseworthy, it must be acknowledged to be a venial failing. And those parents are not always the fondest who can spend their days in caressing their beloved ones, and their nights in prayers and schemes in their behalf. The rich can display their affection in a more affectionate manner, but not in one more decidedly evincing its purity and strength.

The mother in the mills. Who cannot conceive of the love which lightens the tedious task; which makes the long day shorter, and the dark night less dreary. Who cannot imagine the pleasant thoughts which come to her, like cheering angels, to strengthen and sustain her; and the bright dreams which carry her back into the sunny past, or span, with Hope's bright bow, the future.

I once attended school with two pretty intelligent young misses, whose mother supported them almost entirely by factory labor. At that time I had never seen a mill, and knew little of any wearisome toil. But I had, even then, a vague idea of the intensity of that love which could reconcile the mother to constant labor, hardship, and self-denial. Not many years passed on, and I was myself a factory operative; and some around me were mothers. There was one who often spoke of the pleasant homestead which she hoped, by a few more years of labor, to possess; and when she should spend her days with the two children from whom she had long been separated. There was one, with a larger family of little ones, who had no such definite plan of future happiness; but who hoped that her endeavors to assist those, who were doing all in their power to help themselves, would one day be rewarded by an asylum with one or all of them. There was another, with more of vanity in her heart, who made herself a slave for the beautiful girl of whom she was so proud; and who, she said, should never know what it was to labor. There was another, who toiled for her idiot child, and who felt that while that was spared she had still some interest in life. Love and Hope are strong stimulants, and they are the good angels who cheer and strengthen the New England laborer. Here there may be always some pleasant scheme upon which the heart may busy itself, while the hand seconds the will. There may be some beautiful air-castle to delight the eye, while the limbs are engaged in less pleasing occupations. Here the laborer is worthy of his hire, and the avails of his or her labor are, not only such as to warrant an expectation of something more than a present livelihood, but such as to create in his mind anticipations of a future, in which he may enjoy the rewards of his exertions.

But among all my acquaintances none interested me more than a widow, who toiled near me for her little son. It seemed as though her own life was bound up in that of her child. She never spoke of the future but

him. He was prominent in all her hopes and plans, and from him was rendered endurable only by her anticipation, when poverty and want should no more part them. The flush upon her cheek, and joyous sparkle in her eye, had tidings from her little one. He was always well and had forgotten her. There was ever some childish request, or some assurance of his artless love, which she took with an interest which appeared very strange to those who looked into her feelings.

When she came to her work with swollen eyes, and cheeks weeping. She had learned, the previous evening, that her mother was perhaps dying; and she wished permission to go to him. There were no objections made. The girls, beside whom she labored, shared her task between them; and, with deep sympathy, she left the mill. But a few weeks passed away and she was changed; but, in that short time, she had become another being. Sad and drooping, she seemed no more like the pleasant sprightly girl, who had formerly been with us, than the withered blossom like a wind-blown flower. Her child was dead; and life to her was almost the world was vacant. She still toiled, but slowly and hopelessly time wore away; and it brought but this consolation, that the monotony of each day left her nearer to her meeting with her child.

One evening to her little room. She received me pleasantly; but my purpose to withdraw shortly, unless she should speak of her child. I did not solicit her confidence, but was willing to receive the few of the relief which often succeeds an outpouring of the heart's sorrow. If to speak of her sorrow would lighten it, I was willing to hear of it.

"I have left the gay party in the sitting-room," said she, "but I thought you have not come here for amusement." "No," I replied, "I have come to see if my company will not be preferable, for one moment, to the solitude you always seek. You have never told us about the death of your child; and I do not wish you to speak of it now if it is so painful to you."

"I am perfectly willing," she replied, "to speak of that of which I am thinking; and I have only avoided the subject because I did not wish to make others unhappy. The world seems different to me now that my child is gone, and I cannot conceive how others can be happy. Still my reason corrects the error of my feelings, and I remember, that, though the light is taken away, the earth is not dark to all. My boy was, to me, the joy of my life; the fountain from which gushed forth those waters which gave freshness and verdure to my daily path, and a bright beauty to the blossoms which were springing up around it.

I do not know that I have ever spoken to you of my married life. It was short, but happy—an isle of beauty in life's dark stream—a thread of gold in its sable web—a ray of brightness, piercing its sombre cloud—a fount, whose sparkling waters once gushed sweetly forth, and then its source was sealed. When the partner of my youth was taken from me my infant boy was left, to reconcile me to a life which would otherwise have been a burden. For him, and him alone, I wished to live; and those who regretted that I had been left in poverty, with a helpless child, were ignorant of the fervent love with which he had already inspired my heart.

It seemed as though all the strong affection, which I had felt for the father, was transferred to the unconscious child; though softened into a holier passion, and mingled with sweeter emotions, than those can know who have not felt the throbbings of a mother's love. For him I toiled, though only while he slept; for, in his waking hours, I was constantly devoted to his little pleasures. I wreathed my lips in smiles, and suffered no thought of sadness to cast a shadow on my brow, for I said that my boy's young mind should expand in the sunshine of happiness. It was not all mockery, for I felt happy with his bright eyes smiling upon mine, and his soft cheek pressing to my lips. As he grew older I became, not only teacher but his playmate. I entered into all his sports, and won his undivided confidence; and, if I loved him as mothers have seldom loved their children, so I believe he loved me as children do not often love their parents. We were all in all to each other; and you can faintly imagine the struggle in my breast when my duty bade me leave him. I could have remained in my country home, and obtained a subsistence for us both, but I wished to do better than this by him. I looked forward to the future; when all I might lay by would be the means of great advantage to him. I had many fond dreams of his future usefulness and eminence; and I resolved to do all in my power that the dreams should become realities. It seemed as though my very victuals were taken from me when we parted; and it was a consolation when I heard that he mourned as bitterly for me. But all sorrow is transient in childhood; and those, with whom I left him, soon succeeded in turning his mind to the happy meeting which they confidently predicted would soon take place.

When he was first taken sick his mind involuntarily turned to his mother—she who had always been so anxious to relieve his pain, and share his sorrow; but they did not let me know of it until he was past all hope of recovery. You know how suddenly I was summoned away; and, though they had endeavored to prepare my mind for the worst, I would not believe it could be so. It seemed as though my strong desires for his life must perpetuate it. I could not realize that he would die, and I be left alone. Then my unstrung mind conjured up other pictures, upon which it should not have glanced. I began to hope that I might meet him in health—that they had endeavored to represent his case as hopeless that I might not be overpowered if it should prove so, and that there might be a pleasant surprise if it were otherwise. I thought how much happier we should all be, after the fear and vexation, than if there had been no sickness and no recovery. With these foolish imaginings I reached his home. No one attempted to stop me, and I rushed into his room. Disease had not been long enough upon him to change him to a spectre; and he lay, upon his white pillow, still round and beautiful, but his cheeks were crimsoned with the fever flush, and his eyes wild with pain and excitement.

He did not know me. It was long before I could persuade myself that it was so; and when I heard him murmur 'Why don't my mother come,' it seemed as though he must understand my assurance that she was with him. I allowed no one else to nurse, tend, and watch him, and when I bathed his brow, and fanned his cheek, and moistened his lips, it seemed as though he must know that none but a mother's hand could do it thus. It sometimes seemed as though my heart would break to hear him bemoan my absence, but I was obliged to listen to his faint reproaches of my neglect.

At length it seemed as though I could bear it no longer, and I wished that reason might soon return, even if it were but the beaming forth of the mental spark, which shines so brightly just as it is to be extinguished in death. My wish was granted—my prayer was heard. He awoke to reason, to consciousness, and to a recognition of me. Those were moments of bliss when I held his shrunken form in my arms, and felt him nestle closely to my side, as he had done in infancy—when I looked into his sunken eyes, and met their gaze of childish confidence and love. It seemed as though he thought there would be no more pain nor fever, now that I had come to banish them. Again his mind wandered, but the consciousness of my presence never left him. The days came back to him when he brought me flowers from the meadow, and berries from the hill-side. Then there came a heavy faintness over his frame, and a dark shadow over his sight. ‘Mother, dear mother,’ he murmured, ‘kiss me once, and I will go to sleep.’ I pressed my lips to his pallid brow, and bathed with tears his cold pale face; and, gently as in those infant days he had ever gone to rest, he sank into his last long sleep. ADELIA.

A FRAGMENT.

SOME years ago, a country was settled, by some New England emigrants, in the far West—a country of the best soil, of the most salubrious atmosphere, and, in all things, apparently well adapted to the wants and desires of man. Among the first settlers of this new and uncultivated land, was Mr. Savoy, with his family, consisting of his wife and an only son. Mr. S. was a native of New England, and was not deficient in those prominent characteristics of his people, industry and enterprise; therefore, not prospering in his employment here as he wished, he adjusted his business, bade adieu to his friends, and started for “the far West.” After travelling several hundred miles, by canals and steamboats, he at length fixed upon a spot in the wilderness, on which to erect his habitation. It was upon an eminence, covered by a luxuriant growth of oak, pine, walnut, and elm. This scene of wildness soon exhibited the marks of cultivation and improvement; and the woodland home, which quickly appeared there, bore many traces of rural comfort and cheerfulness. The clearing was completed, the grain was committed to the earth, and a bountiful harvest was garnered as the reward of his untiring industry. The land was too fertile, the air too pure and healthy, long to escape the notice of others. A few years, and a small village had sprung up in this beautiful spot.

In the meantime Mr. Savoy’s son had attained the age of manhood, and was ranked among the first of the village for intelligence and enterprise. In one of the neighboring families resided a young lady, and one to whom all of her sex and age looked up as an excellent pattern. She was about the middle size, and in *no way* could her form have been improved. Her face was the very model of health; around her fair forehead sported curls of glossy jet; her large dark eye sparkled with life and intelligence; and her cheek glowed with the rosy hue of health. Such was the appearance of Lucy M——; and it is needless to say that her conduct corresponded

with her appearance. Benevolent and kind, she was beloved by all around her.

Here society was pure and unadulterated. Fashion, with her tyrant hand, had not yet claimed ascendancy among them. Morality and Religion had here raised their altar, and all alike paid deference. None had yet come who could not be trusted, and respected; and in every cottage dwelt Contentment and Happiness. Such was the condition of Savoyette, in 18—. I have described but few personages, because my narrative is short; and truth does not require a minute detail. * * * *

"Have you heard of the discovery?" said Margaret W. to Lucy M. as she entered her parlor one winter evening, where were collected a number of young ladies and gentlemen around a bright and cheerful fire.

"No," they all exclaimed; "pray tell us what it is?"

"I don't know precisely," replied Margaret, "but from the gleanings I can obtain, I think it is something which threatens the health and happiness of our delightful village."

"I would like to know," said George M., "what it is. It certainly concerns each of us, if it threatens our happiness."

James Savoy said he had learned some particulars concerning the discovery. It was described as a small but peculiar kind of *serpent*. Although not quite as large or hideous as the boa-constrictor, yet, such were its fatal effects, that it might not improperly be termed a *constrictor* of some sort; that it possessed the power to charm persons; "and," continued he, "as all are exposed to its approaches, I hope all will be on their guard, and avoid its influences. We have enjoyed prosperity for a long time, and it would not be surprising if some enemy had found its way into our habitations; but let us all," said he, glancing at his male friends, "use every means to repel such disastrous invasions."

After this short colloquy had taken place, (for it seemed a most unpleasant subject to many,) the conversation changed to some other topic; and, as this is sufficient for my purpose, we will not follow them through their evening's amusement.

Some months after this affair, James Savoy, while walking in a neighboring field, saw Lucy M. at a short distance. He hastened to meet her, but great was his horror and astonishment to find her bound in the coils of the fatal constrictor, and that she was actually enchanted by it. He had heard of its existence, but had no idea of its power before. He regretted to see that her fine form had been distorted and contracted into a small space. The elasticity of her step had given place to a slow and languid movement; her face was pale and lifeless. He approached her, and warned her of her danger, but she heeded him not; he urged, but she would not listen; he continued with increased earnestness, but she answered there was no danger, and he need not trouble himself about her; she also spoke to him of familiarity, till, at length, he gave her up for lost, and left her to her fate. She died; and friends regretted, in after life, that they had not forcibly rescued her from her untimely end.

In an album, belonging to her friend, James Savoy, was recorded her death; and immediately under it were written these words, in large characters, "A self-doomed victim to the proud and senseless shrine of Fashion. Would it might be the last."

J. S. W.

THE HUSKING.

"The husking announced,
The neighbors invited,
The boys in full glee,
And the girls all delighted;
When the labor is o'er,
We join in the cheer;
And a smack pays the lab'rer
For each ruddy ear."

A TALE of "the merry merry husking night," "all of the olden time," may not be amiss; and if the soldier may be allowed to sit by his fireside, and fight his battles o'er, and o'er, I may also, I trust, be allowed to indulge in reminiscences of the past, and think again of the husking frolic, and other scenes of early days.

There was one circumstance in which the huskings differed from our other merry-makings, and it was in the promiscuous assemblage of old and young. "The grandsire, sire, and son," mingled with the youthful of the female sex; and as, in our village, there were a great many revolutionary soldiers, we were never in want of story-tellers.

The usual method of procedure was as follows. The corn having been all gathered, and materials for a good supper cooked up, it was brought into the long kitchen, which was divested of every article of furniture, but benches, stools, and chairs, and piled up at one end of it. The neighbors assembled, old and young, at early twilight, and commenced their merry labors. The red ear was industriously sought, as its happy finder was allowed the privilege of saluting each fair girl in the room. *Rosy ears* and *cheeks* being so intimately associated, it cannot be wondered that the first was always greeted with a shout of pleasure, as preparatory to the more blissful greeting of the last. The ladies, of course, possessed the same privilege, although I never knew them to avail themselves of it; but sometimes an unfortunate swain, who had long been seeking in vain the valued article, would find his sweetheart kinder than fortune, and a red ear would slyly creep into his hand, and the gay donor would be rewarded for her generosity by the first kiss, as he went round the circle. Sometimes there would be a terrible dearth of red ears, and in the grievous scarcity recourse would be had to a desperate expedient; and some old ear, which had seen such service in times gone by, was secretly brought from its obscurity, in a dark corner of the garret, and found itself all at once a very popular and active member of the husking circle. It was too welcome a guest to be much troubled with inquiries and suspicions, and all professed to believe that its "whereabouts" had been in some low recess of the corn heap.

The young gentlemen could find exercise for their gallantry (and where can they not?) in helping their fair companions to corn from the heap, and taking away the husks with which they would otherwise have soon become encumbered. The old Revolutioners told their stories, and sung their songs; the "old orchard" went merrily round, and toil and merriment went hand in hand. The old adage, that "misery loves company," is not only true, but it is also quite as true that labor and happiness love

company too. If grief is lessened, enjoyment is heightened, and labor sweetened by participation. Our huskings were always happy times, and I cannot believe that the more modern and refined efforts to enliven time are more successful in their object. Sometimes the whole audience were held in breathless silence, while some tragical tale of war or blood was slowly repeated, and then the low roof rang with the loud peals of laughter which followed some comical story, or flash of wit.

Uncle P. was always a valued guest at huskings. A revolutionary soldier, if ever so old, was always good company, but Uncle P. was better than common, for he was one of the first that enlisted in the service of his country, and he did not return home until the war was over. During the latter part of the campaign, he was one of Washington's body-guard. Many a tale of that dreadful epoch of suffering and self-denial would he relate; and though he spake not with all the flowers of rhetoric of "the moral grandeur" of that time, he left upon his hearers an impression which will never be erased. Washington was an idol enshrined in his memory, and I always noticed that not one of those old soldiers could hear his name without a sparkle of the eye, and a smile of proud rejoicing. I have heard Uncle P., when speaking of the terrible sufferings of his comrades—their blood-tracked marches, with bare and lacerated feet, through mud and snow; their watchful nights, and days of starvation; when he told of these and all their other miseries—say that the soldiers would sometimes in their agony and despair curse all things, and every being, but—*General Washington*. He would say that never in all his long intercourse with him through those terrible campaigns, had he seen his general smile; yet he was much with his men, and no stranger upon entering the camp, could have told by their dress or demeanor which was the commander. Then he had also the tale of West Point—Arnold's treachery and Andre's capture—how he was at that time standing sentry within half a mile of the brave Englishman. He said that the three captors were playing cards by the road-side when Andre passed—his hesitation about the pass-word excited their suspicions—they examined him, and then let him go; but after he had gone on, they thought of his boots. He was overtaken, re-examined, and the rest was in his life truly a tragedy. His testimony was given to Arnold's former bravery, and the confidence reposed in him by Washington; and also to Andre's beauty, grace, and gallantry. Never, he said, were so many tears shed at a public execution as at that of the young spy; and eager had been the previous desire to regain the person of Arnold, and let the Englishman go. Fate decreed otherwise; but no one blamed the commander-in-chief.

Old Mr. H. had also his stories to tell, though his heroism was somewhat doubtful. Indeed, it was stated by others, that he never stood sentry while in the army, always contriving, when it was his turn, to be sick, or somehow disabled. One night, when he could find no excuse to get off, he went out, and beat his head against the stone wall till it was a pretty bloody and smashed concern. He was placed upon the sick list, and another took his place. The substitute was shot dead that night, and so was the sentry the next night, and the next. The one who was to stand the following night left the box, and lying down behind a log of wood, watched for the murderer. At length he saw an Indian creep softly up to the box, and rising a little from his snake-like posture, prepare to fire. The sentry's gun was also raised, and he shot his enemy through the heart. Then

there was the story to tell of their sitting around a camp-fire, roasting corn after a long march, when an Indian shot one of the number dead upon the spot. Mr. H. was not then in the circle, but standing at a distance. He saw his comrade fall forward, and hang over a seat with the corn he had been eating running from his open mouth. He saw also what no one else saw, and that was the murderer; and, aiming truly his rifle, he shot him dead. It was the first time he had ever taken the life of a fellow-being, and I have heard him describe the feeling of soul-sickening horror and disgust with which he viewed his victim. Then there were stories of starvation—how they had seen the time when the old carcass of a dog was the sweetest meat they had ever tasted, and of their stratagems to obtain food in other ways.

He said that they would take some fish-hooks and a handful of corn, and going up to some tory's farm-house endeavor to scrape acquaintance with his flock of geese. If they could get near enough they would throw them the fish-hooks, baited with corn, and then run as fast as their legs could carry them, with their victims fluttering and squaking in the rear. When they were at a safe distance the poor gooseys were deprived of life and feathers, and introduced without any unnecessary delay, to a pot of boiling water. He told, also, of the old gander, who they thought must have been hatched from Columbus's egg, or some equally ancient receptacle of incipient goslings, and which was so tough that it took (according to him) about half a dozen of them to carve for the general.

Then there were songs, and tales of gossip; and, after the corn was all out of the husk, the concluding supper. This would last till about midnight, when the old folks went away, and left their juniors to dance and frolic till morning.

I will now tell you of Lieut. S's husking frolic, which was the largest we ever had in the neighborhood. There were about fifty invited. I remember there were fourteen SAMS. My father was calculating (ignorant of the lieutenant's intention) to have his husking that night. But the lieutenant came over to our house when he heard of it, and said, "'Squire, now do give up to me this evening, for I've got the most corn." My father was an obliging man, and the lieutenant an old friend, so it was agreed that our husking should be deferred. The lieutenant went home, saddled and bridled his horses, and sent his boys five miles around, to invite the huskers. The corn was gathered after the middle of the day, that it might not feel cold to the hands. It was not cut down "stalks and all," as is now often done; but plucked by the ear. There were nine tumbrel loads of it, and a goodly company to do the job. They came in wagons, carts, and any thing that would fetch them, clad in plain decent clothing, there being "none in rags, none in tags, and none in velvet gowns." The old women were sent into the front room, to chat gossip and tell stories, and the rest of us went to work in the long kitchen. I took my station between my father and Uncle P., in order to be safe from the assaults of the lucky seekers of red ears; and for a long time I found my situation a most truly enviable one for this purpose. But at length Uncle P. began to scent the business; and in an unguarded moment I was taken up in his arms, and lifted like a child over the heap of husks, and given over to the tender mercies of a great seven-footer, who made ample amends for what I had previously lost.

I remember distinctly the stories which were related that evening. Un-

cle P. must begin first, and he told us several about the war. One of them was about an Irishman, who belonged to the army. His name was Patrick, and I think he was a servant to the general. Pat came one morning to the camp holding in his hands half a dozen guns; and driving as many Hessians. "Well, Pat," said the general, "and how did you take so many prisoners?" "Ah and fait," said Pat, "your honor, I surroounded them." "Surrounded them," replied the general: "how did you do it?" "They were aslape, your honor, and I took away their guns, and then I waked them, and told them I'd shute 'em if they didn't come here." "Pat's heroism was duly applauded," said Uncle P., "and from that time he was a greater favorite than ever."

Then he had another story to tell about the general. He said that one night when he stood guard he saw some one lurking around the camp, as if to see how matters were going on there. At length he attempted to elude the vigilance of the sentry, and enter the camp. Uncle P. marched up to the intruder, and demanded the countersign. For that night it was "Stand back I tell you." It was not given. It was demanded a second time, and still not given. The third time he challenged the stranger; and, as was the custom, raised his rifle, to shoot him dead, if it should then be demanded in vain. "Stand back I tell you," said General Washington, in a loud voice; and Uncle P. dropped his rifle, and clasped him in his arms. He said that he should never forget the thrill which passed through him at the thought that his arm had been raised to take his commander's life.

Then my father was called upon for a story. He had never been in the army, and could tell no tales of "heroes bold," but related divers anecdotes about struggles with bears, minks, weasels, wildcats, foxes, wolverines, musquash, and coons. One of his stories was as follows. He said that he started one morning upon a racoon hunt, (for the skins were then quite valuable) and had killed several, when he met with two young bears. He killed them also, and took their skins. "Went on a little further," when he met with some more racoons. While battling with them he found himself beset in the rear by a couple of wildcats. Thinking discretion the better part of valor, and retreat the advice of discretion, he then ran to a ledge of rocks, and placing himself so as to keep a breast-work of rocks between himself and his adversaries, he blazed away at them in good earnest. The battle was a tough one, and my father did not succeed in destroying his enemies until they had also torn and mangled him. The marks of this fight he carried upon his face to the grave. Upon his return home he met with the old infuriated bear, whose cubs he had killed in the morning. His ammunition was all gone, and himself weary, wounded, and bleeding. The enraged creature sprang towards him, but he eluded her aim, and jumped into the fork of a tree; then climbing into one of the high branches he contrived to keep his enemy at bay with his rifle until morning, when he was relieved from his unpleasant situation by the alarmed neighbors, whom my almost distracted mother had sent in search of him.

This led to other tales of battles with wild beasts, and many more were told. The details of the annual hunt in the "twelve mile woods" in the days of its glory, when all wild beasts "did greatly abound," were very interesting. The method used to be for the male inhabitants of the three towns adjoining the woods to collect together at the south end, accom-

panied and directed by their selectmen, when each had his direction pointed out, the number of rods between any two hunters was agreed upon, and they proceeded to *scope* the woods until they rejoined each other at the north side of them. The history of the hunt for this year was rendered rather interesting by the hair-breadth escape of Capt. J., one of our selectmen, who was detained behind, and then went ignorantly between the routes of two hunters. They heard the bushes rustle and crackle between them, and two balls came whizzing into the thicket in very close approximation to the captain's "upper story." He sung out his thanksgiving that they were not better marksmen, and they were probably equally rejoiced at their bad luck. Two squirrels and a black snake were the only trophies the hunters could exhibit of that day's battles. However Uncle P. said that one more life was taken, for he caught a great tom-musquito, tied his hind legs together, then took his rifle, and let him have the death for which Andre prayed—namely, a bullet through the heart.

But the hunters could console themselves for their late inglorious campaigns by a contemplation of their former victories, when the enemy were not so "scarce." I can myself recollect when bears would pass before the house in the middle of the day, and sometimes they would make an assault upon the inhabitants of the pasture. I remember one morning hearing a dreadful snuffing and snorting. I ran to the window, and saw the cows, sheep, &c., in great terror on account of the incursion of a great bear upon their premises. There stood Bruin upon his hind legs, with his paws dangling down before, and the affrighted cattle had collected in a circle, the sheep, lambs, calves, and young creatures, being in the centre, while the oxen, horses, and other valiant ones, surrounded them in a ring, with their heads all directed outwards. Uncle P. was near, and in the ardor of his heroism he ran towards the assailant with a great mullein stalk in his hand, and was followed by my father, who more thoughtfully took his rifle. But he dared not shoot, for Uncle P. kept between him and the bear, who seeing with whom he had to contend concluded to return home again. Bruin escaped to the woods with nothing but his labor for his pains, and my father was so provoked at his good luck, that he almost wished he had eaten Uncle P. and the stalk of mullein.

But I am wandering from my story, or rather stories, and I must tell you now of Deacon P's adventure. The good deacon being called upon for one, said that he had been most wonderfully preserved from all injuries and perils, both by land and sea; but he was once much alarmed, and if it would not frighten the young folks he would relate his adventure. We all informed the deacon that we would not be at all scared, and begged him to proceed, while our eyes opened wider, and our hair almost stood on end at this ominous commencement. The deacon said that his brother and himself had been "down below," with a load of lumber, (poultry, butter, cheese, &c.) and were returning with the avails of their expedition, when they stopped at a small public-house, to spend the night. They had looked at the list of letters, and taken all which were to go in their direction. (In those times there were no mail-routes in that part of the country, and letters were left at public-houses; where they were kindly taken by travellers, who gave them a lift as far as they were going, and then left them to meet with similar favor from some one else.) The deacon had found several to carry, and was sitting by a good fire, talking very freely to his companion, when he noticed that their conversation was ea-

gerly listened to by "a huge black nigger;" who waited upon them. When he retired he put his money under his pillow, and retained his jack-knife (his only weapon) near him. He could not sleep; and towards midnight he heard the chamber door softly open, and the footsteps of blackey approaching the bed. He hemed, hawed, spit, and turned over; when his visitor, finding him not quite so fast asleep as he could desire, retreated. After a while he came again, with no better success; and a third time he crept towards the wakeful deacon, and was again greeted with a loud "ahem." The deacon said he expected every moment that he would spring upon him, and he laid all night with his open jack-knife in his hand. The deacon wound off his story with a long dissertation upon the proof to be derived from it of a particular overruling Providence.

After the song came the husking supper. But first the room must be cleared. The husks were carried out into the barn, to be used for fodder; and the corn was sorted, and carried into the garrets and chambers; where it was spread to dry. Meanwhile the girls were sweeping, and "cleaning up;" and if there was any late corn, it was boiled and roasted for supper. Then "the tables were set"—loaded with all sorts of cakes and pies—pumpkin pies being baked for the occasion in great deep platters, and the best cheese, made that season, was cut in honor of the occasion. Tea, coffee, and "old orchard," served to wash down the good things, and then the old folks were informed that they might be dismissed.

Then the dancing commenced, beginning with "Chorus Jig," led always by Sam P. and Sam S.; who ever chose for partners Milly P. and "Little Hit." I never knew them to fail of going forward at a husking, quilting, or any other frolic. Then followed Money Musk, Soldier's Joy, Rural Felicity, Jefferson's Liberty, French Four, "The girl I left behind me," &c.; and we wound off, as usual, with an eight-handed reel.

Ladies, how should you like to go to a husking?

PATTY.

FIRST GRIEFS.

FAR from the bowers of early youth
 My wandering feet have strayed;
 And chequered much hath been my path,
 Through sunshine and through shade.
 The sun of joy, the smiles of hope,
 Have beamed upon my way,
 And Sadness' gloomy clouds have oft
 Shut out the cheerful day.
 They tell me I have never seen
 All that might make life vain;
 That free my youthful way hath been
 From sorrow, care, and pain.
 That when old age hath chilled the tide,
 Now bounding through each vein,
 And Care's broad seal hath stamped my brow,
 I may of griefs complain.
 It may be so. I know full well
 That Age hath visions dim

Of verdant bowers, and sunny flowers,
 That bloom no more for him.
 Far back, adown the vale of youth,
 He looks through misty tears;
 He sees, as a forgotten thing,
 The light of early years.
 He's seen the torch of passion laid
 Upon the young heart's shrine;
 And he has felt, upon that heart,
 The withering touch of time.
 And now he stands, a lonely one,
 In Life's cold wilderness,
 With scarce an arm to lean upon,
 And scarce a lip to bless.
 True, Age hath cares. But he hath learned
 To bear with iron heart,
 Their sharpest thorns. E'en grief hath lost
 The keenness of its dart.
 True, he hath learned that this fair world
 Is but a glittering show;
 But when first taught, the lesson was
 Most difficult to know.
 The first cold word we ever heard
 Possessed far keener power,
 To wound our hearts, than harsher ones
 Poured forth in later hour.
 The first loved form that sank to rest,
 The first hope that grew dim,
 Brought anguish to the breast, that filled
 Grief's cup unto its brim.
 Oh, when the light of truth and love
 Beams forth from every eye,
 And when we fondly deem that joys
 Shall never fade and die,
 How hard it is to find betray
 The kiss by friendship given;
 How hard to see the dreams of youth
 Fade like the hues of even.
 Then do not deem youth's sorrows light—
 They weigh most deeply down
 The young light heart; and oft the blight
 Of after years is sown.
 In early life, among the flowers
 That bloom but to conceal,
 There's weight of wo, and depth of grief,
 None but the young may feel.

M. A.

VOLTAIRE AND GIBBON.

Translated from the French.

GIBBON, having come to Geneva, and being impatient to see Voltaire, was eager to demand the honor of being received at the Chateau de Ferney. Unfortunately, Voltaire was persuaded that the English historian wrote against him, and he wished not to receive him.

Gibbon was in despair; he employed his utmost exertions in order to satisfy his desire, and succeeded in finding a valet, who, early in the morn-

ing, caused him to conceal himself behind a hedge, by which Voltaire would not fail to pass. The moment arrived; Gibbon darted from his retreat, contemplated him attentively from head to foot, and then walked away without uttering a single word.

Voltaire returned to his cabinet, called his secretary, and said to him, "Vanieres, go to the garden, where you will find an Englishman, of whom you must demand twelve pence for having seen the blockhead." Vanieres went, addressed himself to Gibbon, and claimed the twelve pence. "Hold, Monsieur," coldly replied Gibbon, "Here are twenty-four pence for you, but I wish to see the blockhead a second time." The next morning he received a very polite invitation to dine at the chateau. E. W. S.

DILIGENCE INSURES SUCCESS.

THERE are many persons in this world of ours, who think, because they cannot at once perform some great act which will render their names distinguished, that, therefore, they are of no importance; and make no endeavors to rise above their present station, because they cannot at once launch forth beneath the broad glare of the noonday sun; they will remain for ever in darkness, nor seek to remove the veil which is cast before them.

I have known many a young girl, who might have won for herself a place among the most gifted, refuse to cultivate those powers of mind which God has given her, because she could not, at one step, gain the summit of the hill of science.

We are apt to forget, while listening to those strains of eloquence which flow from the lips of the orator and the scholar, that many long years were spent ere they were enabled thus to charm and enlighten the world. Could we have witnessed their first efforts in struggling to free themselves from the chains of ignorance, we should probably none of us be discouraged. It is only step by step that we can make any advances on the road to science; and they will make the greater progress who labor most assiduously to cultivate the powers they possess. Let no one then think, because the offering she bestows upon the altar of literature is small, it is of no value. The great ocean is made up of drops, and if the mite we add be but a drop, it will help to fill up the boundless ocean of knowledge.

M. C.

TIME.

TIME is a messenger that stayeth not in his course. We listen, and strive to heed him as he passes on his way, but in vain: rapidly he strides on, and steals the rose from childhood's blooming cheek, and leaves, in its place, the furrows of age and care. Youth and beauty pass away before his onward course; no obstacle obstructs his way. The lofty tower and

lowly cottage he prostrates in the dust. He breathes upon the towering mountains, and they pass away like the half-remembered dreams of childhood. No respecter of persons is he. The rich and poor, the just and unjust, are visited alike by him. We hear him not, neither do we see him, but we all bear his impress.

Onward is his watchword; and trebly careless are we if we heed it not. One hour vainly spent can never be recalled. It is gone—passed and numbered with the things that were, but are not—to return to us no more. In proportion to the time that we have misspent, we have ceased to answer the end of our being. It behooves us, then, as mortals destined to an inheritance in heaven, eternal and sure, which passeth not away, so to live that others, taking knowledge of us, may be benefitted by our examples. In so doing, we shall be enabled to walk the downward road of life calmly, and resigned to the will of HIM who doeth all things well; and when arrived at its close, to exclaim, "It is not in vain that we have lived."

J. L. R.

EDITORIAL.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR. Although, as we sit at our desk, the first of these anniversaries is at a week's distance, yet, ere our greeting can reach our subscribers, they may both have passed. Hoping for the best we will wish them all, in advance, A Merry Christmas, and Happy New-Year, including in these wishes all others that are good and kind. The idea of moralizing occurs to us; but all of our readers, who have reflecting minds, will surely be led, by the departure of one year and commencement of another, to a consideration of their true position. They will remember that

"Life is real—life is earnest;"

and those who are not of such a disposition would throw down our work without reading such an article.

So we will merely add that we hope all our subscribers, and all who subscribe to any thing, and, above all, that unfortunate class who do *not* subscribe to any thing, will be led to think whether a new year might not be commenced with firm resolutions of amendment in life—reformation of faults—forgiveness of injuries, and a steady determination to do, at whatever sacrifice, that which is right.

But a truce to this for the present; we are too young, too ignorant, and too faulty, to set up ourself as a moralist;—and now we will turn to our table, and cast a glance at the Christmas gifts which have been sent us.

We found them, awaiting our notice, upon our return from a journey on which we had been acting the publisher and agent. The latter vocation we henceforth eschew entirely, with all possible sympathy for those who are still to act in that capacity. Our female travelling agents, whose names will be found upon our covers, we commend to the tender mercies of those who think that a periodical agent is something as bad as a thief; assuring them that a gracious refusal will answer every necessary purpose.

But we will say a word of our friends; for such we never failed to find, in every place. With some our little magazine found immediate favor, and their kindness has secured a grateful remembrance. And some were so good as to make known their wants, and point out the deficiencies of our work.

"We would take your magazine," say some, "if we had any children. They might like your little stories." Now we have never had a Child's Department, and when we write any thing, worthy of their perusal, we send it elsewhere.

Another class will say, "We want stories like those in the Lady's Book, and Graham's Magazine, and your contributors do not write such."

Another very different class will say, "We do not like stories, especially love stories—the community is growing sick of them, and perhaps we could find better didactic articles in works of a higher order than yours. What we want is a knowledge of your factory life, statistics with regard to it, and a description of the operatives, and their labors, as they really are."

Heaven help us; and, without forgetting the old fable of the man and his son and his ass, we will endeavor to please them all. And now again to our Christmas gifts, for which we shall give credit to publishers; and if we make any mistakes, we hope to be corrected. The first at hand is *THE POETS OF CONNECTICUT*, with biographical sketches; edited by *Rev. Charles W. Everest*. It has a beautiful vignette title page, containing a view of Connecticut river. It is a large book of 468 pages, and very handsomely bound and printed. It contains only the writings of those poets who are natives of Connecticut; and, while reading it through, we have wondered whether any other state could claim as a birth-place so many true poets. Among the names which are almost universally known, are *Rev. John Pierpont*, *James A. Hillhouse*, *Samuel G. Goodrich*, *Fitz-Green Halleck*, *James G. Percival*, *Theodore Dwight*, *John G. C. Brainard*, *George D. Prentice*, *James O. Rockwell*, *Mrs. L. H. Sigourney*, *Mrs. Emma Willard*, and *Mrs. Ann S. Stephens*, with generous specimens of their productions. Two or three of these have not however been universally known as poets.

Then there is some of the quaint poetry, "all of the olden time;" and of the poems written by those whose names had not been familiar, the following have made the deepest impression upon our memory. *The Family Blood*, a burlesque, by *Rev. A. Cleaveland*; *The Wedding*, and indeed all by *John Trumbull*; *Village Greatness*, by *William Ray*; *Love and Reason*, by *George Hill*; *Story Telling*, by *William H. Bradley*; and *The Last Woman*, by *Richard Bacon, jr.* The book is suitable, in all respects, for a Christmas and New Year's gift.

Case, *Tiffany*, and *Burnham*, of *Hartford*, are the publishers. *Julius Ives*, the agent for *Lowell*.

From *Abel Tompkins*, *Boston*, we have *THE ROSE OF SHARON*, edited by *Miss S. C. Edgarton*; which, for several years, has been one of our best annuals. It is elegantly bound and embellished, and filled with good reading. In our hasty perusal it might be that we were somewhat influenced by personal predilections, for all the articles which seemed the best were written by "auld acquaintance." *Good Resolution*, and *Debby Lincoln*, by *Miss S. C. Edgarton*, we thought the best stories. *Forward March*, by our *ci-devant* editor, *A. C. Thomas*, though very short, is by far the best poem; and *The Mind*, by *T. B. Thayer*, one of the best essays. *Joan of Arc in Prison*, by *Mrs. L. J. B. Case*, and *The Forest Church*, translated from the German by *Mrs. C. M. Sawyer*, are also superior productions.

A copy of the poems of the late *Mrs. Scott*, with a memoir, edited by *Miss S. C. Edgarton*, was also sent by the same publisher, but it slipped from our table ere we had time to examine it. We regret this, for the few poems we have seen by this lady were in the beautiful ballad style which always pleases us. *A. C. Bagley* sells these works in *Lowell*.

From *Gould, Kendall & Lincoln*, *Boston*, we have *THE MARRIAGE RING*, by *John Angell James*, who has long been one of the most popular of our moral and religious writers. It "is intended as a manual for those just entering the marriage state." Not anticipating any need of it, ourselves, we shall keep it for the first friend who changes her state of single blessedness. And it is a truly suitable gift to present to a newly wedded lady. Also, *CHRISTIAN ORNAMENTS AND SENTIMENTS OF THE HEART*, *THE YOUNG COMMUNICANT*, and *THE POETRY OF LOVE*, a work similar in design to the *Love Token*, we noticed last month. We have never seen more true poetry in the same compass, than is contained in this little volume. These four works are beautifully printed, bound, and gilded; and, in all respects, suitable gift books for the season. For sale by *N. L. Dayton*, 67 *Merrimack street*.

H. F.

THE LOWELL OFFERING.

FEBRUARY, 1844.

THE SMUGGLER.

CHAPTER V.

It was three or four days before the mountain roads were sufficiently broken to admit of the passage of a vehicle. Edward's men all dispersed to their several homes the next day after the exploit recorded in the last chapter; but he still lingered at Capt. Culver's until Jane was enabled to resume her journey. It will suffice to say (for our tale is already exceeding the limits intended) that the time was improved by Edward in cultivating an acquaintance so pleasing to himself. Jane's prejudice against a smuggler was soon forgotten, and their intercourse assumed the same features which it first exhibited. Perhaps, had they met under other circumstances, in a place where companionship was not so exclusively confined to themselves, it would have required weeks and months to have ripened their acquaintance into the confidence and feeling which it had assumed in the few days they had passed together. As Edward had, in the first moment, cast aside every intention of ever complying with the proviso of his uncle's will, that had no power in deterring him from indulging his preference for any woman who had the power to engage it.

"The roads are broke out," said Edward, the evening before the day fixed for Jane's departure, "and you will leave to-morrow. And with me only, I fear, there is regret that we part."

"I shall never forget one who has made time, that would otherwise have been so tedious, pass so pleasantly and quickly," replied Jane artlessly. The next moment, blushing, she added, with eagerness, "You have all been so kind, Mr. and Mrs. Culver, and yourself, that it will take much to cancel and obliterate the gratitude I feel."

"Thank you," he replied, almost bitterly; "I am happy if even the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Culver will sometimes remind you of me. Knowing that you regard me as you do, it were presumption in me even to wish more;" and he turned upon his heel towards the window. Impatiently, a moment after, he turned from the window, and casting his eye at Jane, he saw that her face was as pale as marble; and, although her eyes were cast upon the floor, the lids trembled as if to repress tears.

"Pardon me, pardon me," said he, hastily advancing towards her, "I did not mean to pain you. The rudeness of my manner belies the feel-

ings of my heart. I did hope—but no! I will not offend you by repeating my presumption.” He paused, but she made no reply. “Will you forgive me?” he continued, “I am more used to the roughness of my own sex than the gentleness of yours; and, that I speak truly, let me tell you that I have conversed more with you, the few days we have been here, than I ever did with any lady before. We were thrown together by accident, and I have followed the example of others, and called you Jane. You have another name; will you give it to me, that I may at least know the whole name of one whose society has yielded me so much pleasure.”

“My father’s name is Reed,” replied Jane, so low that her voice was almost indistinct.

“James Reed, of New Haven, Connecticut?” asked Edward, hurriedly.

“Yes,” answered Jane. “Are you acquainted with him?”

“I have not that pleasure,” he replied. “I have heard his name mentioned, but I had deemed him too old a man to have children as young as you.”

“Too old!” repeated Jane, in astonishment; “I am the oldest of my father’s family.”

Edward rested his head upon his hand for a moment, and then laughed. “He was a good judge,” said he.

“Mr. Clapp,” said Jane, rising, “your manner is very strange. If you refer to my father, it ill becomes his”—

“Forgive me!” he interrupted; “I believe that I am crazy—but I did not refer to your father. There is—but I cannot explain. Have you never heard my name mentioned by your father?—Edward Clapp, of Boston.”

“Never,” she replied.

“That is strange,” he remarked.

“Your remarks are enigmas,” returned Jane, “and I will bid you good-night.”

“And will you go without one word that you forgive me—without one expression of regret that we part?” continued Edward, detaining her.

“I have nothing to forgive,” answered Jane; “and be pleased to accept my best wishes for your welfare ever. My parents—but I cannot explain what I have never given a thought to until now. I shall see you, shall I not, in the morning? Again, good-night;” and she left the room.

Edward walked the room for more than an hour after she was gone. “To be, or not to be” in love, was the question. “If she knows it,” thought he, “she is the artful designing being that I at first concluded; if she does not—and her manner was too sincere to doubt—then I will believe that my uncle was a better judge of my taste than I deemed him. There is something she retains—would I knew what—but I will unravel it all; and if she will accept me as my uncle’s nephew, then farewell to all belief in the truth and sincerity of woman’s heart. But,” continued he, as he turned again across the room, “if she is ignorant, and will accept me, Edward Clapp, the Smuggler, then, then—faith, it will be the best venture I ever blundered into.”

The morning came, and Jane resumed her journey. Edward ordered Turk, and took his way across the frontier.

Three days after he returned with two sleighs loaded with steel. As the weight of the loads so far exceeded the bulk, the sleighs appeared empty, save a little straw in the bottom for the drivers to sit upon.

"Well," said he to Capt. Culver, "I must drive my own team now. Take good care of Turk until I see you again. Good morning."

"Good morning," returned the landlord; "and your usual luck attend you. I cannot wish you better."

The first eight miles of the road was over the mountain, and through the forest. In crossing they did not meet with any officers, or spies, and Edward drove up to the tavern at its base in high glee. Four miles south from the foot of the mountain, there was a detachment of soldiers stationed; but he intended to avoid the station by taking another road two miles south of the village. For once, he was brought to a stand on entering the bar-room, to find Eaton, his declared enemy, warming himself by its fire.

"I am dished now," was his mental ejaculation. And then aloud, "Ah, how do you do, esquire? I am glad to meet you, for I owe you a treat. Come," he added, stepping up to the bar.

"I'll make a bargain with you, Mr. Clapp," rejoined Eaton. "If you will call and drink with me at Doct. Trott's, I'll drink with you now."

"Agreed," replied Edward. "Here's to your better success the next time you go to Bald hill," he added, significantly, as he drank his glass.

Eaton immediately left for Doct. Trott's, where Captain Mason was then staying, supported by a detachment of soldiers.

"Nothing but brass will do for me now," said Edward, as Eaton departed. "There's no use of dodging, and I question whether I can scare them out of it by going ahead." After refreshing himself and horses, he jumped into his sleigh and drove forward. "Keep behind me," said he to the man who drove the other team, "and on no account leave your sleigh for a moment. Keep your eye on me, and be ready to follow my slightest hint."

He pursued his way very leisurely until he arrived at the village before mentioned. Then, touching his horses, he drove up in gallant style to the door of the tavern. Checking his horses immediately in front of the house, he flung his reins from his hand, and bounded with an elastic step from the sleigh to the door. A hostler immediately came forward to take the horses, but was stopped by Edward's exclaiming, "Leave my horses, sir; they do not require any thing. Watch them," he added to his teamster, who was immediately in the rear.

"How do you do, doctor," he continued, addressing the landlord, who came forward. "Is Esq. Eaton here? I have an engagement to meet him at your bar. But if he has failed, don't let that cheat us of the stimulus;" and he threw two dollars upon the counter. "Come, gentlemen, walk up," he continued, addressing the throng that filled the room. "Come, drink: Capt. Mason and Esq. Eaton performed wonders, last week, in carrying back loads of manure three or four miles, and that perhaps is the reason of their disappointing me to-day."

A titter ran through the crowd, for their exploit had been told by Jack Devil, with many additions of his own, at every tavern where he stopped on his way home. And perhaps the information he carried caused him to be weary oftener than he would have been had he not been laden with it.

"But where is Captain Mason?" inquired Edward; "I thought he was staying here."

"I believe he has gone out on to the south road to meet you," replied a man in the crowd. "We have all met here," he continued, "to see what wonder he performed this time."

"That is as straight as Eaton could ever tell a story," rejoined Edward; "I saw him down at Hadley's not an hour since, and promised to call here and take something to drink with him."

"But he did not think you would keep the engagement," replied the first speaker; "and he made his brag that he would catch 'Smuggling Ned' this time."

"Eaton believes every body as dishonest as himself," rejoined Edward, "but that shall not—There he is!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of Eaton in an adjoining room; and, springing through the door, he caught him by the shoulder, and by main strength forced him into the bar-room, amid the shouts of the by-standers.

"Eaton intended to dodge the bill as much as he dodges the truth," said Edward, as he re-entered the room. "But, doctor, fill the bottles again," he continued, addressing the landlord, "I'll drink with him, for I promised to, even if I have to foot the bill." And again throwing the money upon the counter, he said, "There, all drink round to Capt. Mason's and Esq. Eaton's better success. Walk up, gentlemen—don't wait for one another—walk up. Good day, all." And he ran out, and jumped into his sleigh. "Eaton," he shouted back, as he drove from the door, "give my best compliments to Capt. Mason." And, with a low bow, he was out of sight.

If he drove fast up to the door of the inn, he drove faster from it, and kept his horses at their utmost speed until he had put several miles between himself and the station of Capt. Mason.

The boldness of his proceedings had intimidated his enemies from even inspecting his sleigh. They thought that if he had any thing at venture, he would not have dared them in their stronghold, with no other assurance of safety than his own courage.

Edward continued his contraband traffic through the summer with equal success,—sometimes relying upon his ingenuity, and as often upon his daring. To recount all of his exploits would fill volumes, instead of pages, but always attended by the same good luck. Suspected, but never detected.

In the September following, he was on the frontiers when the intelligence that Provost's army was approaching spread like wildfire through the surrounding country.

"D—n the British!" was his ejaculation when the news reached him. "They are not content with buying, but they must come and take."

Turk's speed was again taxed until he had collected those of his men who were within the vicinity, and then he briefly stated to them the intelligence which had reached him.

"Now," said he, "who, among you, dare fight for his home, and his country's independence? And who, among you, are cowards? Let every man choose for himself. I ask no man to peril his life at my instigation; but whoever will follow me, and join the volunteers who are marching for Plattsburgh, shall find that Smuggling Ned will pay out his money more freely for his country's honor than for himself. I repeat, I want no cowards—but brave men, and true. If any one of you does not feel as if he could whip half a dozen of Provost's men in his own person, let him stay, for the strength of the Americans will not be of numbers. Weigh the matter five minutes, and then let me know your decision."

"I, for one," immediately responded Jack Devil, "do not require five

minutes to know what I can do. Whip half a dozen of the rascally British!—and a dozen more on to the end of that, if so be that Smuggling Ned says the thing must be done. Whip or cheat 'em, it's all the same to me."

"Enough," replied Edward. "Those who will go take their stand upon this side."

Immediately eleven, out of the thirteen who were his auditors, followed the example of Jack Devil; and among the eleven Amos was one of the first to take his stand.

"Hurra!" shouted Edward. "Well done!"

"Hurra!" re-echoed the men. "Our country and Smuggling Ned for ever!" And the band of smugglers were instantaneously transformed into soldiers ready to fight the battles of their country.

Edward with his usual promptitude furnished his men with the necessary equipments, and this little band of volunteers was one of the first which crossed Lake Champlain to place themselves under the command of Macomb at Plattsburgh. The events of the battle are matters of familiar history, and we will not insert them here. On a scouting party which Edward led, he chanced to come suddenly upon the enemy's lines, and met face to face a British officer, with whom he was on terms of intimate acquaintance in his character as a smuggler.

"What, Clapp," exclaimed the officer, familiarly, "you turned against us? If that is the case, we had better give up, for I never knew you get the wrong side of a trade."

"I always told you," rejoined Clapp, "that if you would stay at home that we would supply your wants as long as your cash lasted; but that if you attempted to come and take by force, you would get more kicks than coppers. Now take the advice of a friend, and go back as quick as you can." And in an instant Edward extricated his little party from their perilous position, and retired to the American camp.

During the engagement four of the smugglers were wounded, and Amos was killed. A British soldier struck him to the ground, and as Amos refused to yield himself a prisoner, or rather did not reply to the interrogatory, his silence was construed as a refusal, and he lost his life for *not speaking*. Edward escaped unharmed, but distinguished himself by his bravery and address; and his conduct was particularly noticed in the report of the battle to the Secretary of War.

"Well," thought he, "the little good I have done my country I must make as an offset for the evil, and I will not evade the laws any more, if that numbscull Mason, and scoundrel Eaton, don't provoke me to it."

STUDY.

MAN is a being formed by Nature for study. The germ of intellect lies folded deep within his breast, and must be cultivated with care and attention, or the powers of mind will not arrive at maturity. It is only by a course of severe discipline and study, that the intellectual powers are brought into full and vigorous action. The judgment must be exercised. The imagination must be regulated and brought under stern control, and the store-house of memory must be filled with facts. To do this the

boundless fields of science must be explored ; and, though the path may be rough and thorny, or the ascent steep and difficult, yet the pleasure more than counterbalances the difficulty. He, who knows not what it is to vanquish difficulties in the fields of science by hard study, has never tasted true intellectual pleasure. Who, that has met and overcome obstacles in acquiring knowledge, has not felt a secret satisfaction, an honest exultation, a confidence in his own intellectual powers, impossible to be described ? Even those of us who can only mount the lowest step leading to the gate of the temple of science, can testify that the greater the difficulty the greater the pleasure in overcoming the difficulty. It has been well remarked, that in exploring the fields of science, no one will ever be obliged, like Alexander, to sit down and weep because there are no more worlds to conquer. The worlds of science are immense and endless. History throws the dim light of the past around us, brings before us the great and good of other times, and furnishes us with an inexhaustible field of speculation and inquiry. Astronomy raises our thoughts far above earth to other portions of the universe, until the mind is lost and bewildered in its attempts to comprehend infinity. To be brief, the sciences free the mind from narrow and contracted views, and elevate it to purer, nobler regions, to dwell and expatiate in boundless immensity. The sciences, if rightly improved, teach us to look at all surrounding objects in a new and different light, to "look through Nature up to Nature's God," and to view a Creator's hand in the most minute and insignificant of all its works.

M. A.

THE LAST EVENING AT HOME.

It was evening, and I stood at the threshold of my own native home. The full moon arose bright and clear, throwing her silvery light on the face of all nature, while the thousands of glittering stars that sparkled around her seemed to pay homage to their nightly queen. Here and there might be seen a lone cloud lightly skimming its way along, which, instead of diminishing aught from the loveliness of the scene, served but to increase its beauty and grandeur. Within sat my venerable father, whose brow was shaded by the whitened locks of age ; and by his side sat the companion of his youth, the sharer of all his joys and sorrows, my own dear mother. All seemed to wear an air of cheerfulness and sweet content ; but yet I was not happy. I felt that soon I must leave this sacred, this enchanted spot, and go to a land of strangers ; that, on the morrow, I must bid farewell to all the endearments of childhood, the associations of early youth, my native hills and vale, together with the ever-welcome smile and kind voices of affectionate friends ; all, all must be left for awhile—and, perhaps, *for ever*. Never shall I forget the emotions of my bosom as I seated myself by the side of my mother, the protector of my youth, and friend and counsellor of riper years ; and, as she took my hand within hers, the tears starting from her eyes, I felt that home was a sacred spot, and a *mother's love* the richest treasure of earth ; and then, in a tone which even now seems sounding in my ear, she pointed out to me the many poisonous plants scattered in the path of the young, the snares and

devices laid to entrap and allure them to the ways of sin; and then, with all a mother's affection, she entreated me to shun them—to choose those of virtue and holiness, remembering that the least false step in the life of a female, is seldom, if ever, forgotten. "Therefore," said she, "conduct yourself, at all times, and in all places, with modest propriety; considering a heart free from pollution and crime of more value than the richest gems of Peru. Let your motto be *purity* and *religion*; your guide, the *Holy Bible*; your associates, those, and only those, who regard both the laws of God and man; always letting duty govern your conduct, rather than pleasure. Shun the libertine, however pleasing may be his personal appearance, or great his earthly possessions; regard him as a deadly foe, but ever worship at the shrine of innocence and truth, although it may be clad in the meanest garments of penury and want. You go, and may the blessing of God go with you. Fail not to think the eye of HIM who never sleeps is resting upon you, and beholds your every action. And if we never meet again on earth, live so as to meet me in a happier and holier state of existence beyond the tomb. There may we range the blissful fields of glory together, and spend an eternal day in praising Him who died that we might live."

She ceased speaking, and, with a heart filled with-mingled emotions of sorrow and love, I sought my own apartment. But time will fail to obliterate the recollection of that evening. The earnest tone, the tearful eye, and sweet expression of my mother's countenance, are as vivid as the transactions of yesterday. Oceans may roll between us, and thousands of miles separate us, but the last evening at home will never cease to be remembered.

ARAMANTHA.

THE JEW'S SOLILOQUY.

'Tis to the East we turn our eyes
When blushing morn salutes the skies,
To promised Palestine;
And, at the close of weary day,
Our grateful hearts their homage pay
To her devoted shrine.

How long, O LORD, shall Israel mourn?
How long shall proffered incense burn
In the heart's holy place?
Yet doomed to tread unhallowed sod,
And quail beneath the chrst'ning rod
Of THINE indignant grace.

Pilgrims, we wander far and wide
Without a compass, chart, or guide,
O'er life's tumultuous sea,
Racked by the elements of strife,
By foes beset, with carnage rife,
Yet turn we, LORD, to thee.

Dost THOU not, with peculiar grace,
Still recognize that ancient race,
Thy chosen Israel?
For Israel still remembers thee;
On every ocean, land, or sea,
Wherever doomed to dwell.

On every shore, in foreign lands,
 'Mid polar snows, or tropic sands,
 On ocean's billowy crest,
 Where Gambia's silvery waters glide,
 Or Ganges rolls her heathen tide,
 They wander yet unblest.

And some, thus doomed o'er earth to roam,
 Have sought a transatlantic home,
 Among the brave and free;
 Yet, when their morning prayers arise,
 And grateful thanks ascend the skies,
 They turn their face to THEE.

And shall they wander thus in vain?
 Shall "hope deferred" ne'er bloom again
 In promised Palestine?
 That promise stands secure indeed—
 'Tis "*unto thee, and to thy seed,*"
 In every land and clime.

In years long past did Israel come
 And rear aloft her ancient dome,
 On Zion to repose;
 Inscribed a nucleus of light,
 A star upon the brow of night,
 To all admiring foes.

But time hath cast its blighting spell
 O'er minaret, o'er tower and dell,
 And sadly changed the scene;
 And war hath ventured to annoy,
 And raze what time would fain destroy
 If it should intervene.

Fiercely hath rung the battle-cry,
 And conquest raised her standard high,
 On Zion's holy hill:
 Where is it now? It is not there:
 We've ceased the Roman yoke to bear,
 Yet Judah wanders still.

Imperial Rome, with all her power,
 Hath seen her haughty standards lower
 At Fortune's stern decree;
 Her eagles, that the world revered,
 Have spread their wings and disappeared,
 Her power hath ceased to be.

Thousands of thousands since that day
 Have lived, and loved, and passed away,
 'Mid poverty, or pride;
 The sceptred prince, and fettered slave,
 Have sunk beneath the sullen wave
 Of time's resistless tide.

With all her boasted clemency
 In setting conquered nations free,
 Where heartless tyrants stood,
 The memory of her high estate
 Evinces God alone is great—
 Is powerful, wise, and good.

He, who created mortal man,
 Hath measured out the changeful span
 Of nature and of art;
 Ere ocean heaved, or earth was laid,
 In Wisdom's balance all was weighed
 For its appropriate part.

'Tis this unerring wise decree,
Bright token of our destiny,
That casts its rays before;
For God shall guide our wandering feet,
And make the waves of *Marah* sweet,
As he has done of yore.

He reigns on high, with guardian eyes,
Though thrones and empires proudly rise
Our heritage to spurn,
Like spectres, at the break of day,
Their pride and power shall flee away,
When Jacob shall return.

To the one God we turn our eyes,
To see our honored temples rise,
Obedient to Thy will;
Soon may our own Messiah come
To reign, for aye, on David's throne,
Upon Mount Zion's hill.

M. R. G.

NEED OF A REVELATION.

MAN, in surveying the works of Nature, beholds a stupendous display of power, intelligence, wisdom, and benevolence. He sees beauty, harmony, and magnificence, in all her wise arrangements. He listens to the roar of the ocean, and to the music of birds; he looks upon the grandeur of the forest, and the beauty of the floweret; he sees the clear purling streamlet, and the majestic river; he turns his eye upon the vine-clad hills, and towering mountains; and, upon every thing of earth, from the most inferior to the most lofty, he beholds a wonderful exhibition of wisdom and goodness. Nor is his gaze confined to these objects. His eye wanders far away amid the bright orbs of heaven, where, in the blue regions of space, revolve unnumbered spheres above, below, and around him, to which, if his little earth be compared, it is but dust in the balance. He turns his eye within, and finds himself, in addition to a nature common with other animals, in possession of an intellectual and moral nature; which place him far above all other creatures of the earth, and constitute him a rational and accountable creature. By these he learns that he is designed for a higher and a nobler path than creatures of an inferior order; and by these he is enabled to perceive a natural evidence of a Deity—of “a great First Cause,” both in himself, and in the mighty universe with which he is surrounded. In proportion as he is civilized and educated, he discovers, in the objects and events around him, a plan beautifully and harmoniously arranged for the gratification of all his powers, animal, intellectual, and moral; and Nature teaches him, that obedience, reverence, and love are due from him to the wise Creator of the universe, and the Author of his own existence.

But, amid this perfect adaptation of Nature to promote the enjoyment of man, and the many lessons she teaches him respecting the attributes and will of that Being to whom he is indebted for all, what has been his condition when not enlightened by revelation? The past will tell us. We find darkness, wretchedness, and crime have invariably brooded over such portions of our earth. In the most favorable systems of religion,

those adopted by nations, the intellects of whose philosophers were improved and exercised, is shown the powerful action and undue ascendancy of the animal propensities. The influence of many of their creeds, the misguided followers of which were pointed to a paradise beyond the grave, where there would be a full and perfect enjoyment of all the pleasures of sense, served only to render their evil natures more intense, and to place them more completely under its dominion. By them ferocity, sensuality, and superstition have been fostered, while man's nobler nature has been rendered almost entirely inactive. Though he cannot fail to see, in the works of creation, the impress of all that is wise, great, and good—though the order and beauty of Nature are constantly gleaming forth to his eye, and though there seems to be every possible inducement presented for him to cultivate his nobler powers, yet he regards them not; and if thus left to himself, disorder and ruin would be his inevitable portion. If we may judge from the past, we may as well expect to see the fruits of the earth ripening, and its blossoms expanding and sending forth their fragrance, without the sun, as to look for improvement in the condition of man where the light of divine revelation sheds not its glorious rays.

How humbling the reflection, that man, with his lofty physical and intellectual faculties, who turns the mighty torrent in its course, and bends its powers in obedience to his own will, who makes a pathway of the ocean, which extends its deep waters over half our globe, and a guide of the rude wind for his firmly built bark, who brings forth his trophies from the mazy labyrinths of science, and lays them at the feet of the world, has never been able to construct a code of morals that has been found to be adequate to restrain his passions, and permanently add to his happiness.

J. S. W.

"THE STRANGER'S HEART, O WOUND IT NOT."

O WOUND it not, for he has left
 The friends of bygone time,
 Perchance beyond the ocean's wave,
 In some far-distant clime,
 His heart is weary, and he yearns
 For loved ones far away;
 He meets the stranger's gaze, and turns
 In loneliness to pray.

The stranger's lot! O surely hard
 And bitter 'tis to part
 From those he loves; from cherished ones
 Who twine around his heart;
 That home where erst he knelt beside
 His mother's knee in prayer,
 And turned him to a brother's love,
 His early griefs to share.

He's left his home!—that paradise
 With early visions bright,
 Where hope first spread her radiant wing
 In the pure morning light;
 He mingles with the cold, cold world:
 Ah, little do we know
 How deep that coldness chills his heart
 With bitterness and wo.

Wound not his heart; nor turn away
 And coldly pass him by
 With gathering scorn upon thy lip,
 And coldness in thine eye.
 Wound not his heart: it is alive
 To sympathy's warm glow,
 Whose magic wand can melt the rock,
 And bid the fountains flow.
 Then do not strive to crush to earth
 The bruised and drooping flower,
 When one kind word would raise its head
 With all-sustaining power;
 But let the law of truth and love
 Leave on our hearts its trace,
 So shall the joys that angels prove,
 Find on this earth a place.

M. A.

THE AFFECTIONS ILLUSTRATED IN FACTORY LIFE.

NO. III. — THE DAUGHTER.

A LARGE and brilliant party had collected, one winter evening, at the mansion of Judge Crosby. There were the old and the young, the grave and the gay, the beautiful and the plain looking; but of them all none would have attracted a stranger's observation so quickly as a young girl, whom they all called Fanny. She was, by no means, the belle of the party; she was not the most beautiful, witty, fascinating, or *distingue*; but she was one whose looks and manners could not but excite interest.

Fanny was of middling size, and fine proportions. Her hair and eyes were of jet black, and both reflected the brilliant light of lamps and candleabras. Her complexion was clear; but the deep crimson flush and death-like pallor came and went so quickly and incessantly that none could tell which might usually predominate. Her dress was of black satin, without the slightest ornament, and her raven locks were drawn back from her broad white brow with a severe simplicity. Her manner was exceedingly dignified for a young girl, but it was not easy; and there was an appearance of constraint in her movements, an expression of haughty sadness in her countenance, which would have set at defiance any conjectures as to her true position.

"How d'ye do, Fanny?" said a flippant lady, with a splendid cap; and she passed on, without waiting for an answer.

Fanny was then quite pale.

"How d'ye do, Fanny?" simpered a pert little miss, with a diamond ring; who spoke with her head turned partly away, for she had observed no precedent for speaking to Fanny as to other people.

"How d'ye do, Fanny?" asked a great fat man, with huge watch seals, and an enormous gold chain; and he took both her little hands between his huge fists. It was the first kind inquiry, and Fanny's face, which had slightly reddened at the recognition of the pert little miss, now flushed with pleasure.

"Miss Fanny;" said a nice young beau, raising the tip of his fingers to his forehead, as an apology for a bow.

Fanny turned pale, and crossed the room.

"Fanny!" was carelessly whispered, and a very handsome young man passed her.

At the sound of the voice, which uttered that one low word, the blood rushed to her brow, cheeks, and neck, and as quickly receded, leaving her as colorless as a marble statue.

"Who is that Fanny?" asked a middle-aged gentleman, who wore just such clothes as almost every body wears, to a similarly dressed lady, who hung upon his arm.

"I cannot tell you, my dear, though I have watched her every moment since I have been here. One might suppose, from her own majestic bearing and the manner in which she is greeted, that she was a dethroned princess, suffering from the insolence with which true nobility in misfortune must often contend. She is evidently well known, excepting by those who, like us, are strangers to all, and I have not seen her presented to them."

"Fanny!" said the lady of the mansion, in a sharp imperious tone.

Fanny turned, with a cold proud look, towards Mrs. Crosby.

The lady did not flinch from the severe gaze of the girl. "Fanny," she continued, "why are you here? You know that little Hubert is sick, that I cannot be with him, and that the domestics are all engaged, and will be even more so in a short time. You will oblige me by visiting the nursery."

Fanny slightly bowed, but did not stir.

The lady darted at her a withering glance, and passed on.

Fanny grew paler every moment. Her lips were white; her strength began to fail, and the room looked dark. No one spoke to her, or appeared to notice her, and, in her partial blindness, she groped for the door. The way seemed to clear itself for her, for she saw not that it was the handsome young man who passed before her, and made an unobstructed passage.

And when she stood in the porch, and the cool air came, reviving her strength and bracing her frame, she knew not that he watched her until she had recovered, and then turned away with a sigh.

Fanny wished not to return to the party, and she went to the nursery. She approached the cradle of her baby uncle, and saw that his cheeks were flushed with fever, and that his sleep was troubled. "Poor child!" said she, "not for *her* sake, but for your own, will I watch over you, and take that place which no one else should ever take beside a child of mine." She turned the pillows, and lightened the covering of the babe, and he slept more soundly. Then her thoughts reverted to herself, and the scenes of the evening.

"I wish I was dead," said she, bitterly. "Ah, how sincerely do I wish I could die this night. But I will not die here; *nor live here either*. Where can I go? I can think of no place—Ah, yes! there is one—I will go to the factory—to my mother—to *Lowell*. It cannot be worse than death to go there, and when they know of it here they may regret the harsh treatment which drove me from my father's home. My *father*!—no, I have never had a father. I have never known a mother, though both must yet be living. But I will know my mother; I will go to her; I will love her, and live with her, and she will love me." The babe awoke, and she forgot, for a moment, her own sorrows in attempting to soothe his suf-

ferings. She loved the child, for he had not yet learned that he must not love her.

Fanny's bitter words were true, that she had never known her father or mother. She was the child of Judge Crosby's only son; and had she been the offspring of a lawful union would have been the heir of much wealth. The judge was a man of strong though well-governed passions, of stern integrity, and of indomitable pride. His son had been a lad of a wild reckless disposition, though not of depraved mind, or a hard heart. His father's severity had roused his harsher feelings, and that strict justice, which treated the child as a rebel, confirmed him in his waywardness. The mother, though an excellent kind-hearted woman, had not sufficient strength of intellect to understand the character of her son, or she might have stood as mediator between the father and his boy. They were ever at variance until he left home for a collegiate life; and the next four years brought to the judge but continued mortification. He graduated; and then his father took him in his own house and office, bestowed upon him every favor which a son could wish, and endeavored to arouse in him the ambition to be a good and useful man. But, just as his wishes appeared to be realized, just as an increased sobriety of demeanor and thoughtfulness of mind characterized the young student, and hopes awakened in the father's heart, that his son might yet be worthy of his name and station, it was then that a dark stain was fixed upon the young man's reputation, which never might be wholly effaced. A blow was given to the father's pride, which was death to the father's love. One of their female domestics, an ignorant weak-minded girl, gave birth to a daughter, and the judge was compelled to believe that the child, born in such disgrace, was the offspring of his son. The culprit was banished from his house; and, as he stood for the last time in the presence of his exasperated parent, he told him, with an oath, that he would never return to it again. He was true to his oath: he left his home, he left New England, and he "left no trace behind." With that Spartan justice, which was a characteristic of the judge, the mother and babe were sheltered and cherished until the latter needed no more constant attention. He then presented the unhappy girl with a well-filled purse, and bade her depart, and never let him look upon her face again.

"But what shall I do with my child?" said the unfortunate mother. "She will be a constant drawback and burden to me. Keep her until I have a home, and then she shall live with me."

"You shall have money for her maintenance," replied the judge: "but would you not prefer to keep her with you?"

"No, no," said the girl; and what spirit she had was fully roused; "if she is my child she is your grandchild, and I ought not to have all the mortification. Neither can I obtain my living so well with her as without her, though you should pay me for my care and trouble."

"Go!" said the judge; "desert your child; for you have not even the redeeming trait of a mother's love for the child upon whom you have entailed sorrow and shame." And he added to himself, she is right—I also should share the mortification, and it is a just punishment for my pride. "Go, Martha Lovit," said he, aloud; "go, and sin no more."

From that day Martha Lovit never saw her child, or interested herself in its welfare. But she had left it in good care, for in the grandmother's heart had been awakened a strong affection for the child of her absent son.

It was the design of the judge that the child should be boarded with some of the neighboring farmers; but he could not withstand the solicitations of his wife, nor the pleadings of his own heart, which yearned strongly towards the little one who was the image of her father, and she remained with them.

She had been named by her mother *Francesca Amelia Lovit*; for as Martha had nothing else to give her girl, she thought she would give her a fine name. Her grandparents had abbreviated it to Fanny, her little playmates called her Mrs. Crosby's Fanny, and finally she was known as Fanny Crosby. She grew up in her grandfather's house, neither his adopted child, nor acknowledged heir, but treated with a kindness which led all to believe that she would be both.

A sad change came over Fanny's prospects when her grandmother died. She was then a beautiful blooming girl, just ready to enter society, and with every qualification to adorn and enjoy it. She was looked upon as the heir of the childless judge, and her love was already sought by a wealthy and distinguished young man. Fanny had been her grandmother's idol, and she had adored her. But it was not grief alone which tried her heart when she found that her kind protector was taken away. No increase of affection marked the deportment of the solitary widower towards his grandchild, and it was not long before he avowed his intention to marry again. He offered his hand to a young, proud, and accomplished lady, and it was not refused. A new mistress was brought to the mansion of the judge, and one of a disposition far more congenial to his own than the wife of his youth.

Judge Crosby would not have taken this step had he known that his son was still living, that he was a respectable and useful man, that he was married, and again a father. But Edward had been too bitterly incensed against his father to forward any communication; and though the time had never been, since he had left him, when a humble concession would not have secured his forgiveness, it had not been sought. There was too much of pride in the hearts both of the father and the son, to allow either to make the first advances, and they were never reconciled.

The first months after the judge's marriage were spent by the happy pair in a tour to Saratoga, Niagara, and the lakes. After their return they commenced a quiet life, which continued until the birth of a son to the delighted judge. The winter succeeding this happy event was spent by Mrs. Crosby in a more general intercourse with society, than she had hitherto allowed herself, and her first great party was that with which we commenced our tale.

But to return to Fanny. She had never known all the sad circumstances attendant upon her birth until after her grandmother's death; and, when a new lady came to the lonely homestead, her sensitive feelings and quick imagination soon foretold her what would be her lot. "Coming events cast their shadows before;" and the gloom of desolation, neglect, and contempt fell darkly upon the young girl, when the new bride crossed the threshold.

Mrs. Crosby loved absolute authority, and she saw that she could not make a slave of Fanny. She looked upon her as a rival, an intruder, and could not bear that any one should, in the slightest degree, share the affections of her husband. She resolved to crush Fanny, but Fanny was as determined that she would not be crushed. It were needless to detail

all that henceforth made her life one scene of misery. There was grief for the loss of her affectionate grandmother, then the feeling of desolation which came with the knowledge of her parents' early desertion, then the contempt and dislike of Mrs. Crosby, then the neglect of all her early friends, and last, though not least, the blight upon her first love. He, who had been most kind, was now most cold and distant; but as there had never been a formal declaration, so there was now no formal separation. They avoided each other; for, to one as proud and sensitive as Fanny, a continuation of their former intercourse would have been as painful as to himself. They had known and loved each other as equals in station. Circumstances had precipitated her into a deep gulf, and she wished not that his hand should lift her from it.

But nothing could distress her more than the change at home. Fanny Lovit was the name by which Mrs. Crosby always designated her, and others followed her example. Then there was an ineffectual endeavor to separate her from her grandfather at his meals, and an utter exclusion from visitors.

Who will wonder that Fanny was miserable? O, it is not the outward circumstances of our earthly lot which contribute most to our happiness. The great world may roll round as it pleases; dynasties may change, and kingdoms rise and fall; but so far as these things affect not our own firesides they neither add or detract much from our usual pleasures.—The sun of prosperity may beam upon us, but if it be not reflected from the faces of those we love, what care we for its brightness? The dark cloud of adversity may rise upon our life's horizon, but, if its shadow fall not upon the brows of those who are most dear, we heed not its gloom.—Fanny was unhappy in her home and in herself, and the wish to flee from both had often crossed her mind. What could she do? "She could not dig, to beg she was ashamed." She knew of no manual art by which she could gain subsistence, and her education had not been sufficiently systematic to enable her to obtain a livelihood as a teacher. Moreover, to do that her situation must be made fully known; and, to her excited mind, it seemed as though the sin of her parents was her perpetual disgrace.

When Mrs. Crosby made her first party, for the season, nothing was said to Fanny which she could torture into an expectation that she was to be present. But she was resolved to appear, and if, then, there was that in the deportment of her own family, and of her former acquaintance, which implied that there was henceforth to be a barrier between them, she would leave her grandfather and her home.

We have related the scenes at the party, and Fanny's resolution was taken. She had made inquiries for her mother, and traced her to Lowell, and here she was determined to follow her. She did not inform her grandfather of her plans; she did not even go to him, to ask his blessing, and bid farewell. She felt that he had been unkind, and that there had been injustice in his unkindness. Of this he was not aware, for his wife had, by artfully arousing Fanny's temper, and then misrepresenting her to the judge, succeeded in alienating his affections from the girl. Fanny was aware of the influence exerted against her, but she knew not how to withstand it. Had she also been artful—could she have been smooth-tongued and plausible—had she returned her grandfather's frowns with smiles and blandishments, Mrs. Crosby might have been foiled. But she was too

high-spirited to fawn and cringe, and the plan of the designing woman was crowned with success.

Fanny left her home. She took nothing with her but her grandmother's wardrobe, which had been given to her; and had, for a long time, been her only resource. The funds for her journey were obtained by the sale of some old jewelry, and she felt comparatively independent and light-hearted when she had placed miles between herself and the home of her youth. The judge was shocked when he first learned her departure; and when he read the short, dignified, and touching letter, which she had left for him, he also felt both sorrow and remorse. His wife easily reconciled him to himself, by reminding him that Fanny was morose, sullen, and ill tempered; ungrateful for the favors bestowed upon her, unless they would be succeeded by greater ones, and unwilling to live in his house, unless it could be as his child. The poison took effect; and the letter, which he was at first prompted to send, recalling her to his house, was never written.

It would make our story too long were we to relate the particulars of Fanny's new experience of "life in Lowell." There was at first a revulsion of feeling, when she found her mother so different from what she had thought a mother must be. Martha Lovit evinced but little feeling, and less pleasure, at this reunion with her child—a daughter, too, of whom she might well be proud, notwithstanding the shadow she brought upon her own fame, which had always been irreproachable among these strangers. But Fanny was hardly to be repulsed, even had her mother wished to repulse her. After the first painful interview was over, she learned that her mother was one whom she might love, rather than one from whom she could expect affection in return. And she did love her; the whole current of her vehement affections was turned upon the only one to whom she was bound by the ties of kindred, who did not dislike her. Even had Martha shown somewhat of repugnance to her daughter, Fanny would have loved on. Here it was her duty to love—her self-respect could not be wounded by a woman like her mother, and to her there seemed something rather noble than debasing in loving so generously and devotedly where there was so little return. But her ardent love soon awoke a faint echo in the bosom of her mother, and Fanny was happy in this slight return for her affection. She shared her mother's room, her bed, her toils in the mill, and she labored for both, when necessary, out of it. There was something touching in this exhibition of filial affection, and those who were naturally cool and calm tempered could not understand it. Fanny's feelings were so strong that there was in her a necessity for loving, and they were now fixed upon the only object which was left her. True, there was nothing there which might respond to her own deep affection, but there was something on which it might rest. Such intense feelings, fixed upon one so ignorant, weak-minded, and incapable of appreciating them, seemed like the luxuriant vine, which clusters around the dry and withered stick, and covers its unsightliness with its rich verdure and beauty.

"Dear mother," said Fanny, one evening, "only see how beautifully the moon shines down upon the Merrimack. Let us walk out together, a little while; and I am sure it will give your cheek a better glow."

"La, Fanny; don't ask me to walk out. You know how tired I always am, and I want to fix up my old gown."

"But, mother, if you are tired you should retire immediately, and do let me work upon your dress."

"There, Fanny; that's just like you. If I say any thing about being tired you want to send me off to bed; and if I tell you I have sewing to do you talk just as though you thought I hinted that I wanted help about it."

"No, mother; I do not wish you to leave us if not too weary to enjoy yourself here; and you must be too confident of my desire to assist you to *hint* if you wish for my help."

"Well, then; if you are satisfied I am; and if you want to go and walk there are enough to go with you. There's Mr. Morton now, coming up to the door. I know he wants you to walk out with him."

Fanny looked out of the window, and a flush spread over her cheeks; but she could hardly herself have told whether it was one of pain or pleasure. Mr. Morton did wish her to walk out with him, and she went. Again and again he requested the same favor, and it was granted. It seemed as though her mother was really to have a rival now; and many of the boarders expressed the same idea in coarser terms.

"I guess Fanny Lovit won't care quite so much about her mother now, that she has the smart young store-keeper to think about. But, then she needn't think she'll ever get him. He's got another girl, they say, in the town he come from; and if he hadn't he wouldn't have a factory girl (and that isn't all either) into the bargain."

"Morton may be deceiving Fanny; and many young men do thus amuse themselves; but I should not wish to make her my enemy."

"La, me! what hurt can she do him, when he's a mind to leave her? and, then too, she's so proud that she would not let any body know if she cared ever so much."

Fanny's factory acquaintance were not more at a loss than herself as to the motives which prompted Mr. Morton's kind attentions. To her his manner had always been respectful, and she had abandoned herself to the pleasure of an intercourse with one so much like the associates of her former days. It was a dangerous pleasure, and her feelings were deeply interested before she was aware of it.

At this juncture there came another subject of perplexity. Rumor was heard that her grandfather was ill; that he wished to see her again, and had declared his intention of making her a handsome bequest in his will. The report was brought by some of Fanny's factory acquaintance; for where is the mill girl who does not know of others "from the same town?" Fanny gave no credit to the rumor, but it was too well authenticated to be unheeded by others. She was looked upon as the heiress of one, five, or ten thousand dollars; and many wondered why she had not already left the mill.

Fanny could not believe even the most probable version of the story. She had always relied upon the innate love of justice, which characterized her grandfather; and had believed that time would come when he would be aware of the failings of his wife, and would feel that she might possibly have deeply wronged the child of his son. His own conduct towards her she thought might cause him the most unhappy reflections, and it was far from being improbable that, upon a bed of sickness, perhaps of death, the desire to retrieve these injuries might be strongly felt and expressed. But opposed to these were all the influences of Mrs. Crosby, and how easy would it be for her to deceive the dying man, and, in some way, evade his wishes and directions.

The attentions of Morton had become so direct that Fanny expressed

to him her entire disbelief in the rumor; blushing, at the same time, at the implied want of confidence in his good faith, and the thus expressed intimation, that it was hopes of her fortune, and not of herself, that had confirmed his wavering resolutions. Fanny had once trusted, and been once deceived; and the remembrance of that disappointment was still so vivid that no precaution should be wanting to avoid another.

The letter that brought to Fanny the tidings of her grandfather's death was from his executor, and contained a fifty-dollar bill, as a present from Mrs. Crosby. The bill was returned to its donor, and Fanny was left to struggle with a disappointment which she met more nobly because she had prepared herself for it. There had been hopes in her heart which she had never expressed, but she absolved her deceased grandparent from all blame. In her own mind there was not the slightest doubt but that the judge had provided, or endeavored to provide, for her an ample maintenance. She marked well the demeanor of Morton, for in him she had never fully trusted. He was either a slightly unsuccessful actor, or her own distrusting heart invented causes for suspicion.

Time passed on, and there was to be a "Union ball;" or an assembly in which the "different classes" should meet together; an assemblage of the patricians and plebeians; of the operatives and their employers. Shame that they could not always meet thus pleasantly, and that a ball-room should be the only place for an interchange of those courtesies which should never be withheld. Fanny went, accompanied by Morton; and he was evidently proud of his splendid partner. But that night she learned the bitter lesson that she was but the creature of his amusements. Although acquainted with the most distinguished persons there, he introduced her to none of them; and those who did seek an acquaintance, through him, were those from whom she shrank. From that night she refused to see him more, and he pressed not his suit, for he had now learned that it was too dangerous to trifle there.

How bitter was this second disappointment, this destruction of all faith in man, and all confidence in his love. She saw, and saw truly, that Morton had, at first, sought her society as a relief from ennui—then, when he believed that she might bring him a fortune, his attentions were those of an avowed lover—and then again, when he knew that she was portionless, he relied upon the love he had awakened to gain her as a victim to his unhallowed affections, and had designed the destruction of the peace, virtue, and reputation of the already unfortunate girl. It was a fearful shock, and the scathing fire, which penetrated the depths of her soul, dried up the fountains of all affections, save one; for, from all this wrong, deception, and guilty love, she turned with an increased intensity of affection to her mother. And Martha Lovit was now in need of her daughter's love and care, for slow disease was wasting her frame, and consuming her life. She had never sought the factories until her constitution had been seriously impaired by severe labor elsewhere, and a factory was no place for her to regain her health.

It was well for Fanny that her mind was too much occupied with fears for her mother to dwell upon the bitter remembrances of the past; but, wo for her, if those fears should become realities. She had long been in the habit of sharing her mother's labor, for they worked side by side, and now she wished her to leave them entirely. Martha acquiesced, with her usual indifference, and for a long time the burden of her maintenance was

bravely borne by her noble child. It was reward enough for Fanny that her mother still lived, that she was contented, and free from pain. While this parent remained she was not wholly alone; when she should be gone earth must seem desolate. But a contagious fever, at length, attacked Martha, and there could be no more hopes. Fanny left the mill, and devoted herself to her mother. There were kind friends (for such misfortunes will bring friends) who came to lighten her toils, and share her watchings; but she would transfer none of the care of the sick-bed to them. Pale, wasted, and silent she hovered over the poor remains, of what had never been of much intrinsic value, even as the miser broods over his cherished treasure. The trial could not long endure, and it was well for her own life that her mother's was almost finished.

It was a calm and lovely summer's night when Martha Lovit lay on her dying bed. Her deep groans could be heard through the open casements; and, at every window of the opposite range of buildings, were seated one or more to listen to those sounds of death. With hollow eyes, and lips firmly compressed together, sat Fanny, feeling in sympathy each throb of agony. The short night passed away, and day began to dawn. Fanny looked up, and a furrow contracted her brow as she thought of the bell, which would soon send forth its clang. There was not then, as now, a hospital, to which the sick could be removed, where, if there are no other advantages, at least the "corporation" sounds are softened by the distance. The bell sent forth its ringing peal, and a frown came over the face of the sufferer. Then followed the tramp of hurried steps, and the sound of thoughtless gossip, and then the clamor died away; in the confusion had passed the spirit of the dying woman, and Fanny was an orphan.—

Those, who predicted that Fanny Lovit would become a maniac, were not aware that she possessed strength of intellect, as well as strength of feeling. But it was in vain that she contended against the bitter apathy which had settled upon her mind. She endeavored to mingle with others, but she could not. There was a feeling of repugnance, towards all of her kind, that she could not overcome. She could analyze her own feelings, and she knew that she was becoming a misanthrope. She wrestled with herself—with the good angel, which sometimes came in words of consolation, but she obtained no blessing. She strove to be gentle, kind, and social, but it was in vain; she tried to think that *whatever is cannot be helped*, if not that "*whatever is, is right*;" but the thought was not comforting. She hated herself, because she hated her fellow-man, and was rebellious towards God. It seemed to her as though HE had been unjust and cruel. She had never thus murmured while one was left for her to toil with, and to love; and she had prayed of HIM for that one boon, that the ties of kindred should not be wholly severed. Now others around her had friends, but she was desolate. That which had been the prop of her warm affections had been taken away, and the vine lay broken and withering.

There was that in her mind, which would have sprung up under the bright sun of prosperity, and put forth a rich and verdant foliage: but, in the shadows which brooded over her, it was now but a crushed, gnarled, and leafless thing, giving no hopes of aught pleasant or useful. She had turned from others, and they now avoided her. Surrounded by hundreds, she was desolate; in a crowd she was still alone.

"Fanny, here is a letter for you, from some of your friends, with a

black seal ;" said a pleasant little girl to her, one day. A bitter smile curled the lips of Fanny, as she looked at the post-mark, and saw that it was from her native place.

"Perhaps my dear friend, Mrs. Crosby, is dead," said she, scornfully, as she broke the seal. It was double, and one with a southern post-mark dropped from it. The envelope was from the same gentleman who had written to her before, and who had been her grandfather's executor. It was brief, and contained but the necessary information, which will readily be conjectured by the perusal of the other, which was from Edward Crosby, the parent of Fanny, and written upon his death-bed, as follows, to his father.

My dear and honored father :

This letter is the last effort of one who will soon meet you, if you are already in the realms of the departed, and who can but shortly precede you, if still living. I write for forgiveness from one against whom I have grievously sinned ; and who will, I trust, receive my assurances of sincere repentance. This is no time for reproaches ; and yet, for my own sake, I cannot forbear all allusion to the stern decree which drove me from my home when I was innocent of all premeditated guilt ; and guilty of faults which might have been reformed by a gentler discipline.

But enough of this. I write now on account of my child, who, I trust, is still with you. I have been able to keep a slight trace of you all, until within a few years. My mother is dead—my child has been under your especial care. The mother of this child I never loved—I never professed to love—but the child I *have* loved, though I have never seen her. Under my kind mother's care, I feel sure that she has grown up virtuous, good, and amiable. The precepts, which I scorned, would be regarded by a female ; and I know that she has won your love, and repaid your care.

I am also the father of another girl, by a wife not living. I leave my little one with no friends near her, and it is my desire that she should be educated in New England, and placed under the care of her sister. Let my children be united, and learn to love one another. Let them avoid the faults of their father, and attain virtues he has never possessed.

My youngest inherits beauty, fortune, and a pleasant disposition from her mother. My eldest has but an inheritance of shame from hers, and my wealth shall be divided equally between them.

Tell my daughter that a father's blessing is given with his dying breath, and her forgiveness requested for his long neglect.

In death, your son,

EDWARD.

As Fanny finished the perusal of this letter there was a violent struggle of contending feelings in her heart. Joy, grief, remorse, and newly awakened affection, contended for the mastery, and she would have fainted had not tears come to her relief. A father's blessing and sister's love wrought regeneration in her soul, and she felt that she was another and better being. A holier life she resolved to commence by craving forgiveness for her past distrust and ingratitude ; and, laying the letter on her bosom, she knelt down to hold communion with God.

ADELIA.

THE MOUSE'S VISIT.

Lines written, impromptu, as the incident occurred. Perhaps the Scottish rhythm was suggested by the remembrance of Burns's address to a mouse.—Ed.

I JUST had frae the snaw-storm came,
An' sat me cow'rin down at hame,
For I was crabbit, dour, an' lame,
An' thought to rest me then;
When, looking up, what should I view,
A mouse jump't in my overshoe,
Nor stay'd to say, "Ma'am, how d'ye do?"
When back he skipt again.

It seem'd e'en like some passing thought,
Sae swift he forth an' backward hopt;
Sure, I'd hae thought he might hae stop't
To say, "By'r lave," "Good day;"
But na, I'm sure it was na me
The donsie baste had come to see,
He thought me far away.

Quick to the chimla I did hie,
Thinking his lurking place to spy;
I glinted, but, if I should die,
Could see na whence he came;
The poker then I pok'd away,
The wood an' rug did backward lay,
An' serv'd the tongs the same.

Save ane wee hole, in the hearth-stone,
A crack or crevice was there none;
The mouse a bogle's feat hae done,
If he hae come frae thence;
My thimble it would na admit,
My thumb the place would taughtly fit;
I think he must hae squeez'd a bit,
An' hath mair wit than sense.

Wee simple fule! why came ye here?
Were ye sae cauld an' dark an' drear,
That ye maun try some better cheer
'Mangst ither folk to find?
My air-tight stove—ye're welcome there;
Its warmth an' light ye ance may share;
Say, how d'ye like its with'rin glare?
To burn ye I've a mind.

Ye weel might flee wi mickle dread
Sic murderous plots came i' my head,
As how I'd get a piece o' bread,
Or, better far, o' cheese,
An' put it i' some cannie trap
That, when ye came again, would slap,
An', falling, gie ye sic a rap
Ye ne'er again would freeze.

I'll do it na—'gainst ye to war
Were too contemptible by far;
I ne'er will Pussy's honors share,
An' ye maun stay in quiet;

But, Mousie, min ye ever this,
I'm ane they ca' an Editress,
An' it would cause me much distress
To sturt me, an' to riot.

An', should ye stay, I trust that ye
Will be content to live, like me,
I' cheerfu' calm celibacy:
An' when I'm gane a weavin,
I'm willin' ye should loup an' prance,
An', o'er my floor, your hornpipe dance,
Gin it wad save some grievin'.

But, should ye bring a partner here
To raible round, an' squeak—O dear!
Ye weel might tremble wi' sic fear
As ne'er hae yet possessed ye;
Fur I wad make a fearfu' rout,
Ye baith should hop an' skip about,
Sic help ye'd hae in getting out
As never yet hae blessed ye.

I'll ferlie na, nor get sae warm;
Ye ne'er hae done me ony harm,
That I hae ever kenned;
'Tis true some books hae flawn away,
Some magazines hae gane astray;
The blame on ye I canna lay—
If guilty ye maun mend.

An' if foul arts I'd 'gainst ye try
I'd come off "second best"—for I
Ne'er was ca'd douce—alack!
I ne'er gained praise for being sly,
That I am "green" they aften cry,
An' I to them can but reply,
Better be *green* than *Black*.

Now, ere I cease, I'll e'en undo
The wrangs o' which some lines are fou;
My ingle ye may share:—
Ye ne'er hae scared away a thought
Sae gude as these in sang I've wrought,
A blessing ance ye sure hae brought,
For verse wi' me is rare.

An', had ye not, sure ane sae weak
Ne'er mickle harm on me could wreak;
I never ance hae heard ye squeak,
An' need na fear ye now;
An' there are those, who, should they choose,
'Gainst me their powers for ill to use,
Could work, for me, e'en more abuse
Than I for you, I trow.

An' let us e'er sic mercy grant
As we ane day may wish an' want;
For Hx, whose name is Lovx,
Will surely bless the kindly heart,
That ne'er has caused anither's smart,
An' gie't a place above.

L I F E .

LIFE what is life? 'Tis like a vision flying;
 When sleeping man awakes he finds it so;
 And O, how heavily the dream is lying
 On some sad hearts below.

Like what is life? 'Tis like a forest ringing
 With joyous notes, and clothed in foliage green,
 But soon his shroud, like mantle o'er it flinging,
 Stern winter hides the scene.

Like what is life? When loving friends are round me
 'Tis like to sunbeams glancing o'er the sea,
 But when disdain and chilling scorn has bound me,
 Life has no ray for me.

E. H.

THE TOOTHACHE.

I SUPPOSE it will be wholly unnecessary for me to define to you, at the commencement, what I mean by the toothache; wherein it consists, and what are the peculiarities that distinguish it from any other ache, in an aching world. Doubtless all of you have sojourned long enough on earth to be able fully to understand my meaning, without any further exposition. Should there, however, chance to be any so lamentably ignorant of the first principles of pain, and so unfortunate as never to have known the blessings of the toothache why then, I have only to say, I sincerely pity you, that's all.

But, in order to enlighten you as far as possible, I will proceed to give you some items in regard to it, which I have gleaned from the field of my own experience. It is the very quintessence of human misery, double refined and distilled. People will tell you, with long faces, of headache and heartache and various other aches, that flesh is heir to, but I feel, from my inmost soul, that not one of them will bear the slightest comparison to the toothache. The heartache is grievous, and the headache is wearisome, but the toothache is excruciating. It stirreth up the wrath of the soul, and causeth the scum of peevishness to rise thereon, even as the sediment riseth on a boiling cauldron. And then, look at the consequences. True, the heartache may end in a heartbreak, but the toothache oftener ends in a broken jaw; and, considering that most people's hearts, now-a-days, seem to be made of India rubber, or something nearly as elastic, it appears reasonable that they would experience less pain from a broken heart than a broken jaw; and, certainly, the real loss would be less. How interesting to contemplate a person, while in close companionship with the toothache. Wo speaks in every line of the countenance; agony is stamped on every feature. The world appears to him a howling wilderness, filled with "dentists' arm-chairs," knives, hooks, and saws, "with scarce a ray of hope between his weary heart to bless."

Alas, for those who are placed in this deplorable situation! Alas, for myself, who know, by bitter experience, all its horrors. Poets have sung, and philosophers have written, in strains of thrilling sublimity and beauty, of much that is grand, much that is fearful, and much that is horrifying, but no muse has ever yet stretched its daring flight to the climax of the toothache. Its horrors may not be painted; its depths of woe may not be sounded. It is itself the consummation of all natural evil—the crowning stone of the edifice of human infirmity. But, hush!—it speaks to my inmost spirit in grumbling thunder tones that may not be disregarded, bidding me wrap my whole soul in the contemplation of its merits. Come, then, let solemn silence muse its praise. M. A.

EDITORIAL.

REJECTED CONTRIBUTIONS. We have been asked why we do not follow the usual custom, of noticing our rejected articles, and criticising them in our editorial corner. We know this is very common; but we do not feel under any obligations to do a thing because it is customary. We are not at all fashionable, and we wish our magazine to be unique rather than fashionable. We shall do nothing merely because it is done by others. And we shall endeavor to avoid what we consider wrong in them. These public notices of rejected articles remind us of the frequent habit of censuring individuals in their absence, and when they cannot defend themselves.

However, were *we* to adopt this practice, we might have an excuse for it which others cannot offer; for many, who read the Offering, would wish to know, for philosophical reasons, what are the subjects which interest the minds of those who have not sufficient cultivation to express themselves suitably for publication.

But then, if we were to criticise in that sarcastic manner which is so pleasing to readers, we should be reminded that what is sport to them may be death to some contributor—we mean death as a contributor.

We have before us a pile of contributions, some of which are certainly amenable to ridicule, as well as criticism; and it might be beneficial to the writers to have their faults pointed out, and we would willingly do it were we confident that our motives would be appreciated, and no offence taken. Here are a number of articles, which the writers evidently sent us as *poems in blank verse*. Now we can speak a word from experience in this matter; for we once essayed to do the same. We were very careful that the lines should not fill the page as exactly as in prose, nor as unequally as in rhyme, and that each should commence with a capital letter; and then we thought ourself upon the safe side. With excessive modesty we presented this proof presumptive of our intercourse with the Muses to a publisher; but O! what a Thanksgiving dinner for the critic. We did not like to give up; so, after studying all the rules of feet, and quantity, and accent, we sat down very heroically, and commenced another. We did it well as far as we went; and there it is now, a proof positive that some folks can do a thing as well as some other folks. Bunker Hill monument is completed, and our "poem in blank verse" may be finished sometime; and when it is our readers shall certainly know it.

But our rejected articles—we must put them all back in the drawer, until "a more convenient season"—and perhaps some, which are now rejected, in future may be accepted, if there should come a dearth, and then we shall be glad that we did not forestall the judgment of our subscribers. H. F.

THE LOWELL OFFERING.

MARCH, 1844.

THE SMUGGLER.*

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW weeks after the battle of Lake Champlain, Mr. James Reed, of New Haven, Connecticut, was surprised by a visit one morning, at his counting-room, from Edward Clapp, of Boston, nephew of the late Daniel Barnes. Mr. Reed surveyed his visitor a few moments in astonishment, for nearly three years had elapsed since the decease of Mr. Barnes; and this was the first intimation he had received that the nephew was at all interested in Mr. Barnes's will.

"Undoubtedly, sir," commenced Edward, "you are surprised at my visit. But why you should be is, I confess, a matter of surprise to me. You are already informed that I am to become the husband of your eldest daughter previous to my twenty-fifth year, or forfeit all claims to my uncle's estate."

"I am aware, sir," returned Mr. Reed, "that some such proviso is annexed to your uncle's will. But perhaps you remain to be informed, that twenty such wills would not buy my consent, for my daughter's acceptance of a husband who only sought her as the means of redeeming his estate."

"If such is your answer," continued Edward, "can you inform me what was the operating influence which induced my uncle to annex such conditions to his will?"

"Of that I am as ignorant as yourself, and perhaps more so," answered Mr. Reed. "Your uncle was an early friend of mine, and we accidentally met, after a long separation, the year before he died. At that time, he spent some weeks at my house, and apparently became much attached to my daughter Jane. But, not even to me, did he hint any such wish as his will has made evident he formed. The first knowledge or thought I had of the matter, was from the executors of the will. And as I never have heard from you, I supposed that you was too high spirited to make your marriage a mere pecuniary matter."

"Perhaps I have wronged you," returned Edward; "if so, I shall regret it. But, pardon me, I would know whether your daughter is acquainted with the facts of the will, and with my name?"

"My daughter never has heard your name mentioned, and is as ignorant of the will as though it never existed. I thought that if you warranted the

high estimation in which your uncle held you, it would not favor your suit for her to feel that her inclinations were forced at all. That it would be better to let the matter take its own course. If you sought and pleased her, my consent would not have been withheld. But of *her* you have not thought, and only at this late hour ask her to save your property. I know that a mercenary connection would make Jane miserable; and I repeat that twenty such wills would not induce me to aid or abet in her becoming your wife."

"The whole matter must rest on one of Uncle Daniel's whims," said Edward, as his countenance brightened. "One question further, and I think the matter may rest: Are your daughter's affections free?"

"To the best of my knowledge and belief, they are. The only thing wherein I have sought to influence her was, to prevent her affections from being engaged prematurely. I have said the same to her, and expressed my desire that she should not think of an early marriage?"

"And will you grant me one favor?" asked Edward.

"Certainly, if consistent," replied Mr. Reed; "I will do that for the memory of your uncle."

"I thank you," returned Edward, ashamed of the injustice which he had cherished towards Mr. Reed. "For my own sake I should hardly dare ask it after the specimen I have given you of my rudeness; I am abrupt, but again I crave your pardon."

"I will pardon you, young sir," rejoined Mr. Reed, for he saw that Edward was much embarrassed, "if you will frankly inform me wherein I can serve you."

"Will you see your daughter," asked Edward, "and inform her fully of my uncle's will, and tell her that his nephew seeks her hand as one of the conditions by which to secure the estate? Will you do this without revealing my name, and with the knowledge that I will not marry her if she will accept me on such terms? I know this is a singular commission to give a father, but as an honorable man I could not intrust it to another person. I mean nothing disrespectful to your daughter; but, if she refuses me as my uncle's nephew, tell her that I will not take the answer from any person but herself, and insist upon a personal interview. Of course, if she will accept me upon the conditions of the will, we cannot meet. Will you grant this favor?"

"Your request is singular," replied Mr. Reed, "but there is something behind that you have not informed me of. I cannot promise to comply with your wishes unless I know why you would subject my daughter to such an ordeal."

"To be frank, sir," returned Edward, "I have seen your daughter; and, without knowing who she was, conceived for her a deep and respectful passion. If it had not been for this, you never would have seen me here; but I am not assured that she returns my feelings; and I wish all suspicion of any influence from the bequest to be at rest before I seek to renew our acquaintance, or to solicit a return of feeling from her."

"This is strange," remarked Mr. Reed; "Jane never has mentioned your name, and she is very frank in her communications to her mother and myself. Where did you meet her?"

"In the north part of Vermont," replied Edward. "When she was returning home last March, she was detained, by a storm, several days, at a tavern among the mountains, where I was detained also."

"Culver was the name of the people where she stopped, was it not?" asked Mr. Reed.

"Yes," returned Edward.

"I have often heard her speak of the incident," continued Mr. Reed, "but your name has never been mentioned, or I should have recognized it. But—I will grant your request, Mr. Clapp. Call here this afternoon, at five o'clock, and I will tell you the result of my interview with my daughter." And, bidding each other "good morning," they parted.

Mr. Reed immediately returned to his house, and sought an interview with his daughter. She listened to his narration with astonishment.

"And why," said she, as he closed, "have I been kept in ignorance of this matter? Tell me, my father, was it this that made you so fearful that I should form some other attachment?"

"Your previous knowledge of these facts would not have been likely to have furthered my wishes upon the subject," returned Mr. Reed. "And it was this, which made me wish that you might be left free and unfettered by any previous preference, to decide the question calmly, if circumstances should demand an answer."

"And you wish me, father, to accept of this man, whom I never saw, for the sake of securing a rich husband?" asked Jane, vainly endeavoring to appear calm.

"I do not wish, my daughter, that you should be influenced by any other motive than your own unbiassed judgment," replied her father, smiling.

"Oh, you have only done this, papa, to try me," replied Jane, losing her fears in the sunshine of her father's smile.

"No, Jane," returned her father, "I am not testing your strength of character, or affection and obedience to me. There truly is this question for *you* to decide. Will you take Mr. Barnes's nephew or not? Answer frankly, as you please. I could not, for my life, say whether I wish you to say yes or no."

"If you don't care, I do not want a minute to think of it. No, papa, *never*," was Jane's earnest answer.

"But I have not told you all. In case of a refusal, the young man declines receiving his answer through me. He desires a personal interview, and even insists upon it."

"Oh, I cannot see him," returned Jane, hastily.

"I have promised that you should, my daughter. I will introduce you to him in the library, and you may retire the moment that you repeat 'no, never,' as you did a moment ago."

"If you wish it, papa, I will," rejoined Jane. "But he must be a conceited puppy," she added, laughing, "if he thinks my looking at him will change my answer."

"Perhaps he is," returned Mr. Reed, carelessly; "but he is tolerably good looking, and may be forgiven. I shall return with him between five and six o'clock, so con your lesson well—'*No, never*.' " And, laughing, he retired to his counting-room.

Edward was punctual to his engagement, although his heart beat rather more audibly than it ever did for a custom-house officer, or a foreign foe. After exchanging salutations with Mr. Reed, "I am impatient," said he, "to learn the result of your mission to your daughter."

"Her answer is very firm, and a decided refusal to the nephew of the late Mr. Barnes," returned Mr. Reed.

"She will repeat it to me also, will she?" asked Edward.

"She was very averse to meeting you at all; but I rather exceeded my instructions, and insisted upon it. Her compliance must be attributed to parental authority, rather than a desire to gratify you," returned Mr. Reed.

"Believe me, sir, I appreciate your kindness," said Edward, huskily.

"We will walk, if you please, Mr. Clapp," said Mr. Reed; and, drawing the young gentleman's arm within his own, he led the way to his house. After conducting Edward to the library, he said, "I have promised my daughter that she shall not be detained after repeating her refusal; and you will not attribute it to a want of courtesy if I make the interview short in consideration of her feelings."

Edward bowed, but did not reply; and Mr. Reed went to conduct Jane.

"Mr. Clapp, this is my eldest daughter, the lady designated in your uncle's will," said Mr. Reed, as he entered the room with Jane leaning upon his arm.

"Mr. Clapp!" repeated Jane, bewildered.

"Miss Reed, pardon me," said Edward, advancing towards her, "if I have given you pain by insisting upon this interview. Nothing but the positive assurance from your own lips, that you would not unite your fate with mine, could destroy the hopes which I have nourished since we parted."

The astonishment and emotion of Jane nearly overpowered her.

"Be calm, my child," said her father, tenderly supporting her to a seat; "you have only to repeat your refusal, and this interview is terminated."

Tears came to her relief, and she dropped her head upon her father's bosom, sobbing audibly.

"Do you refuse to be my wife, because I am my uncle's nephew?" asked Edward in a low voice, taking her hand and pressing it to his heart. The hand was not withdrawn.

"My father," whispered Jane, looking timidly up, "I have not deceived you—but—"

"I know all," returned her father, in the same voice; "if you regret your refusal, it need not be repeated."

"I did not know that Mr. Clapp was—I thought"—stammered Jane.

"I only desire your happiness, my child," said her father; and his voice trembled. He rose; and, motioning Edward to the seat which he had occupied, he took their clasped hands in his.

"Be kind to her as I have been," said he, in a low voice, to Edward. And then, rallying, he added, with an attempt at playfulness, "You will excuse me—my business is urgent, and I shall have to leave you, Mr. Clapp, to extract Jane's emphatic 'no, never.'" And he left the room.

"And do you positively refuse to be my wife?" said Edward, as he clasped her in his arms, as her father closed the door.

"No, never!" was his assurance of bliss, as Jane buried her head in his bosom.

A word in conclusion, and our "*bobbin-box* will be empty." We have endeavored to exhibit the character of an American smuggler in its true light. If we have failed in our aim or delineation, we can only express our regret that we had not the ability to perform the task we undertook. An American smuggler is as far removed from the character of a *bandit*, as he is from that of a *coward*. Indulgent reader, *adieu*.

H. F. C.

THE WORLD.

THE world! how beautiful and blest it seems
 When, from the home of childhood, forth we look
 O'er its wide, heaving, unexplored expanse.
 It is as if we stood within a dell,
 A little sheltered nook, and thence beheld
 A stately grove, such as the Orient shows,
 Stretching away beyond our narrow ken,
 Its towering trees dressed in perpetual green,
 Their branches all alive with singing birds,
 In golden plumage; while, beneath their shade,
 Flit lightly the dim outlines of fair forms
 All brightly robed, with songs and laughing sport
 The swift-winged hours beguiling. Ardently
 We view the dazzling scene, and wishful cry,
 "Oh! pleasant world! how shall we come to thee?"
 Alas! until into this charmed land
 We eager rush, we know not that the trees,
 Whose shade we envied, pois'nous dews distil,
 Worse than the Upas bane, on all beneath;
 Nor that the birds are sirens that allure
 To dark despair and death. We may not know
 That the gay bands that mingle there wear not
 Their real faces, but in painted masks
 Perform their giddy parts; and that the laugh,
 The song, the shout, are but a mockery;
 But when we see the flimsy covering fall,
 And, from the rank grass, feel the reptiles creep,
 And twine around us, and, within our veins,
 The venom working, bitterly we cry,
 "Away with thee, thou cheating, hated world!"

L. M.

AN ALLEGORY.

AN allegory!—what is an allegory? And I mused upon the question until I lost my mental identity, and was only conscious that my thoughts took images and appeared in tangible shape. There was a broad ocean, studded with innumerable islands, replete with life and motion. Busy boats plied between them; some of light and airy structure—some substantial and firm. The light vessels would scarce reach the strand of one island ere they would dart off to another, while the stronger ones rested even their keel upon the beach, and their passengers landed and explored each "nook and corner," and then resumed their wonted sails for another.

"What is this?" I inquired; and, as I spoke, a grave but active old man appeared at my elbow.

"This," answered he, "is the allegory of life. The ocean is our being, our existence—who can fathom it? The barks are our thoughts, ideas, passions, or faculties of mind; and these islands are the *terra firma* of science. The ballast of those who keep upon the shore is reason; their anchors, judgment and reflection. Those that dart off from the strand

without resting to explore the region, are imagination. Some have more sails of ideality than ballast, and their anchors are seldom cast. They have no fixed object in view, but are blown about by every passing gale. Some, you see, keep on the ocean without change of position. These I should consider destitute of both ballast or sail, and are content to sink, even as they rose, without a thought or a care of their own. They have scarcely sufficient energy to enable them to sustain life, much less to adorn that life by high and noble deeds, worthy of beings endowed with such god-like powers. The best fitted vessels are those furnished with both; those who can sail or remain and examine; who, on the wings of imagination, can soar aloft into the ideal world, and revel in the beautiful visions their own fancy has created, or who, with an untiring hand, and a firm heart, will unfold the mysteries of science, and lay before the world its great and precious truths."

With these words my informant vanished, and my vision was dispelled.

M. C.

H O M E .

WHAT spot on earth is so dear to the heart as home? What word so fraught with tender recollections? The place where our youthful minds first received the instructions of a mother, and the guiding counsels of a father; where the kindness of brothers and sisters bound us together with a twofold cord, which grew with our growth, and strengthened with our strength; where the toils of the day were succeeded by the pleasures of the fireside circle, and the happiness of all was centred in the individual pleasure of each. Such scenes are unknown in the haunts of gaiety and dissipation, and the cottage fireside possesses charms far purer than do the palaces of the proud and haughty; and those, who lay their offerings upon the altar of peace and contentment, enjoy far greater happiness than the gay votaries who worship at the shrine of Fashion. While Memory recalls the scenes of the past, Fancy carries us back, and we seem to live over those happy scenes; we are again at our happy homes; glad voices greet our ear, and the clear ringing laugh of childhood blends with the notes of the bird of song. The flowers are blooming as if to gladden our approach, and the murmuring rivulet glides smoothly on its course; we are again at our tasks receiving the approval of friends; and the smile of approbation amply rewards us for our toil.

But anon these happy visions quickly pass away, and a funeral train succeeds. The bud, the blossom, and the golden grain share the same fate, and we are left alone; the voice of love is hushed, and the beaming eye is closed forever. Is it strange that we weep? That the fountains of tenderness should again be unsealed, and the buried remembrances of by-gone days awaken a thrill of emotion in the heart which causes it to vibrate painfully? The past is a golden dream, never again to be realized. Let us not despair; but, looking above for strength, press on through life's dark vale of tears till called to dwell with the happy spirits in our heavenly home.

L. A. P.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

"Who is that beautiful girl yonder?" asked Julia Stanwood of her friend, Ellen Morley, as they stood at a window in the brilliantly lighted parlor of Mr. Seymour.

"What, the one who stands opposite us, who is dressed so plainly?" asked Ellen.

"The same," was the reply. "I feel considerable curiosity to know who she is."

"And I presume it will be increased when I tell you that she is a *factory girl*," was the sneering reply.

"Why, Ellen, how can you speak so," said Julia; "do you think that any one should be despised because she works for a living?"

"Oh, no—certainly not; but I like to see them know their place, and not be always putting themselves forward as though they *were* somebody."

"And are they not *somebody*, as you please to term it?" asked Julia.

"Oh, yes—certainly," was the scornful reply; "or I suppose they would be, if you could have *your* will about it. I suppose you would have the merchant's daughter stoop to associate with the ignorant and vulgar factory girl, but I shall never do it; and I do not think Mr. Seymour should admit a girl of her standing to a place like this, even if she *is* his niece."

"Well, Ellen, as the subject is painful to you, we will drop it at once; and see, yonder comes your brother, who, I think by his looks, has something to communicate."

"Good evening, Miss Stanwood," said Mr. Morley, as he approached the window; and, after remarking upon the beauty of the evening, turned and asked if they had been introduced to the belle of the evening.

"To whom do you refer?" asked Ellen. "I do not know that I have noticed that one has received any more attention than another."

"Is it possible that you have not noticed the presence of a stranger?" asked Edward.

"If you mean the factory girl, I *have* seen *her*," was the reply; "but I did not know that *she* had received any marked attention: she has not from *me* any way."

"Why, sister, how can you speak so lightly of Miss Emmons;—but permit me to introduce you to her, and I am sure your opinion will be changed."

"I do not *crave* an acquaintance with her," was the haughty reply; "but if you are desirous of giving me an introduction to her, I have no objection." And, taking his arm, she crossed the room to the place where Miss Emmons stood. She had before been charmed by her beauty, though unwilling to own it; but from the time of their introduction a burning jealousy took possession of her heart; she feared that she should now have a rival, for she had before been the reigning attraction, and she could not bear that another should usurp her place.

A short time afterward Julia Stanwood received an introduction to her; and after that evening they were bosom friends. Julia had that evening obtained an insight into Ellen's character, which was sufficient to assure her that her friendship would be of little value.

Julia was not the only one who had noticed her unkindness to the lovely

girl. Edward Morley had not been an indifferent witness to his sister's rudeness, and he was surprised that one whom he loved so well, one whom he had deemed nearly perfect, should be guilty of such conduct.

With the exception of the above incident, the evening passed away pleasantly to all parties, and they retired to their homes well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Mr. Emmons was a wealthy merchant in the city of New York, who had married, at the age of twenty-one, the youngest sister of Mr. Seymour, a lovely girl of eighteen. Mary was their only child, and their love for her was nearly allied to idolatry. By a sudden reverse of fortune, his property was swept away, and his family reduced to beggary. This was too much for his proud spirit; and, sinking into a rapid decline, he soon slumbered in the dust. Their sudden change of fortune, and the death of her husband, followed each other so quickly, that Mrs. Emmons also fell a victim to disease, and, in less than three months after the death of her husband, the grave was opened to receive her lifeless remains; and Mary was left an orphan at the age of seventeen.

On hearing the sad news of the misfortune which had befallen them, Mr. Seymour hastened to New York, and arrived there just in time to see the dying struggles of his sister, and take the lovely orphan under his care. She returned with him to his home, and accepted the kind invitation to make it hers.

As the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour were still bleeding under the recent affliction of the death of their only child, their affections fastened upon this new object with increased strength. After remaining with them a year, she expressed a wish to go to the factory. They at first attempted to dissuade her from it, but she was so earnest in her desire that they finally consented, as she promised to return in a year. During her absence, as Mr. Seymour had business of importance in another part of the state, he removed to a town about eighty miles from his former residence.

At the end of the year, Mary returned; and, wishing to introduce her to society, the party in which we have first presented her to notice, was given for that purpose.

We will now pass over the period of three months; during which time summer had relinquished its lovely flowers for the sere foliage of autumn. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate, in the back parlor of Mr. Seymour's mansion. Edward Morley was seated upon the sofa, holding the hand of Mary Emmons, and looking into her face with an intense anxiety, as if waiting for a sentence of life or death.

At length she spoke, and her voice trembled like the aspen leaf as she answered, "Mr. Morley, I respect, nay, I love you, but under existing circumstances, I can never be yours!"

"And what, dear Mary, has caused this change in love?"

"Say not *change*," she hastily replied, "that is unchanged—unchangeable; but you know the feelings of your sister toward me, and I could never be happy in the *unhappiness* of another."

"I know," he answered, sorrowfully, "that she has treated you with unkindness; but if this can be overcome, will you then consent to be mine?"

"I will," was the calm reply.

Without saying another word, he took his hat from the table, and de-

parted. When he reached his home he found his sister alone in the sitting-room. Seating himself beside her, he introduced the subject by telling her of the prospects which he feared she had crushed forever. As he continued, a frown gathered upon her brow, and a hasty exclamation rose to her lips; but when he told her of the sacrifice which the self-denying girl was about to make to *her* pride, her better feelings triumphed; and, covering her face with her hands, the proud and haughty girl wept in bitterness of spirit.

Hastily rising, she opened her writing-desk, and taking a pen wrote a note, and handed to her brother, saying, "I cannot go to her, but give her this, and tell her that to-morrow I will see her."

"My sister, your conscience will reward you for this," said he, as he closed the door, and hastily retraced his steps. Without stopping to ring for admittance, he entered, and found Mary sitting in the parlor, where he had left her. Traces of tears were visible on her cheeks, but a smile quickly succeeded, as she saw the expression of joy upon his countenance. Taking the note from his hand, she perused it; and then, looking him steadfastly in the face, asked him if he believed that it was the language of sincerity.

"Yes," was the reply; "and I know that she will be proud of such a sister."

But we will here leave them in the enjoyment of their new-found happiness, for the scene is too sacred for the eye of strangers.

A few days afterward, Mrs. Seymour was busily engaged in ornamenting a bride's cake, and Mary Emmons and Ellen Morley were trimming a white satin dress, when a letter was brought in and handed to Mary, who hastily perused it, and laid it in her work-box.

"Well," said Ellen, "I think you are rather sly with your letter; but if I cannot have the pleasure of reading it, I shall take the Yankee's privilege of guessing, and I guess that it came from Lowell."

"Well, I rather guess that you have guessed right; and as you are so good at guessing, I guess I will let you read it," replied Mary, laughing.

"Well, Ellen, what do you think of my factory friend," asked Mary, as Ellen returned the letter.

"Well, Mary, to tell you the truth, I think that she needs no better recommendation than her being an associate of yours; but if I were to judge from this letter, I should think that she was one whom you might well be proud of."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Mary, laughing, "and I am proud of her, and of many others there; and I shall not soon forget their kindness to me when I was a stranger among them."

Mary was true to her promise; and, as a substantial proof of her remembrance, they received, a short time after the receipt of the above letter, one from Mrs. Morley, accompanied by her card and a slice of cake. And Ellen Morley never had occasion to regret that her brother had chosen for his companion, a factory girl.

P. A. L.

FREDERIC II. AND THE CHERRIES.

Translated from the French.

THE King of Prussia, Frederic II., was very fond of good cheer, and particularly of fruits, with which he was supplied at each season of the year, by large and beautiful green-houses. One day his gardener carried him sixty cherries of the choicest kind, and for which a very high price was generally paid. This was Christmas-day. He admired them a long time, tasted some, then chose the finest, arranged them with much care in a box, which he closed and sealed. This done, he wrote to his wife to announce to her that he had chosen these cherries for her, and that he hoped she would eat them with much pleasure, etc. He rang for the page in waiting, and gave him the box and note for the queen, which he was to deliver to her majesty in person, who resided usually at Monbijoux, the royal chateau at some leagues from Berlin.

The page, who had observed all the movements of the king through the key-hole, who had seen him eat the cherries, and put some in the box which he held in his hands, was strongly tempted to taste them in his turn. But how should he do it? The box was too firmly closed; and this royal seal? Ah, bah! said he to himself, it is right. *I wish* to eat them, and I will! Once, determined, he wandered from the road, dismounted from his horse, seated himself upon the snow, broke the seal, and opened the box. His figure became radiant, his mouth watered on perceiving those beautiful cherries. He seized one, eat it; a second, a third—in fine, the thirty vanished in a few moments; the box is empty, to the great regret of the page! Then the reflection, but what will the king say? terrified him! This was only the affair of a moment! He soon reassured himself, broke the box, tore the note of the king, and concealed the whole under a heap of snow. He remounted his horse, and gaily retraced his steps to Berlin. Frederic was much astonished to see his page return at so early an hour, and much more so when he, in the name of the queen, paid him a compliment singular enough, saying to him, that she had found those cherries so excellent that she prayed his majesty the king, to send her some more soon! “But,” said Frederic, surprised, “has she then eaten all those cherries in thy presence, and so quickly too?” “Yes, sire,” said the page, impudently, without faltering; and the affair rested there.

New-year's day arrived, and with it the ceremonies of the court, which required, among others, that the queen and all the royal family should pay their court to the king. After having spoken for sometime with the queen, Frederic was much astonished that she said not a word of those beautiful cherries. He gave her to understand that he was surprised; but she, not being able to understand him, knew not what to say. Frederic, who could no longer contain himself, demanded: But, madam, is it possible that you say not a word of those beautiful cherries which I sent you? What cherries, sire? Explain yourself, if you please! Then the king, suspecting the truth, related to the queen all that had passed with his page; and the latter assured him that she had seen neither page, note, or cherries! They could not help laughing at the pleasant trick which had been played on them by a child of twelve years; but Frederic intended to punish the culprit.

Some days after, he called this page, and gave him a sealed note addressed to the adjutant of the pages, which he ordered him to carry to the officer, and await the reply. My spy, who from a corner of the hall had observed the conversation, the rage of the king, and the astonishment of the queen, then the burst of laughter, doubted not the intention of his master, and knew not how to escape the punishment which he knew he had well merited. By chance he encountered an old Jew. This sight restored his good humor; he called him, and said to him, "Ah, friend Abraham, I am very eager to go to the play—pray take this note to the adjutant, and await his reply. Hold!—this for thy trouble." The Jew, seeing the money, was very well satisfied to carry the note of the king. This adjutant was an old soldier; and, being accustomed to the most severe discipline, was taciturn and grave. He broke the seal, and read in a low voice what follows: "You will give, to the bearer of this, twenty-five blows, well applied; and make report of it to the governor of the pages. Signed FREDERIC."

The adjutant, much astonished at this order, looked at the Jew, who very humbly awaited a reply, arose, locked the door, and, without saying a word, fell upon the poor man, who uttered loud cries, and protested his innocence, by saying that a page had given him this bad note in the street. But nothing could cause the adjutant to relent, and Abraham received the twenty-five blows well counted! The page during this time remained at the corner of the street to await Abraham, who came forth howling with pain, and cursing the page. The latter, overjoyed to have escaped the chastisement reserved for him, waited no longer, but ran directly to the chateau, without being seen by the Jew, and related his adventure to his comrades assembled in the saloon of the pages. They laughed so loudly that the king, astonished at so much noise, rang to know the cause. He called the little spy, in order to question him; and, surprised to see him radiant with joy, he demanded if he had executed his commission, and why his comrades were so merry.

Then the page fell at the feet of the king, owned his fault, begged pardon very humbly, and related with so much simplicity the trick which he had played upon Abraham, whom the king loved not, that Frederic could not help laughing himself. He pardoned the young man, and advanced him rapidly.

E. W. S.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN the labors and scenes of the day are ended, and the evening hour of rest arrives, its cool refreshing breezes well repay us for all our toil, provided we feel a consciousness of having faithfully performed the various duties devolving upon us. The calmness of evening cannot but remind us of life's decline, when we shall have finished our daytime here on earth, and are about to hear the pleasing annunciation, "*Well done, good and faithful servant,*" thy days are finished, and the evening hour has come when there will be no more labor or fatigue. Is there any thing more lovely than a calm moonlight evening? Every thing looks so beautiful, so enchanting—the moon reflecting her mild light upon the face of the smooth waters, and spreading her sweet and placid influence over

every scene. It is then we recall the days that are past ; we think of our youthful playmates and childish sports. We bring before our mind's eye a friend, a cousin, who then shared with us our joys and our sorrows ; now she is slumbering in the lonely grave ; the gentle moonbeams fall upon the sacred spot where the form we so fondly loved is now mouldering and commingling with its mother Earth.

At this hour, too, we look forward to the future. We often transfer ourselves to a land of happiness by the power of imagination ; we build many a bright and lofty castle, which perhaps falls and disappears with the hour itself. At this hour, too, we cast an eye through the narrow precincts of this earth, into a boundless eternity whither we are journeying, and where we hope to find at last a haven of rest. NEWELL.

STANZAS.

OH ! why should we ever be sad,
 When with pleasure all nature is beaming ?
 The birds and the flow'rets are glad,
 And the sunlight is joyously streaming.
 The vale and the stream wear a smile ;
 The soft summer clouds gaze down brightly ;
 And the zephyrs laugh merrily, while
 They dance through the forest boughs lightly.

E'en the grim, frowning visage of Night,—
 Enthroned in his sable pavilion ;
 Relaxes beneath the bland light
 Of star-eyes, so many a million.
 And Ocean, whose doleful complaint
 Day and night, and for aye, is resounding ;
 O'er his wild billows holds no restraint,
 And in mirth to the shore they are bounding.

Then why should we ever be sad,
 When the wide earth is glowing with pleasure ?
 'Tis surely worth while to be glad,
 Or Nature would deem it no treasure.
 This world is a beautiful world,
 And our spirits should mirror its beauty.
 Love's banner, within us unfurled,
 With ardor will cheer to our duty.

A glance from a love-lighted eye—
 A smile ever placid and cheerful—
 Will make every dull shadow fly
 From the orbs that were saddened and tearful.
 Blithe words have a magical power
 To subdue in the heart Care's dominion ;
 Ill-temper may triumph an hour,
 Then, conquered, she'll spread her black pinion.

'Twere pleasant, if only by name
 We mortals knew trouble and sorrow.
 But life is not always the same,
 And a bright eve may bring a dark morrow.
 Yet, since changes must ever betide,
 And from darkness there is no protection,
 We will look on the sunniest side,
 And our faces will bear its reflection

L. L.

THE AFFECTIONS ILLUSTRATED IN FACTORY LIFE.

NO. IV. — THE BETROTHED.

THE small private parlor of Mrs. Royall's boarding-house was relinquished, one evening, to Serena Lowe, who sat there alone, but awaiting some expected visitor.

Serena was one of the very plainest looking of Mrs. Royall's boarders, but she was much beloved, by the whole family, for her calm even disposition, her readiness to oblige, her patience with the young and careless, and her perfect consistency of character. Well had she been called *Serena*, for serene was she always in look and manner; and so still and gentle had ever been the tenor of her life, that *few* suspected, and *none* knew, how much of silent strength lay concentrated in her heart.

She was attired with much care this night, and none of the girls wondered, for Serena was expecting her lover. A dark brown silk gown, without a superfluous plait or fold, and a plain white cape, comprised her dress. Her black hair was combed smoothly back; and, save *one* gold ring, she wore no ornament. Her look and manner were so calm that, but for the occasional glance toward the open window, none would have thought her an anxious waiter. Heavy steps were frequently heard upon the pavement, and, as they approached nearer, and turned toward her door, it seemed as if each footfall pressed upon her heart. But one and another came, and went again, yet *he* had not arrived. Was this like an ardent suitor? Jealousy said *no*; though Tenderness thought of many a satisfactory excuse; and, to pass away the tedious time, Serena untied a large packet of letters. They had been written by her lover, and each had probably been perused a hundred times before; but, as they were now to be returned to him, she could not refrain from another parting glance. While she is thus employed we will inform our readers of some of the events which had occasioned this correspondence, and why Serena was resolved that it should no longer continue.

Serena Lowe was about sixteen years of age, and John Newton seventeen, when the fancy seized them that they loved each other better than any one else in the whole world. How they came to this understanding they hardly knew themselves; but it must have been by some instinct, for there was a tacit acknowledgment to this effect long before there was an open confession.

After the latter obstacle was happily surmounted, it was a very easy affair to promise eternal constancy, and resolve to be married as soon as the parents were willing, and old Mr. Newton's house was all finished off. Serena began to make patchwork when her thirty knots per day were spun; and John to calculate how many cords of wood he must cut and sell to make the unfinished half of his father's house habitable. Meanwhile the two lovers were very happy, and it was that calm untroubled happiness which is experienced by many of our simple honest country youth at this interesting period of their lives. The anticipated time at length drew very near. John was twenty-one, Serena twenty, "the other half" finished, the quilts made, to say nothing of the blue-and-white coverlids, and a fine linen counterpane. Every thing was arranged, even to the steers which

John was to take from his father's stock, and the pickles and dried apple which were to be allotted to Serena from her mother's store-room. John's wedding suit, too—it was not purchased yet; but, in imagination, he had possessed it for a long time. It was to be of "*boughten*" broadcloth—the first of that material which had ever graced his wardrobe; and Serena's wedding gown—the white cambric was bought more than a year before, at the village store, together with a quantity of linen floss, and all her acquaintance conjectured that an amalgamation of the two was mysteriously going on during the afternoons when she was so strictly secluded in her little chamber.

But the quiet and plans of the lovers, as well as of almost every one else in their little village, was most effectually disturbed by the arrival of an evangelist, or reformation preacher, in the little community; and the religious interests of the villagers were taken entirely out of the hands of the old gray-headed parson, who was, besides, most bitterly reproached for his past remissness, and frightful calculations were made of the number of souls already lost through his neglect. Among the number who were early awakened to the danger of their thoughtless situation, was John Newton; and he was an active assistant of the preacher in warning his old companions to flee from the wrath to come. If a new spirit had not, in truth, been given to the young man, a dormant one had been awakened, for, from that time, he was another being. Firm, bold, and ardent, his appeals were always made with real eloquence, and a success was the result of his labors which confirmed him in the design of making this work the labor of his life. He felt within him a voice, which he might not disobey, urging him to "go, and preach the gospel."

He had not been unmindful of the spiritual welfare of her who had been so dear to him, and Serena stood at his side when they covenanted together to be henceforth of God's people.

But there was not that change in her which had been wrought in her lover, and the same serenity, which had always characterized her, was manifested throughout this agitating period. And when John told her of his entire change of plans—how he wished to defer their union until he had become a thoroughly educated minister, and that they must separate for many years, she calmly acquiesced. She neither urged him on, in the new course he had resolved upon, nor said aught to discourage him. If there was any feeling of disappointment, that the union, to which she had looked forward with so much pleasure, should now be deferred indefinitely, she never expressed it.

Years passed by, and wrought their changes.

The parents of John and Serena had both died, and the patrimony of the former was more than spent in the attainment of his darling object. Serena, too, had left the old homestead, and sought a home in Lowell. She had a twofold reason for doing this: one was, a want of employment, for little nieces were growing up to take her place in the old farm-house; the other was, a desire to lay by money for the time, which she hoped would come, when the education of her lover being finished, and a situation obtained, their union should at length be consummated. At that time he would be penniless, even if free from debt, and how pleasant it would be to her to bring into their new home the comforts which they would need. Years passed on, in humble constant toil, supported by calm unwavering love and hope. But these years stole the bloom from her cheek,

and sharpened the lineaments of her form. Her frame, too, had felt the influence of a feeling allied to the heart-sickness of *hope deferred*. John had frequently been obliged to leave his studies, to gain funds as an instructor, and the time was very long ere his design was completed. But this probation was now over. He was the regularly ordained pastor of a flourishing parish; and, on the evening we have introduced Serena to our readers, they were to meet and decide upon the time and place for a performance of the ceremony, which would unite their interests for life. Why, then, should Serena have looked so sad? and why did she sometimes breathe so long and deep, and at others so short and gaspingly? Why did she press her hand to her brow, and why did tears start as she reperused that worn packet of letters?

Serena knew that John had ceased to love her; and, had he not, she deeply felt her incompetency for the station to which he would raise her. The idea, that she would be an unsuitable companion for him, had crossed her mind many years before; but it was banished as too unpleasant to be admitted there. Still it would haunt her, and, as he increased in mental wealth, she more keenly deplored her own poverty. She had not the means to educate herself, and she was not naturally sufficiently intellectual to surmount all difficulties, and attain what Fortune had withheld. She knew that her lover was even more aware of her deficiencies than herself—she felt that it must be so, and he would be ashamed of her; or, at all events, sorry for her. With the keen sensitiveness of true love she could perceive a difference in his letters. They were those of a good man, and a kind friend, but they were not those of a lover. O, there is naught in this wide world so exacting as love. Serena could not feel satisfied with a hand, which duty compelled him to give, when the heart was wanting.

There was also an inferiority of person as well as of mind. The light of intellect, which now irradiated the countenance of John Newton, had given to him a new and superior beauty; and Serena was but “a sad sal-low shrunken old maid.” She had never been beautiful—she had never desired to be, but “to one alone;” and now, that youth and health were gone, she knew that she was destitute of all personal attractions.

All these convictions had been deepened in her by a visit made to the new friends of her lover. She had been present at his ordination, and been presented by him to his acquaintance as his intended bride. Among these was a beautiful and highly gifted young lady, the daughter of his hostess. Serena had been much struck by her beauty, her sweetness, and refinement. She knew her lover well enough to feel conscious that he was not insensible to the influence of such attractions, and she wondered why he had proved so true to her. She listened to the conversations in which John engaged most earnestly: they were those in which she could bear no part, and her heart ached as the subjects were changed for her sake. She listened to the sweet notes of the piano, as its keys were swept by a delicate hand, and when the deep voice of her lover mingled with its melody, she knew that she could never thus contribute to his happiness. But all these thoughts and feelings had been kept in her heart, as in a sealed book.

And what were the feelings of John Newton? They were precisely such as the sensitive heart of Serena had imagined them to be. He felt that, in her, he was to have a helpmeet in his home, an affectionate nurse in sickness, and a constant friend in health; but that, in his higher nature,

he was to be alone—a single man through life. There was no congeniality of intellect, no sympathy with his deepest feelings. Did duty thus compel him to wed? Must he be *true to an untruth*? Must he promise always to love when love was already dead?

Yet, for her sake, he felt that he could not part from Serena—she had been constant to him so long—so faithful to their juvenile engagement, that he could not discard her now. If he had only foreseen this at first—if he had resigned her when she might have cherished other hopes, and formed other attachments—if he had only done this, how much better for both. But now there could be no separation, unless at her desire. This was but justice to her long-trying love and constancy.

We will return to Serena. She had laid aside, with a hasty glance, the letters, excepting the last. She must read all this once more. She hurried through the commencement, and then read on.

“I will be with you Wednesday evening, and then you must decide upon the wedding day; and let it be very soon, for I wish your hard labors to cease. Do you remember, Serena, when you appointed this day before? What a change in both since then—a blessed change to both, in one sense, and to me in every respect. When I first believed that I was chosen of God, and appointed by Him, to preach his Holy Gospel, how the world changed to me—and how I changed—I felt as though I had no right to myself, no right to say, ‘Let another do this work.’ I felt as though I must resign all the hopes I had cherished, which would conflict with this, and I did it. I was blessed in the sacrifice. I was happy in the thought that, by long striving, I might enable myself to win souls to Christ. Neither was it in my religious nature alone that I was gratified. My intellect expanded, and there was bliss in the new world that Science opened to me. It was like a dark cave, in which, as I entered, the light shone and brightened. As I passed on, the shapeless rocks around me assumed forms of beauty, and gleamed with hues like precious stones. And to this cave, Serena, no limits have ever been found—each successive step reveals new wonders, and the ever-increasing brightness is reflected upon that which lies behind us. Would that I could have taken you with me, but it required all my energies to force, for myself, an entrance there.

But I have formed a very pleasant plan for the future. The parsonage, in which we shall live, is very beautiful, and all our neighbors will be kind and friendly. I do not see as we can help being happy. They tell me that your factories unfit a woman for domestic life; but, unless you have a very poor memory, you will be an excellent housekeeper. Your duties will be light; and, in your leisure hours, I wish you to devote yourself to study. It will be tedious at first, but I shall be your instructor, and you may rest assured that I shall be very patient.”

Tears blinded the eyes of Serena, and she could read no farther. She felt that this was no “love-letter”—that such plans for connubial bliss were not like those which he would have formed with the woman who would now have been his choice. She had once known what it was to be really deeply loved, or she would not have been so well aware of the difference now. But she restrained her tears; she forced a smile, for she heard footsteps approaching which she knew must be *his*. The step of her betrothed was at the door, and she went to greet him.

“Why, Serena,” said he, as he entered the room, and saw the packet of letters lying upon the table. “So you have commenced already—re-

ally, I did not think you could be so much of a *bleu*. Are these effusions prose or poetry?"

"They are both, John; but they are not *my* productions. They are *yours*—your letters to me. I have brought them here to return them to you—to tell you that I cannot keep them, and that I can receive no more."

Serena stood before her lover as she said this, in a calm firm tone, with her eyes fixed searchingly upon him, and she saw the involuntary start of pleasure which was controlled at the instant; and, from that moment, she had new strength.

"But why is this, Serena? why do you withdraw from our engagement at this late period?"

"I have long known that I ought to do it, but I was very weak. I have now overcome this weakness, and set you free from an engagement which ought not to bind you longer. You ask me *why*, and yet you know that I am deficient in many of the requisites for a minister's wife. I have always thought her duties similar to her husband's—that she should be one who could share many of his pastoral labors, as well as sympathize in all of them. She should be fitted for her work, as well as he, and have confidence and ability to go forward in it. More than this, I am not fit to be the wife of any learned man. I am very ignorant, and too old to commence a life of study. If I had taste, yet I have not heart for it. I feel worn, both mind and body; I shrink from cares, responsibilities, and exertions, and wish for rest. Life is just beginning with you; you have health and strength, and your heart beats strong with hope. Choose, then, for your companion, one who is, in heart and mind, congenial with yourself, and my prayers shall ever arise for your mutual happiness."

Serena placed the letters in his hand; and, without trusting herself to say *farewell*, she left him. Her voice had not once faltered during the interview; her countenance did not betray her; her eyes were no tell-tales, and John Newton did not dream that she had made a sacrifice.

After this he addressed several letters to her, to know whether she were really in earnest, or, if so, if she did not regret her withdrawal from their engagement. Serena was firm, and the correspondence terminated at her earnest request.

Summer and Autumn passed, carrying with them birds, blossoms, and beauty, and even so faded hope, mirth, and cheerfulness, from the heart of Serena. She had never known, until it was withdrawn, how much of stimulus there was in hope and love. She prayed for strength and support, for she was weak and lonely. She heard of Newton's marriage with the lovely girl whom she had seen, and she endeavored to rejoice in his happiness. She was glad that she had released him; she had felt that this would be, and had known before that she was the repellant between two, for whom there was strong mutual attraction. She feared that she was slightly selfish, for she could not be very joyful, but she was very calm. She sought pleasure, and found it, in spiritual hopes and joys. The trials of the past were sanctified to her—the sorrows of life had been like the black clouds of winter, that send, from their dark bosoms, the beautiful white mantle which conceals the bleak roughness of earth, and envelopes it in purity and beauty.

Winter passed—the pleasant spring time came; and it brought, as it bringeth ever, new hopes and fresh beauties, the song of birds and streams, and the incense of newly blossomed flowers.

Serena left the mill, and went home, that she might see if the breezes from the hills, and fragrance from the meadows, would not impart some buoyancy to her frame, and freshness to her heart.

Then came summer; with its deeper verdure, its richer foliage, its lovelier flowers, and sultry heat. John Newton left his home, in the thickly settled village; for he wished his bride to see the home of his youth—the hills where he had rambled in boyhood, and the streams where he had often played—the old tree also, where he had often met her, who was the love of his youth; and the house, in which he had once thought to spend his life with her.

He took his young wife also to the village burial ground—where the grass was long and rank over the graves of his parents, and the stones were deeply sunken where his grand-parents were laid. They went, too, where the freshly cut turf was withering over a new-made grave—where there was as yet no head-stone, and the prints of many footsteps had not been wholly effaced by wind and rain—and they felt their hearts united by a stronger and holier love as they stood together at the last resting place of Serena Lowe.

ADELIA.

OUR IMPROVEMENT CIRCLE.

TIME, on the wheels of his ever-rolling car, has again brought us to our semi-annual meeting, where we may, perhaps, profitably pause for a moment, to review the lessons of the past, and form resolutions for the future: When we last met, on a similar occasion, in July, it was almost with fear and trembling in the minds of some, lest, having begun to build without counting the cost, we should grow faint-hearted and weary of our undertaking. They were fearful that, when the charm of novelty should have worn away, and naught should be left, to lure us on, but the simple desire for improvement, that then the interest would begin to fail, and the society, having no other resources to fall back upon to keep up the interest, would at length begin to be considered burdensome in its claims, and, finally, cease to exist.

But the event has proved that these fears were groundless. In point of numbers, the society is in a much more prosperous condition than then, and the interest, methinks, on the part of most of the members, is in nowise diminished. They have gone onward in the path of intellectual culture and advancement, with increasing ardor and interest. And let our motto now be onward, still onward; onward without stopping to glance at doubt and discouragement, that may chance to hang around us; let onward be the watchword of every individual. And well may our watchword be *onward* when we reflect on the end we have in view, and the advantage to be derived from the course we are pursuing. True, we are but a band of feeble sisters, pursuing our way in obscurity, and making our efforts in silence, but who shall despise "the day of small things"? The tiny stream, that steals its way down from the mountain's side, and winds silently through the vale below, dwindles into insignificance beside the broad deep bosom of the mighty river; and yet the little stream scatters many

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a blessing in its path, as it goes onward bathing the spotless cheek of the lily, washing the roots of the daisy on its banks, and tinging the meadow with a more vivid green.

The poet tells us to "act well our part, there all the honor lies;" and, should there be but one talent committed to our trust, let us resolve that the one talent shall be improved to the full extent of our opportunities, rather than let it rust in sloth and inactivity. And let us also resolve to set our standard high. It will do us no harm to aim at perfection, even though we never attain to it; for, as one expresses it, it is better, far better to aim at the skies above us, than at the clods beneath our feet, for we shall assuredly rise no higher than our aim; and, unless we set our standard high, we shall never attain to excellence. And let no one of us turn carelessly away, and say, such a society as this may be interesting and beneficial to others, but is not calculated to interest me; or, I have no time to devote to this subject, and various other excuses of no more weight. In order to know whether it may or may not be beneficial to us, we should give the case a fair trial, and not decide hastily; and I presume that most of those who have given it a fair trial, can testify to its beneficial effects, in accomplishing the object which its name indicates, mental improvement.

But do we say, I have no time for this purpose? No time for improvement! How many moments do we spend in frivolous conversation? How much in vain amusements? How much needless attention is bestowed upon dress? How many precious moments are wasted in idleness? How much time, that might be profitably spent in thought and reflection? Until we have no portion of our time unemployed, let us not say, we have no time for mental improvement. But I will not weary your patience by trespassing longer upon your time, as I have already spun out what I intended should be but two sentences, to an unwarrantable length; and will only venture to hope, in conclusion, that each of us will be ever at our post, and ever be ready, as individual members of society, to do our duty as circumstances may require.

M. A.

January, 1844.

INGRATITUDE.

THERE are some cold haughty hearts upon whom the sense of obligation falls with a stinging and corroding power. Grant them a favor—do gratuitously some kind act, and they endeavor to cancel the debt, to remove the obligation, by some favor returned. This apparent gratitude is, in truth, the deepest ingratitude; and it fails of its end; for the kind deed, done from the spontaneous impulse of the generous heart, can never be offset by the ignoble act, which, however ostentatiously it assumes the appearance of disinterested kindness, bears nevertheless the depreciating label "for value received."

Kindness rewards itself, and ingratitude must ever be its own punishment.

F.

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THE NATURAL AND THE MORAL WORLD.

THOUGH the natural world has lost much of its primeval loveliness, and a sad change has come over it since that blessed period when the Creator looked upon it, and pronounced it all beautiful, and very good, yet who will say that it does not still present many, very many, attractions. A few months ago, before the storm spirit was abroad, the earth was covered with verdure, and the lovely flower charmed us with its beauty. We listened with joy to the melody that was awakened in the grove; and, wherever we wandered, whether in the deep-green forest, in the fields, or in the garden, nothing presented itself but scenes of beauty and splendor; and our eye was sweetly delayed on every object to which it turned. The insect that flitted in the sunshine, the bird on the wing, and every animal, of whatever description, whether wild or domestic, that ranged the wood, or frequented the more busy haunts of man, partook in the general joy and blessedness of the scene. And though now the chilling blast and driving snow has desolated the fields, and withered the foliage, yet even winter, all unlovely as it seems, is not without its charms. Amid the howling of its winds, the raging of its storms, there is music, there is grandeur, calculated to inspire the heart attuned to Nature's melody.

The natural world is indeed beautiful. Man, too, was originally created pure and holy—endowed with noble and exalted faculties. With a form and visage that excited feelings of love and respect from those bright holy beings who dwell in the presence of God; and there could have been no deformity in him, for the eye of Infinite Wisdom and purity would most assuredly have detected the least defect in this last best work of his hands. Man, too, was pronounced very good. But he who was thus exalted to the companionship of angels, to the communion of *JEHOVAH*, fell a victim to ambition. Tempted, in an evil hour, by one who had himself fallen a prey to this unlovely passion, he yielded, and was ruined; ungratefully rebelled and turned away from *HIM*, who had thrown around him His arms of love and protection, and provided happiness for him the most sweet and satisfying his intelligent mind could desire, and meeting in degree all the ever-enlarging propensities of his immortal soul. And since that period, the moral world has been a waste: and oh, what scenes of wretchedness and misery has it presented! The strong have oppressed the weak, and Might, not Right, has swayed the sceptre of the world; and injured innocence has retired to weep alone, having none to plead her cause. How often has the beautiful earth been stained with human blood! Though God has lighted up the lamp of life in this dark world, and given us an example of pure and holy love, yet few come to the light, choosing night, as best befitting their deeds of darkness.

That the highest and noblest gifts that Providence has ever bestowed upon man have been perverted, and turned into instruments of evil, evidence is not wanting to prove. Had the gigantic intellect, and strong feelings, of many of earth's famed ones been employed as they were intended to be, instead of laying waste fruitful villages and populous cities by war, that fell destroyer of nations, they would have caused the literal and moral wilderness to have budded and blossomed as the garden of God. Instead of extorting the cry of the widow and orphan, the blessing of those ready

to perish would have come upon them. And many of the gifted sons of genius, *Byron*, for instance, formed with an imagination which seemed at times as tireless as that of an angel, with capacities to drink unbounded delight from all the beauty and poetry with which creation is filled, he fearfully employed them all in laying waste the purest affections and noblest virtues of the heart. And while we admire the splendor of his genius, the beauty and grandeur of his style, our hearts are pained by his shameless attacks upon virtue and purity. When we think of the minds he has perverted, of the souls he has destroyed, we are not surprised at the testimony he has borne of himself, after draining the cup of earthly pleasure to the dregs, that his life has been passed in bitterness, and that he would gladly rush into the thickest of the battle, that he might terminate his miserable existence in a moment. O *Byron*! thou hast a fearful account to render.

Though the visible world is fair and beautiful, it is fading and passing away. And we find that the moral world has, by our rebellion, been rendered a waste—a desert, where perennial flowers seldom bloom, and all, that in this world we lean upon, proves a broken reed. Where then, shall we flee for refuge in a stormy hour? Where shall we look for safety and durability? To the throne of *JEHOVAH*. That alone is subject to no vicissitudes. An eternity has passed over it, and the waves of another eternity roll on, but still it will remain the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever.

E. D.

AFTER DEATH,

Which seems the most fit and natural, Embalming, Entombing, or Burying in Graves?

THE thought of having the body kept in a state of preservation for years, and even centuries, after the spirit has departed, may be cherished with pleasure by some. They may imagine that those who will hereafter fill the places which they now occupy, while beholding the inanimate form of the once active intelligent and lovely inhabitant of earth, will delight to dwell upon the living wishes of the silent dead. The philanthropy which influenced him in his noble exertions for the good of his fellow-men; the benevolence, which gained for him the hearts of his friends, the universal love of all who knew him, and the veneration of succeeding generations. It may be pleasing to reflect, that when they shall be called to leave this bright world, and the friends by whom they are so dearly beloved, that their bodies will still be cared for on the earth; that those loved ones will often turn from the haunts of the living, and visit the last abode of the cherished departed; and, while bending over the mortal form which still is preserved in beauty before them, memory will love to portray in vivid light the hallowed scenes of by-gone days, which the cold and motionless forms now before them rendered so dear by their presence.

Others may prefer the tomb for the place of their interment. I have heard people remark, that they considered a tomb the only proper place for the bodies of the dead, and they would suggest, as an argument in proof of their theory, that the body of the Savior was laid in a tomb, that

being considered the only proper place. I confess that this circumstance has hallowed even the name of sepulchre in the hearts of many. But was this done at his request? We have nothing to confirm us in the belief that the Savior preferred to have his body placed in a tomb, and I think we have as little to influence a desire in ourselves to be placed there. It is true, that for a few days, or months, our friends may seek out our resting-place, lift the coffin-lid, and again view us as we were while we were yet with them, and beheld them face to face; but the satisfaction, which they may for a time derive from this source, is not of long continuance, for the decree of the Almighty has gone forth, "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Soon they will be compelled to turn with loathing from the sight of the mouldering ashes which alone is left in the enclosed coffin.

"I ask no monumental stone,
To show the worth which I have done."

When my spirit shall depart hence, to be here no more, let the humble
turf cover this mortal body—let the quiet grave be my last earthly home.

OLENA.

EDITORIAL.

THE SMUGGLER.

"To be profane—can it destroy
One sorrow pressing to the heart?
Or will it add a single joy—
A momentary bliss impart?
Will it secure his friendship, who
Has turned from you in pride or scorn?
The selfishness or hate subdue,
Of those to wealth or honor born?
'Swear not at all,' is God's command:
Shall cares distract and business press—
Should foes surround your pathway, and
Molest your person—bring distress—
Forget not duty—do not swear—
And He who looks with kindness down,
Will keep you by His tender care,
And with success each effort crown.
God, with a pitying eye, forgive
The dark pollutions of the times—
And teach Thy creatures how to live,
Free from the still prevailing crimes.
May truth extend, and holiness
Spring in the heart—beam on the brow—
Thy name but uttered when we bless,
Or lowly at thy footstool bow."

In this number we conclude the tale, to which has been assigned so prominent place in this volume of the Offering. It will be seen, by a notice, that the author has taken a copyright of the story, having heard that it was printed as fast as published by one or two periodical establishments. One or two others have sent to her for permission to do the same, and their course has been much more honorable. With regard to the former, we would like to offer a few remarks.

To all honorable men the idea would readily have suggested itself, that, if any advantage could result from the republication of a story written by a factory girl, she should have the benefit of it. And, if we have been correctly informed, there has been something peculiarly ungenerous in the conduct of those who have been

smuggling THE SMUGGLER. As the copyright is now secured to the writer, they will have but their labor for its reward. The Smuggler will be republished, with other tales, by the author of *Kate in Search of a Husband*.

And now we will address that class of our readers (how large we know not) who have not liked The Smuggler. We have repeatedly heard their objections, and would say a word in self-defence, as well as in defence of our partner. The opinions expressed against the tale have never been more strongly stated than in the following letter, received by us long since, and at the time deeply wounding our feelings.

"Madam: I subscribed to your paper, and have received your number for November, and much regret to find in its columns low vulgar profanity, indicating a low state of morals and depraved taste in the author. I allude to a piece entitled 'The Smuggler,' the introduction to which also contains a gross slander on the American character. It is stated as a fact, that the business of smuggling is viewed by our citizens as by no means immoral or discreditable, if a man happens to be successful. This is not true. I live near the frontier where I know in what estimation a smuggler is held. This latter I can however overlook as perhaps not well considered when published, but a female should (of all others) take a decided stand against profane swearing, a vice the most odious and contemptible, and which has no excuse, and should have no copyists. I hope I shall see no more of it, but if you think the taste of your readers requires such articles, you will please discontinue sending your paper, for I should not admit it into my family. There is a great responsibility resting on the conductor of a public paper such as you publish; and it should be your first object to improve the taste and elevate the standard of literature, and to discountenance every thing of an opposite tendency. I would advise that you endeavor to prevail on your contributors *not* to employ their pens in writing love stories, which form so large a portion of the light reading of the present day that they have become disgusting to most readers; it is perhaps impossible however for you to avoid them altogether.

Hoping you may make your paper a means of elevating the tone of morals, and improving the taste of that interesting class who contribute to your columns, I remain
Yours respectfully."

Now we would inform the writer of this letter, that we had no right to reject this story. It was written by one who can at least claim the privilege of being an independent contributor, and we must publish what she chooses to write. We knew, and told her, of the objections which would be brought against it, but all good critics will agree with her, that the language used was necessary to a truthful delineation of a smuggler's character. To have made Edward Clapp, and his followers, talk like so many saints would have been worse than nonsense; and to have described them, without making them talk at all, would have materially detracted from the interest of the story. It will be readily conceded that there is much graphic power in the narration, and all admirers of genius will forgive it where it errs.

We are most grossly misunderstood by those who think that we would countenance profanity in the intercourse of real life; though we do not join with our correspondent in thinking it *the most odious* of vices. There are many which we think more contemptible, among which are slander, and habitual injustice and misrepresentation.

The introduction, says our correspondent, "contains a gross slander," &c. Would that it did! Would that successful villany was unceasingly frowned upon by our community. We regret to say it, but we know that it is not so. Does not the swindler walk openly our streets, receiving bows and smiles and invitations to places to which no honest laborer can obtain admittance, if he is only suspected—not detected?

The hero of this tale, Edward Clapp, is now a *highly respected* merchant in a city not a million of miles from Lowell; though it is known, in the circles where he moves, that he was once a *smuggler*. We have no doubt that if he were now a poor man the sins of his youth would be brought in array against him; but we are not of those who would advocate a stricter state of morals for the poor than for the rich. Indeed, it might be very naturally required that those who have less temptation should have more virtue.

Neither would we countenance a different code of morals for the different sexes. What is morally wrong in one, is equally so in the other. If we have done wrong

in publishing *The Smuggler*, it would have been quite as wicked for Louis A. Godey, or Park Benjamin, to have published it. But perhaps some will say that delicacy should have forbidden it.

The writer of that story was thrown, in early life, by circumstances over which she could have no control, in immediate connection with a smuggler, and her love for his good qualities may have blinded her to his defects. The feeling of repugnance to his character and language which would be felt by a stranger was early worn away in her, and these circumstances have enabled her to present a more faithful portraiture than many in this country are able to draw. There is something very noble in the character of Clapp, though he did swear at Esq. Eaton, and defraud his country of her revenue, and though we should have lectured him more severely than Jane did, and though our repugnance would not have ceased the moment we ascertained that he had conversed more with us than he ever did with any lady before, yet, like her, we must have felt fascinated by his manliness, his generosity, and daring. And herein, say some, lies an objection to the story—it is so improbable that a refined young lady from the land of *blue laws* should have been so easily won. But is it so *improbable*? How many of the refined young ladies of our country scrutinize the characters of their parlor knights, and ascertain their strength of principle before they admit them to their confidence, and give them their hearts? We fear the proportion is very small, of those in some circles who refuse the *suspected* when not *detected*.

Our correspondent says that such characters should have "*no copyists*." This is still an open question, and we are of those who would advocate the utility of presenting, in fiction, a faithful transcript of the evils and vices of real life. If parents could keep their children always at their sides—if they could ever brood over them with guardian wings—this might not be necessary—it might not be well. But we have known what it is to go inexperienced into the world, and be obliged to learn every thing by the sad stern lessons of a hard teacher.

If there is a parent, who regrets that his children have read *The Smuggler*, let him counteract what he thinks may be its pernicious influences, by his own teachings; and he may make it the medium for the communication of valuable truth. Let him teach his children that, when they go forth into the world, they will often meet with depravity arrayed in robes of light, and enticing them, with an angel smile, into the haunts of sin and misery. And quite as useful a lesson will be this, that in many characters decided virtues and prominent vices may be combined: that, in the dark ore of many a bad man's heart, there may be veins of purest silver; and that, among the good, there may be faults, which are more conspicuous than spots on the sun.

By ingenious sophistry a tolerably good man, but an earnest believer in the doctrine of "free trade and equal rights," may convince himself that there is much excuse for smuggling, and even that it is always "a pious fraud to cheat Uncle Sam."

These latter remarks are not for the benefit of our correspondent; for, if the Offending has not been put into the fire as soon as it entered his house, we presume the family have all been informed that it is *tabu*—forbidden fruit—and the children of this good man, we doubt not, are *obedient*.

We have entirely disregarded the advice about "love stories," because we could not bear to put our correspondents into "strait jackets." We have left them entirely free in their choice of subjects, but we do not think our magazine peculiarly offensive in this respect.

We are well aware of the responsibility resting upon the conductor of a periodical. In no other, than this, would we have assumed this responsibility, and our aim is now very far from that which our correspondent thinks it should be. We do not aspire to be the correctors of public opinion—the improvers of public taste. We have merely attempted to prove that, among the toiling operatives of our manufacturing, there was cultivation of mind and heart. And, when we can show them that there is *genius* also, we dare not withhold the proof, because some may frown upon the exhibition. With all its faults we prefer such a story as *THE SMUGGLER* to thousands which are published in those magazines, whose principal recommendation is, that "nothing will be found in them which any parent need fear to place in the hands of his children;" and which are filled with namby-pamby things, that are incapable of doing either good or harm.

With many thanks for the good advice of our correspondent, and also for his good wishes, we remain his humble servant.

H. F.

THE LOWELL OFFERING.

APRIL, 1844.

THE HAUNTED GLEN.

A LOVELIER spot than *The Haunted Glen* is seldom found; though its name might indicate it as being a fearful place. Away to the north and west stretches a lofty range of hills, over which, for centuries, the storm spirit has passed on his way, leaving the green valley and its fair fragile flowers for the more sturdy forest oaks at the south of the glen. The little babbling brook flows as merrily on its way, and the birds sing as sweetly as though the place had never been haunted. One would scarcely believe that a spot, which Nature and Art had combined to make so perfectly lovely, could be shrouded in gloom and superstition. Yet so it was; and many were the tales told of spectres seen gliding slowly along the little footpath, which led from the glen to the top of the hill, sweeping, with their long white robes, the night dews from the grass, and disappearing as the cold pale light of the moon faded into the dim twilight of morning; or when the loud pealing thunder burst over the hills, shaking them to their very foundations, and the lightning's flash bathed in burning light the darkest recesses of the valley. Then, far above the roar of the raging elements, rose fearful sounds, mingling their terrible music with that of the storm.

The circumstances, which gave birth to these absurd fancies, transpired immediately after the close of the long and weary struggle of the "United Colonies" for freedom—that freedom so gloriously achieved.

By none were the blessings of peace more deeply felt, and truly appreciated than by the family at the glen, which consisted of Mr. Clinton, a hardy and enterprising farmer, his wife, and their only child, a daughter, who had just numbered her nineteenth summer, and of whom they were justly proud. True, she was not beautiful in the common acceptation of the word, but hers was the high beauty of a well-disciplined and well-cultivated mind. She had long been betrothed to Warren Neston, whose father owned the hill-farm adjoining that of Mr. Clinton, and preparations were now being made for their approaching marriage, which the good people of W—— pronounced to be a very eligible match. But there was one—the dark-eyed cousin of Warren—who thought far otherwise. He had long been his rival, and cherished a passionate love for Mary Clinton, which perhaps deserved a better return; but there was something stern and unyield-

ing in his character, that a gentle spirit like hers could not love; and he was refused for the more frank and noble-hearted Warren. This his haughty spirit could not brook, and he vowed deep and bitter revenge. With a jealous eye he viewed his cousin's happiness; and that he might not witness its consummation, he left for B——, from whence, if credit may be given to village gossip, he was soon to sail for Europe.

Soon after his departure business called young Neston to the neighboring village of H——, which required immediate and prompt attention to avert consequences of the most ruinous nature to his father. To relieve his parent's anxiety as much as possible, he promised to return early in the evening; it was therefore a matter of no little surprise to them that he was not as prompt as usual, knowing, as he did, that they would wait with solicitude for his return. Often was the anxious eye of his mother turned toward the road, over which he must pass on his way homeward, but in vain; no sound was heard except the whistling wind breathing through the trees, and no living being was seen. As the old kitchen clock told the hour of midnight, its parting stroke fell heavily on the hearts of his afflicted parents.

"It is very strange," said his mother, "he does not come—something must have befallen him, for he would not willingly afflict us thus."

"I cannot think what keeps him so late," returned his father, "unless he went round by the glen, and has been induced by Clinton to stay all night. Still I hardly think he would do so, knowing, as he must, how very anxious we should be about him."

As soon as morning dawned, Mr. Neston started for the glen, where he ascertained that his son had not been seen since the morning of the previous day, when he had called as he was on his way to the village. One hope alone remained: he might have been unavoidably detained at the village. Thither he proceeded, accompanied by Mr. Clinton, who participated largely in his fears; for, being privy to the business, he knew that naught would detain him. Upon inquiry they found that he had settled to his entire satisfaction, and started for home at an early hour. What then could have become of him? In all probability he would take the road, which, from the village, passed directly through the hill-farm, instead of the one round by the glen, as it was much nearer. Here then some trace of him might be found. It was searched, but no clue obtained wherewith to unravel the mystery.

The news that Warren Neston was missing, spread like wild fire through the town, and large parties were raised, and a general search commenced. The day passed, and he was not found, yet throughout the night the search was kept up, and the first gray tints of morning still found them unsuccessful. The different parties met at the south side of the glen, as had been agreed upon in case he was not found, for consultation. Every place, where there was any probability of his being found, had been examined, but in vain. They were about to give up the search, when the shrill voice of one of the company called out,

"To the footpath—it has not been searched yet."

"Yes, to the footpath through the woods," responded every one; and a general rush was made in that direction. Hope sped them on, and they soon arrived at the top of the hill, where, turning to the left, they struck into the woods, and eagerly followed the path. Their way was much obstructed by the underbrush; still they pressed onward, as if animated by

some strong spell. Already had the foot of Mr. Neston, nerved by despair, mounted the tottering wall which lay in their way, when he suddenly stopped, uttered an appalling cry, and fell senseless to the ground.

His companions hastened to his assistance, and there discovered the cause of his fall in the mangled remains of his son. Yes, there lay the once manly form of Warren Neston; and one glance at once told the awful truth, that he was dead. He lay partially on one side, as if he had endeavored to extricate himself from the stones that kept him down, with his face upturned, over which the gentle sunbeams softly played; but they awakened not to life the spirit that was wont to animate its every lineament. The living light had faded from his eye, and naught but the cold and passionless stare of death met their gaze. One arm was thrown across his back, the other was crushed beneath him; over his high pale forehead the wind had blown his hair, and its rich chestnut hue contrasted strangely with the dark clotted masses of blood upon his face.

From the manner in which he was found it was thought that, as he mounted the wall, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated to the ground; the tottering stones falling upon him so as to cause almost instant death. A litter was soon formed, and the body placed, by the silent group, upon it, and conveyed to his father's dwelling. It were in vain to describe his mother's feelings of unutterable agony. She had "hoped against hope," fondly thinking that she should soon behold him again. She did behold him—but what a spectacle met her view. One wild scream of broken-hearted terror escaped her lips, and she sunk down senseless by his mangled corse; and was aroused from her stupor, only to long days and weeks of mental abstraction, from which she slowly recovered. But the damp of death was on her spirit, and she was altogether another being—the mere shadow of her former self.

There was another place where the tidings of Warren's death fell heavily. It was Mr. Clinton's sad duty to break the dreadful intelligence to his daughter. She listened in fearful silence till the last word had fallen from her father's lips, and bowed her head in silent submission to the will of heaven. No tear was in her eye; the cheek, blanched to snowy whiteness, alone could tell the inward struggle. With fearful calmness she followed the remains of her heart's chosen to their last resting place, and there, as the coffin was lowered in the earth, the fountains of grief were opened, and she wept long and freely.

At her earnest request he was interred in what had ever been their favorite retreat, a sunny spot beside the little brook just at the foot of the hill. Over it the giant arms of a lofty oak cast their shadow, making it one of Nature's loveliest spots. Thither she often repaired at twilight's calm hour to hold spirit communion with the departed. Her love for Warren had been founded in deep respect for his gentle demeanor, and the inspirations of his noble soul, which scorned the baser passions, and soared aloft to its maker, God. She could not bear that the world should know her grief; it was concealed beneath a calm exterior to be lavished upon his grave when no eye but God's would see her.

Although the death of young Neston was generally supposed to have been accidental, there were some who deemed it otherwise; and many were the knowing looks and sly insinuations that Charles Y., the cousin before mentioned, had a hand in the matter; but the idea was banished, or suppressed, and it was left for time to disclose the tragedy of this death.

It was from this event that it came to be said that the glen was haunted, and hence its name. * * *

Twenty years soon passed away, and with them came new scenes, and new actors on the stage of life. The death of Warren Neston was spoken of as an event that had long since transpired, and ceased to have that heart-thrilling interest of years long past, save in the immediate circle of his friends. Mary, too, was almost forgotten; she had long slept quietly by the side of Warren; and over their ashes the winds of heaven passed unconscious of their dreamless sleep, and the little birds had sung their requiem to the memory of the dead. They were remembered only as beings of other days, when the following events made them again the theme of public conversation.

Towards the close of a sultry day in July, 18—, a tired way-worn traveller urged his jaded horse up the steep hill in front of the village tavern. With a keen quick eye he scanned the faces of those who stood loitering about the door. He dismounted, gave the reins to the hostler, and entered the house. He requested a room alone, and desired not to be disturbed. His singular manner led to many conjectures as to who he could be, and what called him that way; but these conjectures remained unanswered. The approaching shades of night warned the idlers to their homes, to which they hastened to recount the appearance of the stranger. A deep silence overspread the village, and, from the low windows of the cottage, the lights disappeared, one after another, till that in the stranger's room burned alone; nor did it cease to keep its silent vigils till long after the hour of midnight. Could any one have looked into that little apartment, they might have seen him seated at the table clutching in his thin fingers a pen, and tracing over the white paper before him—judging from his pale haggard brow and trembling manner—words of mighty import. At length he ceased, and rose, weary, from his task, extinguished his candle, and threw himself, undressed, upon the bed. His non-appearance in the morning prompted the landlord to enter the room; and, to his horror and surprise, he found him dead, and recognized him as Charles Y. Wearily he had dragged himself home to his native town to die. It had been his fondest wish in all his wanderings that he might once more reach W—, and there lay down the burden of his life. This was clearly shown in the letter that lay unsealed upon the table;—and would that this were all. But no—it revealed a dark deep crime which had embittered his whole life, and tinged his every thought. It told of guilt, and its fearful reward; of his guilty spirit, which could not rest day or night, but, like “the troubled sea cast up mire and dirt continually.”

He was, as many had supposed, the murderer of Warren Neston. When he left his uncle's house it was with a determination to be revenged, and for that purpose he lingered in the woods, watching every movement for the favorable opportunity to satiate his burning hate, which at last presented itself. He saw him turn from the road to the footpath, and the thought flashed upon his mind that this was the time to wreak on his hated rival the full tide of his overflowing vengeance. Hastily he seized the club which he had prepared, and concealed himself behind a tree, till his unsuspecting victim was within reach; and, darting from his hiding place, with one blow he brought him to the ground. Quick as thought he pushed against the wall, and his unoffending cousin was buried beneath its weight. Now for the first time he paused in his madness, and gazed upon his pros-

trate rival. His desire for revenge had been glutted, and a deep sense of guilt rushed, like a lave tide, over his soul. Frantically he called on him to awake to life; to speak once more, and say that he forgave him; but in vain. The act had been committed, and no remorse of his, though it scorched his spirit to madness, could call him back to life.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth." Thus it was with Charles. The leaves rustled in the wind above his head, and he construed the sound into that of approaching footsteps, and fled that hour from his native place a wretched wanderer: his life was miserable. Everywhere the murdered form of his cousin followed him, and weighed like an incubus on his spirit. If he slept, his dreams were filled with his image; and, waking, his reproachful eye was ever fixed upon him. Weary of life he had plunged into danger, but the mark of Cain seemed set upon him, and he passed through unharmed. At length long years of toil and wandering, together with a guilty conscience, undermined his naturally strong constitution. Without health or peace he resolved to return home, and seek the forgiveness of those he had so cruelly wronged, if they still lived. Finding, upon his arrival at the tavern, that his strength would permit him to go no further, he stopped, called for a room, as has been related, and sat down to reveal the dark crime he had committed, as a small atonement for his guilt. He stated the misery he had endured, his true repentance, and his earnest wish for his uncle's forgiveness; and closed with a request that he might be laid by the side of his victims.

This request was granted. And now, after the lapse of many years, their graves may be seen side by side, and their story recounted with deep pathos, from the lips of the old gray-headed villagers, who still believe that their spirits linger round that spot, and lament the scenes of other days.

J. L. B.

WHY DO WE LOVE?

Oh! why is it that we love,
When dearest ones so false will prove?
Why do our hearts still centre there
Where we but scorn and hatred share?
Methinks from many a deep-drawn sigh
The echo comes, "Why is it? why?"
Who made the heart alone can tell
Why 'tis we love, and love so well.

When cold Distrust her icy spell
Weaves over those we've loved so well;
And chills each glance, untunes each voice;—
Though saddened, still we can rejoice,
That there is One who dwells above,
Whose nature and whose name is Love.
And though our love earth's dear ones spurn,
There we shall meet a blest return.

E. R. H.

THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

"My dear child, how can I part with you?" said a mother to her only daughter, who was preparing to go some fifty miles in quest of employment in a factory. "You have been my only earthly solace since my bereavement in the death of your father; and, for the last few years, I have even thought the sad vacuum, created by his death, was in part re-filled by your fond and unceasing attention."

"Mother," replied the girl, while her eyes were filling with tears, "I would not leave you, did I not think I could assist you in the education of little Henry. You know that by our needles we can hardly earn enough to live; Henry is getting along very fast in his studies, and it will soon be necessary to send him to a higher school; his books and tuition will then make an additional expense. How happy I shall be, if I can support myself, and aid you; from me the idea takes all the pain of separation; it will give to my toil all its pleasure, and cause me to forget that I am a stranger in a strange place. Now, mother, do try to be reconciled," said the young affectionate girl, imprinting a kiss upon her cheek; "I'll go and stay one year, and then perhaps something may be done here, which will supersede the necessity of a longer separation."

"Oh, that *that something* could be found now!" exclaimed the mother; "I have a strange fear that you will no more return to me. In my dream last night I was gazing at a glorious summer sunset; the whole western sky looked as though it were enveloped in a sheet of flame; and as I stood entranced by the common though delightful scene, a small light cloud, which floated near, suddenly assumed the appearance of you, Anna. I reached forth my hands and implored you to come to me, when you disappeared in the flaming sky! It was naught but a dream I know, but it has left an unhappy impression on my mind, which I cannot shake off."

"Mother," interrupted Anna, in a tone of persuasive affection, "don't let it distress you so—excitement and anxiety were evidently the causes of your dream; and don't you remember you called me to the window last evening to see the glowing west at sunset? You have told me, mother, that dreams were only the wild wanderings of the imagination, unaccompanied by reason; surely, then, we need 'borrow no trouble' from them."

The widow at length became composed. She did not forget her dream, nor the fears it had left, but she had found consolation from a higher source than that of earthly hopes. "I will not repine," thought she, "for all—yes, all of earth must mourn the departure of some cherished object, and even thus let it be, for to HIM who hath so ordained, it seemeth good." She looked beyond the "troubled sea of life," to the boundless ocean of eternity, where she would be sweetly wafted without even a ripple to disturb the calm quiet of her existence.

Anna busied herself in making the last few arrangements preparatory to her departure. The care of the pretty flower garden, fronting the cottage, was transferred to Henry, with particular charges respecting the sweet white jessamine and woodbine, the united foliage of which formed a fragrant shade for the cottage windows.

"Why do you wish me to take better care of them than of the other plants," said Henry, looking archly in his sister's face? "Oh, I know it

is because cousin James gave them to you, and I'll tell him all about it when he returns from sea."

"You are a saucy fellow," said Anna, putting her arms around his neck; "but, hark, the stage is coming. One kiss, dear brother. There, that must answer for a long time. Write me a letter often."

"I will," said he, smiling through his tears; "and *you* shall hear all *we* hear from cousin James."

The farewell was spoken between mother and daughter. The fervent ejaculation, "God keep you, and bless you," from the former, was accompanied by a cheerfulness which had been imparted by her calm meditations. Anna was soon seated in the stage-coach, through the window of which, as it rolled away, she looked an adieu once more to the loved ones who were still gazing after her.

It is not worth while to give a detail of the particulars of her journey. It is sufficient to say, that she arrived at her destined place in safety, and met with a cordial reception from the mistress of the boarding-house, at which she had been directed to stop. Anna was a stranger to all the inmates of the family, and there were but few in the village with whom she had any acquaintance. Her frank and guileless countenance convinced at once those with whom she was connected of her purity, and her gentle winning ways soon brought around her many friends. She procured employment in the mill, and her situation was as pleasant, and more so, than she had anticipated.

Weeks and months had passed since Anna had become a "factory girl." Summer had gone and come again, and still found her industriously and cheerfully employed at her mill labor. No opportunity for improvement, either in mind or heart, had been neglected by her; nor was her progress unobserved by her gratified mother. She had been reminded in her last letter from Henry, that her year of absence had nearly expired, and her return would soon be joyfully expected.

"You are always light-hearted and happy," said Sarah Smith to Anna, one pleasant summer morning, as they were going in the mill, "but you are unusually so now; may I ask what has occurred to render you so joyous?"

"Why, did you not know," said Anna, while her countenance beamed with delight, "that this is my last day in the mill, and I am to start for home to-morrow."

Sarah expressed both surprise and regret on hearing this intelligence.

"I am sorry to leave the pleasant acquaintances I have formed here," replied Anna; "but, only think, I am going once more to my happy cottage home, and I shall again be greeted by that kind sympathizing voice I love so well to hear."

Sarah turned with sadness from the joyous laugh and buoyant step of Anna, as she remembered that for her there was no such pleasant home, and kind enduring friends.

Early in the afternoon of the same day, Anna was suddenly interrupted in her employment by the information, from one of her room-mates, that the lower part of the mill was on fire, and one flight of stairs was already nearly consumed! She then observed, for the first time, that considerable confusion prevailed in the room; many of the frames were stopped, and the girls were walking to and fro, looking anxious and fearful. Their fears had been quieted once and again by the overseers, who thought the

fire would be easily extinguished. They soon perceived their fatal mistake. The flames rapidly increased, and were soon entirely beyond control. It was already difficult, if not hazardous, to descend the usual way. The wheel was stopped, and orders were given for all to leave the building as quickly as possible. The excited terrified inmates needed not a second bidding to leave the scene where danger presented itself in such a terrible form. The lower part of the building was soon cleared; but when those who were employed in the upper room reached the entry, they found it extremely perilous to descend. The bolder ones, stepping forward first, gave to the more timid courage, until nearly all had escaped the place of danger. At this moment the smoke and flames, bursting out with accelerated fury, completely barred the passage, and forced the few remaining behind back to the room to prevent suffocation. Anna was among the number. The wood work and material manufactured soon caught the "fierce element," and caused it to spread almost with the rapidity of lightning. The half-frantic few left behind, comprehending their peril, rushed to an open window, and shrieked wildly for help. The piercing tone was heard above the confusion which reigned without, and arrested the attention of the crowd. No means were at hand—none were devised, by which they could be rescued, and they were left to their inevitable doom. They saw and knew this, and some, who feared naught so much as the fiery death to which they were exposed, precipitated themselves from the window. Anna still remained at the window, and, in the agonizing tones of despair, implored assistance. She saw the gathering flames approaching nearer and nearer; again she turned to the window, and again that piercing cry was heard above the hoarse voices below. She could endure no more; reason had been displaced by the agony of fear, and she sunk, exhausted, upon the floor. The fearful reality had passed away, and visions of home and friends flitted over her imagination.

"Mother, dear mother," murmured the dying girl; but the air, laden with noxious vapor, was no longer respirable; a bright smile illumined her countenance, as in her dreamy vision she again met her mother, and her spirit passed from earth.

The sad tidings were communicated to the widow; she repined not, though her heart was riven with anguish; she meekly bowed to the will of HIM who prepared the bitter cup.

"Yet through her tears the mourning mother smiled,
As with the eye of faith she saw the bowers
Of heaven fresh blooming with immortal flowers,
Amid whose fragrance wandered, undefiled,
The loved and early lost! A healing balm
Fell on her heart serene, though sad withal,
And hopeful still, with spirit meek and calm
Life's lowly ways through shade and sunlight trod,
While leaned her chastened heart confidingly on God."

J. S. W.

PROFANITY.

PERHAPS there is no young lady who cannot select, from the circle of her acquaintance, one or more individuals who have imbibed the habit of using profane language. Very likely they have done it thoughtlessly, have copied the example of some person whom they considered their superior, while some seem to think it a mark of manly independence to take the name of their Creator in vain. But what is more disgusting, more appalling to the sensitive heart, than to hear a young person in the loveliness of youth and bloom of health, lightly calling on the name of God? It certainly shows a great want of respect for the SUPREME BEING, a disposition to trifle with His commands; to set at naught and wholly disregard His strict injunctions.

Profanity shows no real worth or wisdom, moral courage or true politeness, and I think I may safely say no good ever resulted from its use. Nor will the evil attending this habit stop with the person who has imbibed it. The vicious, as well as good, exert more or less influence on individuals and community at large. We are so constituted that imitation seems an inherent principle implanted in the bosom of every individual. As if by instinct, we copy the example of others, and, ere we are aware of it, find ourselves falling into the very habits which we once strenuously opposed. Who can look at profanity in this light, and still be an apologist for its use? Shall not every voice be raised against its very first indication? There are a great number of words in use at the present day which by many are thought perfectly harmless and innocent. This opinion I do not feel authorized fully to contradict, but must admit they are useless; and, in my way of thinking, they are nothing more nor less than a kind of polite or refined way of swearing. As I said before, I think no good ever resulted from the use of such language, but on the contrary a train of evil seems almost invariably to follow this degrading habit. One word may change our fortunes for life, and implant within the bosom a thorn that will never cease to irritate till chilled by the icy hand of death.

I once heard of a young man who was everywhere noted both for his nobleness of character and personal attractions. He had now arrived at the age of thirty, and although he was blest with an extensive acquaintance, it was a source of some trouble to the gossips of the village that he still persevered in a life of single blessedness. He had just returned to the house of his childhood after being absent some three years, in which time Mr. Green, a man of wealth and high reputation, had moved to his native village, and entered into an extensive line of business in company with the young man's father. Elton, for this was our hero's name, had been in town but a few weeks when it was reported, and generally believed, that he was particularly partial to Ellen, the only and accomplished daughter of Mr. Green, and that he would resign to her, what he had so long refused to others, his heart. This prophecy seemed about to be fulfilled, when, one afternoon, as Elton was passing the residence of Mr. Green, he saw Ellen sitting by the window, and stopped to speak with her. While standing there she accidentally pricked her finger, with the needle which she was using, at which she involuntarily exclaimed, "*Oh, the devil!*"

These words went like a dagger to the heart of Elton. Could it be that she whom he loved, whose outward appearance was so kind and gentle, whom he had ever looked upon as a model of perfection, would allow such language to fall from her lips? He plead important business, and for the first time in his life hurried from her side. In a few weeks Elton left for South America, and has never yet returned. Ellen still lives single. This is the effect of a single folly—yes, of a single word. P.

CHILDHOOD.

BRIGHT and happy days of childhood;
 Jovial season, free from care;
 Fair as flowers that blush in wildwood,
 Light as gossamer in air.

Hope then knew no blight of sorrow;
 Every hour with joy was rife,
 Painting, on the coming morrow,
 Scenery for the stage of life.

Then our hearts beat high and gleeful;
 Life was all one golden dream,
 Happy childhood! gliding peaceful,
 Like the pure unruffled stream.

Love spread out her mantle o'er us,
 Gemm'd our path with many flowers;
 Vernal suns shone bright and glorious,
 On Affection's woven bowers.

Not a shade of grief or sadness
 Ting'd our brow with sombre hue,
 But each day brought joy and gladness,
 As we strayed where wild flowers grew.

Thus we journeyed: Life was smiling;
 Little thought we, in that day,
 That the fleeting time was wiling
 All our heart-felt joys away.

Time, e'er like a shrewd deceiver,
 Strides apace ere we're aware;
 Little leaves of childhood ever
 To beguile increasing care.

Fleeting years are always bringing
 Sorrow's overwhelming flood;
 Broken ties are often wringing,
 From the bosom, tears of blood.

Soon our years will count their number,
 And our hearts will cease to beat;
 Then how sweet will be our slumber,
 Where the weary cease to weep.

Let us then be making ready
 For that all-important day;
 With a purpose sure and steady,
 Ere we're called from earth away.

M. R. G.

THE AFFECTIONS ILLUSTRATED IN FACTORY LIFE.

NO. V.—THE WIFE.

WE will not now inform our readers in which of the New England States the village of Valley Mills is; but if they have ever seen a pretty little factory town, nestling within a circlet of green hills, and enlivened, as well as ornamented, by a lively little river, which leaps over a series of precipices, then forces its way through a gap in the hills, and then passes away, carelessly singing in a subdued tone, as though it was well satisfied with the antics it had played, and was quite willing to be very steady in future—if they have ever seen such a place as this, it must have been Valley Mills, or a twin to it.

Miss Ford was the school-ma'am at Valley Mills; Miss Smith was the tailoress, and Miss Jones was the mantua-maker. These young ladies (not one of whom was over forty) formed a trio by themselves. They never made calls excepting upon Mrs. Hayward, the merchant's wife, Mrs. White, the minister's lady, and Mrs. Felton, the lawyer's wife.

Old Dr. Ambrose had no wife, and was no particular friend to ladies, so they never called there, not even after he took unto himself a partner in young Dr. Alden, decidedly the prettiest young man in Valley Mills. Besides these ladies, and the daughters of the farmers in the vicinity, there were about three hundred "factory girls" in Valley Mills; which girls were of many different ages, ranging from seventeen to seventy—for old Mrs. Short, who did the picking, must have reached the allotted age of man and woman.

Miss Ford had just closed her school for the day, (it was a beautiful September day) and—lucky creature!—had just got out of the school-house, locked the door, put the key in her reticule, and was turning down the street when she met the retinue of Dr. Alden, who was just returning home with his new bride.

Nothing could have happened more opportunely. She was obliged to stop, as the advanced guard defiled before the doctor's barouche, and in stopping she had an excellent opportunity to take a front view of the party. And they could see her too, "arrayed in all the pomp of circumstance," with her French muslin gown, her white cambric apron, her sewing-silk shawl, and brown lawn bonnet; flanked on either side by girls in "the philosophy class," and with a goodly number of incipient school-ma'ams ranged "like olive plants" around her.

Some were conjugating the verb "I know," some were discussing the mysteries of the tambour stitch, some criticising the compositions Miss Ford had read, and one little boy was speeding away, with the velocity of an express, to tell his mother that he had got up to the head spelling *phthisic*.

All these wonderful persons did the new bride see, and they looked at her as though she had been the grand lama.

She was indeed a pretty little creature; with a very light complexion, bright blue eyes, and delicate form, and then she was arrayed in a beautiful travelling dress, the like of which had never before been seen in Valley Mills.

The carriage drove up to one of the "mansions" of Valley Mills—a white house, with green door and brass knocker. The door was opened by a respectable looking old woman, and the doctor welcomed Alina to her new home. She stepped into the parlor, and when she saw that it contained so many of the elegancies of life, articles which a young physician with a portionless wife could ill afford, her heart was filled with love and gratitude to the husband who was so kind. The books upon the centre-table were her favorites, the framed engraving over the fire-place was one of "Burns and his Highland Mary," which she had always admired; and what surprised her more than these, was the open piano. This was kindness for which she feared she could not be sufficiently grateful. She threw aside her bonnet, and, running over the keys, she commenced "Home, sweet home;" but ere she could finish the strain her hands trembled, her eyes filled with tears, and, rising from her seat, she placed her hand within her husband's, saying, "How can I ever repay you for all this kindness?"

"I am repaid, if you are happy, Alina, or rather if you can continue happy here."

"Any where, if with you, my dear," replied Alina; "but tell me why you seem to doubt this."

"Because Valley Mills is so different from the city where you have always lived. I have told you something of this, and know of your prejudices against a factory population."

"O, but, Henry, we need not come in contact with them."

"I must—my profession frequently calls me among the male and female operatives of Valley Mills; and those from whom I receive my daily bread are not those whom I shall avoid when a meeting will not make me a pecuniary gainer."

Alina made no reply, and her husband continued, "I fear we must make many sacrifices of feeling now that we are to commence life here. We are both poor, but we have always lived with the affluent. We must learn to depend upon our own resources, and live within a limited income. This honey-moon of dissipation, which we have just passed, must be our farewell to fashionable life."

"O Henry, you know that I have never feared poverty—that I have never loved wealth, fashion, or splendor, as I have loved—you."

"God bless you, my wife," replied the happy husband; "but, Alina, this is but a small portion of the self-sacrifice I fear you must make. You have frequently heard me speak of Dr. Ambrose, one of the most eccentric of men, and one who appears the most cynical and hard hearted. Yet beneath this foaming turbid surface runs an under current of the sweetest waters. He loves to do good, yet frets at the least expression of gratitude. He is kind to the poor, for whom his professional services are always gratuitous, yet he always blames them for their poverty. If called to see a poor man's wife, he wonders why poor men will burden themselves with wives. If called to attend a poor man's child, he never fails to give this advice with other gratuities, not to have children; and he is unmerciful to the young ladies. He never omits a sarcasm, if he can find an opportunity for one; and all diseases brought on by tight dress, or other defiance of physical laws, are so many texts from which he draws homilies, whose spirit would do no discredit to John Knox. You are surprised to hear of such a character, and I must acknowledge it is unnatural. But it is said

that in his youth he was a victim to the arts of a beautiful and designing coquette. He was pure, sensitive, sincere, and strongly attached. The violence then done to his feelings was an irreparable injury, but his principles were not warped by this withering flame. Alina, if you can love goodness, however distorted in its manifestations, you will love this old man. Be kind to him, for he has been kind to me. Bear patiently with him, for this is the only return we can make for his disinterested goodness."

"But, Henry, all this will require no self-sacrifice, no self-control, or self-denial. Really, I feel quite a curiosity to see this old man; and do actually believe that I can tame him down into a model of civility. But, if not, I can forgive all *brusquerie*, all roughness of manner, provided I am sure that what is wanting in the outward manifestation is more than counterbalanced by genuine goodness of heart."

At this instant the conversation was interrupted by a sound new to the ears of Alina. It was the factory bell, and her husband called her to the window, that she might see the group hurrying away from the scene of their daily toils. The sight was a novel one to the young wife, and she looked on with much interest.

"Alina," said the doctor, "pray take notice of that tall girl, with soft black eyes and a very pale face."

"What has she on, my dear?"

The doctor smiled at this truly feminine question.

"O, let me see! A dark blue calico gown, a brown cotton shawl, a straw bonnet, dark colored cotton gloves, black merino apron, white linen stockings, and black shoes."

"Yes, my dear, I see her now; tell me who she is?"

"That is Elsa Burt; the finest girl in Valley Mills, and certainly one of the best in the whole world. Elsa was one of my first patients. She had refused to see old Dr. Ambrose any more, because he never visited her home without berating the whole family soundly, for the vice, thriftlessness, and poverty, which she had struggled against until the conflict nearly brought her to the grave. She is one of those beings endowed by nature with such quick mental perceptions, such a love of moral goodness, such unswerving devotion to principle, that we weary of the efforts to create by education the character which here we contemplate as a self-formation. I have never been so deeply interested in any other of her station—indeed, we have formed quite a friendship, and I have promised her another friend in you."

Alina started, and colored. "I am much obliged to you, my dear; but, if I may be allowed the choice of my own friends they will probably be those who have been educated more like myself, and those with whom I can hold more congenial intercourse. But, while you are enjoying this platonic attachment to the factory girl, I will be trying to soften the heart of the aged Esculapian."

"In that, Alina, you say there will be no sacrifice; but it is one too great, even for you, to make the acquaintance of this intelligent, amiable, highly gifted, and noble-minded girl."

"Pray, why did you not make a wife of this paragon?" asked Alina.

"Because I was then engaged to another even more beautiful and refined, and whom I thought her equal in love of moral rectitude, and strength of kindly feeling; though I knew that her good qualities were yet as gold unrefined in the furnace of affliction."

"You have done me too much honor, my dear husband; I have none of those very excellent qualities, which you so much admire in your factory friend; and, as I shall not wish to act as a foil to set off her manifold attractions of mind and heart, you will excuse me from entering the lists with her. I have promised Aunt Sophy that I will do no discredit to her instructions, with regard to my choice of companions; and just imagine for a moment your angel surrounded by the very earthly beings who frequent my aunt's drawing-rooms."

"I know, my wife, that you have there been obliged to mingle with those from whom even Elsa would shrink; but it was the thought that there was a repugnance in you to them—a fluttering spirit, which longed for room to spread its pinions and flee away; it was this thought that emboldened me to take from a home of luxury a wife to share my poverty."

Alina burst into tears. "I ought to be grateful, very grateful to you, Henry. It was love for me which prompted you to turn from those who would have enticed you with the gilded bait of wealth; and I fear I have not that goodness which would justify you in your choice. But I will try to please you, and love this girl."

Dr. Alden had been much pained by this conversation. When he first came to the village he was struck by the puerile distinctions of caste among its inhabitants; and this appeared more strange and unjustifiable to him when he found how slight were the claims for superiority among those who looked down upon the operatives in the mills. It was with a feeling of strong indignation that he witnessed the contempt visible in the manner of Miss Ford, and her associates, to Elsa Burt; and he had inwardly resolved that, when Alina came to Valley Mills, they should all see how a lady ought to treat those whom Fortune, not Nature, had placed in a station of dependence and poverty. He had a right to expect the concurrence of Alina in all his plans, both from her own professions of attachment to him, and her usual gracious manner to all with whom she was connected. But, though Alina could be kind and *condescending*, she could not feel willing to treat a laboring girl as an *equal*. She was an orphan, and had been most injudiciously educated by a fashionable aunt, who had resigned her to Dr. Alden, satisfied that, as the wife of a professional man, she would never disgrace the guardian of her youth.

Alina's natural impulses and educational prejudices had now been brought in conflict, and her husband was surprised to find how much there was of strength in the latter. * * * *

We will pass over a period of several years, and introduce our readers again into the residence of Dr. Alden. What a change is wrought in the pretty mansion! The little articles which betoken taste and refinement are still there, but all that evinces competence, or the hope of it, is absent. The rich carpet is gone, the piano is not there, the sofa is exchanged, and upon its substitute is seated the pale emaciated form of Dr. Alden. Disease, long wasting disease, has wrought all these changes, and the young couple have drank deeply of the cup of poverty, with all its train of miseries. At length the invalid starts from a reverie, which is broken by the sound of the factory bell, and he seats himself at the window to watch for the coming of her who is the star of his darkened sky. Two females, linked arm in arm, approach the house, and Alina and her friend Elsa, are soon by his side.

"Dear Henry, how have you been to-day?" asked Alina, affectionately; "and has good Mrs. Burt been attentive and kind?"

"I am better, Alina. I grow stronger every day. If winter were not approaching I should resume my practice immediately, but I dare not now. Yet I have, I trust, a cordial for you, my love—a prescription which, I think, cannot fail to make you better. It is like many other medicines folded in this nice paper;"—and he handed her a letter.

"O!" exclaimed Alina, joyfully, "it is a letter from Aunt Sophy! She has removed to Mobile, to live with Cousin George." But the smile faded from her countenance as she read on. "Here is another of her invitations for me to come and live with her—but none for you. O, Henry! how can she propose to me a separation?"

A postscript caught her eye as she finished the letter. It was from her cousin, and contained the warmest assurances of friendship for his old playmate, and an invitation to both to remove immediately to the South.

"Let us go, my dear," said Alina, as she read it to her husband; "Cousin George is all generosity, and a southern climate will facilitate your recovery more than any thing else. And Elsa shall go with us," she added, with brightened eye and glowing cheek, for her quick imagination had depicted a brilliant future. "Elsa shall go, and we shall all be so happy."

"Alina," said her husband, "do you remember of what day this is the third anniversary?"

"Of the day that I came to Valley Mills. What changes in three short years! What changes in the circumstances of our outward life, and in me what changes *here!*" She laid her hand upon her heart, and the tears swelled in her eyes.

"Have you ever told Elsa of your aversion to her when, at my request, you at length consented to meet her?"

"O, I have told her something about it," she added, smiling, "but not how jealous I was of her. I was so conscious of my own deficiencies, in the noble virtues that you loved, that I feared one, who so eminently possessed them, must also have your heart. If you knew all that I suffered—all with which I inwardly contended—you would pity more than blame me. I did not treat Elsa at first as though she were a human being; but, at the bedside of my dying child, I found that she was either saint or angel. And in our poverty, tribulation, and toil, since then, she has been a strength and consolation. Elsa, can you forgive me, and join your fate with ours when we leave a New England home?"

Elsa kissed her cheek, as an assurance of sympathy, forgiveness, and compliance; and then Alina gaily portrayed the probable joys and vexations of a southern home. "How they will marvel at us factory operatives," said she. "Perhaps they will kidnap us and put us in the museum, there are so many there who think that an intelligent factory female must be a *lusus naturæ*. But, never mind! there will be good done in removing their prejudices—good, which no others can do like us. Let us arm for the conflict, and never disclaim our titles as *factory girls*."

Ere the cold winter came Dr. Alden, with his wife and their friend Elsa, were in a southern city; and we will close our story with a letter written by Alina to one of her old schoolmates, and which, as containing her reflections upon her past experience of factory life, may not be uninteresting to our readers.

— "In answer, my friend, to your inquiries respecting my life at present, and during the long years which have elapsed since we were

schoolmates together, I will give you a slight sketch both of the present and the past. At this season of the year, while you are shivering beneath the breath of a winter which "lingers in the lap of May," I am sitting by an open window, through which a soft breeze steals, that plays, but not rudely, with the paper upon which I am writing. My husband is absent upon professional business; but I am not alone, for a little boy lies near me, in his cradle, as beautiful as the child we have lost. A young colored girl watches him with the fond solicitude of a sister, and he breathes an air perfumed with the fragrance of many blossoms. My friend Elsa is in an adjoining apartment, busily engaged in the care of Cousin George's little ones. Our cousin has lost his wife, and it would not take a witch to foresee who will be chosen to supply a mother's loss to his orphans. Aunt Sophy looks rather gloomy about it; but Elsa is such a general favorite that she does not make any decided opposition; and I trust that she will never experience all that I suffered ere I could do justice to a factory operative.

You say that you have heard vague rumors that I also have tried a factory life. Rumor for once has been correct, and I will inform you of the sad necessity which compelled me to do it. But when you heard of it, my dear Helen, did it not suggest to you sad and useful reflections upon the instability of all earthly pleasures, the vanity of all earthly hopes, and the mutability of all earthly designs?

As your imagination portrayed the woman toiling thus for her sick husband, did not the girl come in sad contrast to your memory?—the gay blithesome thoughtless girl, who took "no thought for the morrow." Such thoughts come to me as retrospection brings to view my school days, and school friends. Of but few have I been able to retain any trace. Emma P., the lovely gentle girl, who was the very creature of influence, married before myself, and her husband is but a fashionable *roué*. He has dragged her down into the depths of dissipation and misery with himself, for she had not strength to stand alone upon the heights of virtue. Her property is almost squandered, and may Providence protect her when it is gone.

Julia D. was also as unfortunate in her matrimonial choice; but, unlike Emma, she stands firm in innocence and purity. But the struggle has been terrible—it has worn upon her life, and her children will soon be motherless—her husband desolate.

Mary W. was also the victim of a hypocrite; but, with more energy than either of our former friends, she has separated herself and children from the unnatural husband and father, and maintains them by her pen and her brain.

As I think of the fate of these friends a feeling of gratitude possesses my soul, that I was not thus unfortunate—for surely it was from no superior penetration of my own that I thought Henry Alden perfect. God protected me when I gave my heart to one who was more than worthy of it—a heart whose best affections should first have been dedicated to Him.

You know what I was at the time of my marriage—affectionate and sincere, but inconsiderate and ignorant of the world. I married Henry Alden to gratify my young affections; and, for aught of discrimination that I possessed, I might have been the victim of an artful impostor. I refused the wealthy and gay for Henry, and that endeared me to him, but I incurred Aunt Sophy's severe displeasure. Cousin George advocated our cause, and we were married. We had a splendid wedding, for Aunt

Sophy is ostentatious; but I knew what a change of scene was to follow. I went to the bridal altar as does the novice who is to become the spouse of Christ; decked, for the last time, in the most splendid paraphernalia of that world which was to be abjured. And like her I gloried in the simple habit, the contracted sphere, the humble round of duties, which were henceforth to be mine. You will say that I loved my husband deeply, to do and renounce all this. I loved him with all the capacity of my nature; but not as I have loved him since, with a heart expanded by knowledge of humanity, softened and refined by suffering, and matured by the experience of many trials.

My first conflict was with my own feelings of aversion to factory operatives. I was willing to treat them kindly—*condescendingly*, but my husband exacted more than this. It was bitter to contend with him—I was perverse, and he was firm—I begged of him to respect my feelings, and he replied that he could not respect my prejudices—I wept, and he frowned. He insisted upon introducing Elsa into our little circle, and I almost abused her. My eyes began to open upon the folly of my own conduct as I became clear sighted to that of others. In the little village of Valley Mills there were several distinct cliques, called first, second and third circles. I looked down upon all, thinking them upon one low level; but when I saw that the milliner could not associate with the mill girl, and that the merchant's wife mounted upon stilts above her, I saw the folly of it—other lessons were to teach me the wickedness. Then came the birth and death of our child; a sad but useful experience. It came to link my husband's heart and mine more closely together, and then went up to heaven to carry our united affections there. And while he was with us he taught me a lesson of love to all mankind, for as I folded him to my heart it expanded with love for those who, with me, were the children of ONE COMMON PARENT. Our child was taken, and I murmured at first, but how soon did I see that the evil was meant for good.

After this came other sickness, poverty, and sorrow; but after the first anguish had passed away, when I hoped that my husband might at length recover, then came the thought of other duties. The long sickness, and long convalescence, had deeply involved us, and I wrote to Aunt Sophy. She replied by offering me a home, but said nothing of my husband. I rejected her invitation with *horror*.

Cousin George was in Europe, and our old friend, Dr. Ambrose, was dead. A new physician had removed to the village, cutting off our resources for the future. What could I do? I casually overheard the remark of a factory girl that I "*might work as well as others.*" I thought her very unfeeling at first, but then the reflection came to me, why might I not *work*. I had always had very romantic ideas of loving my husband, but I had never thought of working for him. The altar sanctifieth the gift, and I felt that pure affection could hallow my labor. Why might I not work? The girl's taunt rang continually in my ears. Yes: why might not I work, even as she worked? I wished to secure to my husband the services of one who could be a far better nurse and housekeeper than myself, and I must do something. I was personally acquainted with one of the owners of Valley Mills, and of him I sought employment. A lucrative place was immediately given and accepted. You will say that this was noble and heroical. It was but my simple duty, yet I know that few, educated like me, would have done it.

However, I will not take too much credit to myself—there were other feelings besides love and duty prompting me at that time. There was a sort of despair, which produced utter indifference to "*the opinions of the world*," and a feeling of pleasure that I could thus be somewhat revenged upon Aunt Sophy.

I cannot now tell you all of the sad experience of that time—of all that I suffered, and also of that which I enjoyed; for, in time, the better feelings displaced those more unworthy, and observation and reflection did their work in enlightening me with regard to myself and others. I was now among the poor and unsophisticated. I heard the complaints of the neglected and the ignorant, and I was taught much real knowledge of the human heart. I was sad and stricken, and I met with universal kindness and sympathy. I had always thought these girls an almost unmixed compound of envy, injustice, and ill will. These feelings had been awakened in them by me, and others like myself, but now there was an entire change of feeling and demeanor. O, Helen! it may do us good to descend for a time into the cold dark gulf where so many always dwell; and I now often ask myself this question, Why has the sun of prosperity shone upon so large a portion of my earthly path, while so many, quite as worthy, walk always in the shade? And believe me when I say that I consider my present exemption from that hard toil and trial an unmerited privilege, but not a *right*. If the same task should ever again appear in the line of duty I would perform it, without feeling that there was one claim for approval as an act of heroism or self-sacrifice.

But you will ask, Is the trial now wholly over? Are all admirers of your past conduct? Do not the vain and fashionable sneer at her who was once a factory operative? There are many who regard me with astonishment. They look at me as they would at an ogre or a mermaid. They cannot conceive why a factory did not metamorphose me into something less than human. These amuse me: and then there are others who look upon my past conduct as the effect of melancholy; they pity me, and rejoice that my insanity and its cause are removed. But, when I meet with those who exhibit contempt and arrogance, their conduct places them too far beneath me to permit me to be either wounded or offended. O, how strong I feel then, in the powers which had once lain dormant within me, and in those which I had then and there acquired. What would these weak creatures have done in my place? And what would have become of me had I been like them? I should now be a beggarly dependent upon my wealthy relatives, and my deserted husband perhaps a corpse. But now we are happier and dearer to each other than we have ever been before, for the love is stronger and purer, which has suffered and labored, than that which has merely enjoyed. But, indeed, there may be enjoyment even in suffering and labor. That, which once would have appeared so terrible to me that I should have been paralyzed with horror at the prospect of it, was not thus dreadful in endurance. Do you not remember how often we have sat in our cheerful parlor, listening to the howling storm which beat against the windows? And if we were obliged to go out how we dreaded to meet it! But when we had submitted ourselves to its horrors how they vanished, as we passed on! How many of its terrors had been imaginary! The wind and the rain and the darkness were not so awful as we had supposed. Thus it is in the storms of life; and it is in these times also that our perceptions of spiritual things are

quicken and refined; that the unseen world becomes more visible; that faith seems lost in sight, and hope in fruition. Then our purest aspirations go up, and God's richest blessings come down.

Yes, there are times in our earthly pilgrimage when we come to a desert place—the sun sets upon us, and we are weary and alone. We lay ourselves upon the cold hard ground, and our heads are pillowed upon stones. The darkness thickens around us; but, in the depth of the gloom, Heaven is opened above us—a ladder is placed between the earth and parted sky, and angels are ascending and descending upon it.

The dark night passes away—morning dawns again upon us, and we rise, invigorated, to pursue our journey; but that spot is gratefully marked by a memorial of remembrance, and we say of the scene of our trial, 'Surely, this is none other than the house of God—this is the gate of heaven.'"

With this letter we conclude our tale, and also our series of *The Affections illustrated in Factory Life*. We have portrayed the factory Sister, Mother, Daughter, Betrothed, and Wife. We have been asked if they were true. The last was suggested by real incidents, and the last but one was founded upon fact; and, had we chosen, we might have substituted for the three former real instances which would have been as interesting, or more so; but in general we like not to intrude upon the sacredness of real suffering, or display to a public view the real affection which has struggled in obscurity and toil.

We might illustrate these different affections in another series of tales, like those suggested by real life, but we suppose that our readers would now prefer something different. Though we may write no more fiction, we will endeavor to portray factory life by truths as important and interesting.

ADELIA.

A LEAF FROM MY JOURNAL.

THIS day have I witnessed a sad spectacle. O how much of misery and wretchedness there is in the world, which those who are surrounded with the splendors of wealth dream not of! I called to see a family on whom the iron hand of poverty had been heavily laid. They had but recently taken up their abode in this city, and, by strict economy, had been able to obtain sufficient to sustain life, until sickness came upon them. Three of the family were already bowed beneath the weight of disease, brought on by famine, and exposure to the chilling blasts of winter; and, by the hollow cheek and sunken eye, I could perceive that Death had already claimed one of the number as his victim. Its young spirit seemed as if struggling to free itself from its earthly tabernacle. I looked upon the mother as she lay on her couch of pain; she appeared like one who had suffered much, and from whose heart despair had nearly driven every other feeling; and methought, as I gazed upon her, that her mind wandered back to other days, when, like me, she was young and happy; when a mother's love encircled her, and life was one bright holiday. Then

came the remembrance of another love, less pure and devoted than the former, yet for this she left friends and home; a home of peace and love; a home where want and distress had ever been strangers to her. Yet why does this reminiscence bring tears into her eyes, and deepen the shadow that has already fallen upon her heart? Was not her love strong enough to abide the ills of poverty? Does she sigh for the comforts and luxuries of her childhood's home? Alas! it is not this that has brought sorrow to her heart. Affliction would only have strengthened the chords that bound her to those she loved. But her husband—he for whom she had resigned father and mother, home and her native land—who had promised at the altar of the Most High to cherish and protect her through good and ill—he had proved false to his trust; and, while his wife and children were suffering for want of bread, he was wasting his time and money in the dramshop. No wonder that burning tears should flow down her cheeks, and despair fill her heart. She had still hoped on while health and strength lasted, but now all seemed dark before her.

God alone, who knows how to bring good out of evil, can give her peace. May she yet experience many happy days. CLARA.

CATHERINE GABRIEL.

Translated from the French.

THIS famous singer was so strongly attached to her native country (Italy) that she constantly refused the most brilliant offers which were made her by many directors of theatres in London, who desired to engage her, if only for a season. The renown of Gabriel excited the curiosity of the Empress of Russia, Catherine II., to such a degree, that she wrote, in 1765, to her ambassador at Rome to make use of all possible means to induce the singer to come to St. Petersburg.

The ambassador was eager to visit her, and was much astonished at being refused. Far from being discouraged, he persisted in seeing her, till the singer, wearied by his importunity, consented to sing before the court of Russia for the space of two months, upon condition that the empress would pay her five thousand ducats, the expenses of her abode there, and the expense of her double voyage.

When Catherine heard these conditions, she wrote to her ambassador: "Tell the Italian that I do not give so much to my field marshal."

"Ah, well," replied the singer to the ambassador, who had come to make known to her the reply of his sovereign—"Ah, well, sir, write to the empress that she may make her field marshal sing; as for me, I remain at Rome."

Catherine was at first offended by this haughty reply, but concluded by laughing heartily at it, and consented to fulfil all the conditions prescribed by Gabriel.

The singer arrived at Petersburg, and was treated magnificently. Catherine was so charmed with her singing that she overwhelmed her with presents of pearls and diamonds to a far greater amount than the sum paid for her engagement, the great expense of her entertainment, and that of her voyage. E. W. S.

THE MAGDALEN.

"And behold a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him, weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment."

Luke vii. 37, 38.

BURDENED with sin, and sore oppressed with fears,
 She came all bathed in penitential tears,
 And, kneeling by the man of many woes,
 Her weary spirit thirsted for repose,
 Estranged from peace, long versed in ways of sin,
 An outcast vile, degraded had she been;
 The founts of early purity and truth
 Had dried away, e'en in her early youth,
 And she had turned from virtue far away,
 Through the dark labyrinths of vice to stray,
 Till scarce a trace was left, or single line,
 To show that she had ever been almost divine.
 But there are moments when the spirit yearns
 For light and truth, and its deep channel burns,
 With quenchless thirst, to soar to purity,
 And cast away its vice and misery.
 And e'en the vilest sometimes will confess
 The paths they tread are gall and bitterness.
 She came, her soul in sackcloth clad, and knelt
 Low before Him with whom no guile e'er dwelt,
 Nor raised her streaming eyes, nor did she dare
 Firmly to breathe the penitential prayer,
 "Lord, save me, or I perish;" but her soul
 Gave vent to wo that could not brook control,
 In sighs of anguish, and in burning tears
 Shed o'er the shadows of departed years;
 When she was free from evil and from guile,
 And when her path was cheered by Virtue's smile.
 She wept in anguish, and her long dark hair
 Which half concealed her brow, as marble fair;
 Drank up the dews which her full heart had shed
 To wash the feet of Christ, our living Head.
 And how did He receive the guilty and forlorn—
 She, whom the Pharisee but viewed with scorn?
 She, whom the world would crush beneath their feet,
 Nor ever point to Virtue's calm retreat?

No keen rebuke, no harsh reproof was given,
 No thorns strewn in the path that led to heaven,
 Nor did He say she ne'er might pardon claim,
 And that so dark the blot upon her name,
 It ne'er might be erased; but she must die
 As she had lived, in vice and infamy.
 The Savior turned, in gentleness and love,
 And, like the hallowed light shed from above
 Upon the cherubim and mercy-seat,
 Within the inner temple's deep retreat,
 Such was the glance that filled her inmost heart,
 Bidding its wo and bitterness depart.
 And O, how much those accents breathed of Heaven,
 How sweet their sound, "Thy sins are all forgiven."
 The suppliant heard, and a glad beam of day
 Burst on her soul with heaven-inspiring ray,

Scattered the darkness; and the mists now fell
That brooded there, and broke Sin's deadly spell.
She rose in peace, and turned her to depart
In gratitude and penitence of heart.

Followers of Christ! Disciples of the Lamb!
Ye who have breathed his vows, and named his name,
Behold your Master! While He sojourned here,
Seeking with consolation's tone to cheer
The soul of her who, weary, sick at heart
Of vice and guilt, would fain from them depart,
And find, if haply so she might, the way
Of virtue she had left, no more to stray.
And will you see, with cold unfeeling eye,
Heaven's fairest work polluted, and pass by
Upon the farther side, nor seek to save,
Nor rescue them from infamy's black grave?
Shame, shame on such cold heartedness. Let pride
And hollow sentiment in scorn deride,
All efforts made to stem the tide, as vain;
And careless float on Pleasure's flowery main.
Ours be the nobler task to seek to save
The lost and loved from Infamy's dark grave,
To raise the beacon high on Folly's height
That all may see and mark the warning light,
And never faint nor tire in all the way,
Till, o'er our land, shall shine a purer day,
Till fiendish arts, that lure the artless on,
Shall be, by all the virtuous, frowned upon,
Till Vice shall find no more a biding place,
And Purity's bright beams bless all our race.

M. A.

NOTHING.

METHINKS I hear somebody say, "An old subject indeed—what great feat is to be accomplished now? What new wonder disclosed? What interesting circumstance brought to light under a head like this? or to what will it amount in the end?"

I need not stop to answer these several inquiries, as my title will define each of them, making all the comments and explanation necessary, and in short, yet plain and comprehensive language, so that none can fail to understand.

But to the point. This word is used by every individual to a greater or less extent, serving as an answer to nearly every thing which can be proposed in the form of a question. The little urchin who has slyly seated himself on a cricket, in some corner of the room, busily employed in scratching or tearing the leaves from some valuable book, when asked what he is doing, finds no word so easy to speak as *nothing*; while the young lady tries to conceal some small article, perhaps a letter, in her handkerchief, and is ready to say *nothing* to the first individual who dares presume to ask what she has? The criminal at the bar has done *nothing* to bring him there; the tattler has said *nothing* to disturb the peace of the quiet vicinity where he resides; the thief, the liar, and slanderer, all have *nothing*, say *nothing*, and do *nothing*. A curious word surely; nor does it stop here. To the timid and faint-hearted it is the source of more

trouble than any other word now known. Like witches (such beings you know were once fashionable) it is ready at any moment to disguise itself in the most hideous forms, often appearing at the bedside of its timorous and deluded victim in the guise of some departed friend, habited in the pale shroud of the tomb, making unmeaning gestures, and at last vanishes without exposing its real name. With eager eyes it watches for the twilight of the following day, and, under the cover of its gray mantle, calls at the residence of its former victim, and by three loud raps, asks for a renewal of their acquaintance, but very carefully leaves without disclosing its name, well knowing the frightened family in their alarm will fail to recognize their old friend, but roguish tormentor, *nothing*.

Many more instances might be named, but enough has already been said to show that *nothing* always aspires to *something*, never suffering an opportunity to pass unimproved, when by any means it can fill its place to advantage. But vain is the effort—its devices and stratagems can never in reality raise it higher than the place it was designed to fill. Though, in a garb of deception, it walks our streets frightening the timid, creating disturbances, and serving as a covering for guilt and crime in every form, it still is *nothing*, and must ever remain so to the end of time.

Let us, therefore, beware of its devices, watching closely for the snares laid to entrap and deceive us; never failing to investigate and examine with scrutiny every supernatural appearance, and see that we never worship at the shrine of *nothing*.

ADALINE.

And that *nothing*, after all, takes quite a conspicuous part in the affairs of life, is evident from the fact that many an orator's finest efforts amount to *nothing*; that many an author's most studied works are good for *nothing*; that time is very frequently and pleasantly passed in doing *nothing*; that our greatest enjoyments often amount to *nothing*; and that the world was made out of *nothing*, and will be resolved into *nothing*. Ed.

AN EVENING HOUR'S REFLECTIONS.

THERE is no part of our lives which passes so happily, and at the same time so rationally, in my opinion, as the hours of evening. Even in childhood those hours which are usually devoted to recreation are well spent, for all our angry and selfish feelings are then hushed by the stillness and surpassing beauty of evening, and we join heart and hand in our sports, and learn to sacrifice our own wishes to those of our companions. The union and friendship then formed are seldom broken, unless from our intercourse with the world we imbibe that selfishness which prompts us to turn away from all, who cannot contribute to our own consequence or amusement. And, even then, at the return of evening, we feel a softness stealing over our spirits, and a lively and affectionate remembrance of past hours of happiness, and should we then meet any of the companions of our childhood we should extend the hand of friendship towards them, even though we had been separated from them for years. As we advance from childhood to youth, the time which had been spent in recreation is more rationally employed in close attention to study, and in reading books of literature and science. We are able to apply our minds much more dili-

gently to these subjects, when from the stillness of surrounding nature there is nothing to disturb our tranquility. As we advance in life, our evenings, particularly the hours of twilight, are spent in reflections on the present, past, and future, and though not always the happiest moments of our lives, (as we have to reflect on time misspent, errors committed, and duties neglected,) yet they are the most useful, as leading us to make resolutions of amendment for the future; and, unless our consciences are seared by too frequent abuse, we cannot entirely forget these resolutions, or bring ourselves to commit the same faults again.

I have now come to the most delightful part of my subject, *a walk by twilight*—a lonely and solitary walk. I cannot describe to any one the exquisite pleasure of *such* a walk, but presume all have experienced it themselves. When I am perplexed with the cares and troubles of life, when my angry passions are excited by the reception of some imaginary injury, or when I feel an exuberant flow of spirits, a twilight walk soothes my mind into a perfect tranquility, and I shed delicious tears of pleasing melancholy. I enjoy more real pleasure in these tears, than I ever enjoyed in scenes of mirth, when I was gayest of the gay. I.

EDITORIAL.

CLOSE OF THE HALF VOLUME. With this number closes our first half volume, and we would say a few words to those who have subscribed for but the first six months, fearing that we should not be able to go on with our work. We should never have commenced this undertaking unless we had been *confident* that, by hard striving, we could complete it. We have not been disappointed in any of our expectations. We can now see our way clearly through this year, though upon future success depends our competence to embellish our magazine, and the reward we shall receive for our own labors. We have as yet given no engravings, for we have not *known* that our treasury would allow of it.

We are sorry that a magazine, which has reached its forty-sixth number, has not been able to disprove the charges of deception, &c., which are still brought against the *Offering*. And, when we have so frequently invited investigation, what right has any one to repeat the slanders which are even now circulated against us? We wish for no better proof that a man is himself a hypocrite—that he is capable of any imposture—than that he should say that he *knows* the *Offering* is "*a humbug*."

It would perhaps be folly for us to attempt to reassure any of those who have doubted, for who would believe what was said in a work, which contained a falsehood upon its title page. However, we will state, for the satisfaction of any who may feel thus interested, that no articles have appeared in the *Offering* which were not written by *factory operatives*—that no "lawyer," minister, doctor, or any man whatever, is allowed, for an instant, to occupy our editorial chair—that there is hardly a possibility that we are ourselves ever imposed upon; for no contributions are accepted, excepting from those in whom we have perfect confidence; and we do not believe that a more sincere truthful ingenious set of girls are any where to be found than those comprising the two Improvement Circles of Lowell.

With the exception of our own contribution this number is made up from articles presented by new writers—that is, by those who have been but a short time upon our list of contributors. The two longest articles of poetry may almost be considered exceptions, but those females have not had long experience in preparing articles for the press.

The leading article was written by one who has never before appeared as a writer in the *Offering*, though she has been for sometime a writer for the Circle.

In the next half volume we trust some old contributors will reappear, and that new ones will improve. May we not hope that all, who have subscribed for but six months, will renew their subscriptions? It was by a misunderstanding of our agents that any subscriptions were received for that length of time. H. F.

THE LOWELL OFFERING.

MAY, 1844.

LETTERS FROM SUSAN.

LETTER FIRST.

MARCH —, —.

DEAR MARY: When I left home I told you that I would write in a week, and let you have my first impressions of Lowell. I will keep my promise; though, if I should defer my letter a while longer, I think I could make it much more interesting. But you know I promised to be very minute, and there is always sufficient minutiae to fill up a letter.

I arrived here safe and sound, after being well jolted over the rocks and hills of New Hampshire; and when (it was then evening) a gentleman in the stage first pointed out Lowell to me, with its lights twinkling through the gloom, I could think of nothing but Passumpscoot swamp, when brilliantly illuminated by "lightning-bugs." You, I know, will excuse all my "up-country" phrases, for I have not yet got the rust off; and to you, and all my old-fashioned friends, I shall always be *rusty*. My egotism I will not apologize for—it is what you request.

To return to my adventures—for it all appears very romantic to me. The driver carried me to the "corporation," as it is called; and which, so far as I now can describe it, is a number of short parallel streets with high brick blocks on either side. There are some blocks with blinds to them, and some are destitute. Some of the doors have bells, others have not. Contiguous to these *boarding-houses* are the *mills*, of which I will tell you more by and by.

I told the driver to carry me to No. —, and there he left me; where there was not a soul that I knew, if cousin Sarah was gone. I inquired, of an Irish girl who came to the door, if Sarah G. Pollard boarded there. She said that she had gone to Manchester, to work with an overseer who was an old acquaintance. The girl did not invite me in, and there I stood like "a statter," as Aunt Hitty says. I did not feel disposed to make inquiries of the girl, I was so unaccustomed to her brogue. Just then—that is, just as my heart was sinking ten fathoms below zero—a pleasant-looking woman came into the entry; and, in a very motherly way, invited me into her own room; took off my things, ordered away my trunk and bandbox, brought camphor for my head, for it ached with my ride, and

told me all about cousin Sarah. She said that I had better not think of following her to Manchester, and promised to do all for me that she could. This was Mrs. C., "the boarding woman"—a widow, with several children, whom she keeps at school, and maintains well, by her own industry and good management.

I had expected coldness, or at least entire indifference, in this city, and the cordiality of the good landlady filled my heart with gratitude. I have since inquired if she were not unusually kind; but, though she is a very good woman, the girls here say that she is not more so to me than to any other new boarder; and that the boarding-women are always "dreadful good" to a new boarder. Every girl, let her be ever so rusty, or rather rustic, fills one of the many niches prepared here for so many, and some, you know, are like nest-eggs, and bring many more. But we will not be so uncharitable as to suppose there is nothing but policy in all this, for there is surely something to excite a woman's sympathies in the sight, which is not uncommon here, of a lonely friendless helpless stranger.

You can hardly think how my heart beat when I heard the bells ring for the girls to come to supper, and then the doors began to slam, and then Mrs. C. took me into the dining-room, where there were three common-sized dining tables, and she seated me at one of them, and then the girls thickened around me, until I was almost dizzy.

At the table where I sat they were very still, for the presence of a stranger is usually "a damper" upon them. But there was quite noise enough at the other tables, and what was wanted in wit was made up in merriment. After a while one or two of my boon companions "opened their mouths and spoke," and I have already found that those who make themselves most conspicuous in the presence of strangers, and would soonest attract their attention, are those who do themselves, and those with whom they are connected, the least credit.

I remember that I must be very minute—so I will inform you that we had tea, flapjacks, and plum-cake for supper. There was also bread, butter, and crackers, upon the table; but I saw no one touch them.

After supper the tables were cleared in a trice. Some of the girls came in with their sewing, some went to their own rooms, and some went "out upon the street"—that is, they went to some meeting, or evening school, or they were shopping, or visiting upon some other corporation, all of which is "going upon the street," in factory parlance.

I retained my seat with the girls in the great keeping-room, for Mrs. C. had company in her own sanctum, and I did not know where else to go. Some book-pedlars, shoe-pedlars, essence-pedlars, and candy-boys came in, and made very strenuous exertions to attract our attention. By most of the girls they were treated with cool civility, but there were some little noisy self-conceited misses, who detained them, under the pretence of examining goods for purchase, but who were slyly joking at the expense of the pedler, and collecting material for future merriment. Sometimes the joke was turned upon themselves, and it was seldom that both parties separated in good humor.

At ten o'clock Mrs. C. came in, and told us that it was time for us all to go to bed. Some begged for time to "read this story out;" others just for "a few minutes to finish this seam." She refused them good-naturedly, but those were most cunning who wanted to warm their feet, and detained her by telling queer stories, of what they had seen and heard upon "the

street"—and she unconsciously gave them the few minutes she had at first refused.

I was shown up three flight of stairs, into what is called "the long attic"—where they put all poor stranger girls—the most objectionable places being always left for new comers. There were three beds in it, only two of which were occupied, for this is always the room for vacancies. My baggage had already been carried up by "the boys," as the boarders call Mrs. C's sons; and I looked wofully at the strange girl who was to be my "*chum*." She took no notice of me, and went to sleep as composedly as if I had been still among the White mountains; but the two girls in the further bed kept whispering together something about "the old man." I was very nervous, and almost wished "the old boy" had them both; but, when the house was still, a strange fear came over me, such as is created in children by telling them about *the old man*.

I heard the bells strike the midnight hour long before I went to sleep, and then I dreamed about "the old man."

As soon as day broke I was awakened by one of the girls jumping out of bed, and beginning to crow. That awakened the others, and they bestirred themselves. One sung

Morning bells I hate to hear,
Ringing dolefully, loud, and drear, &c.

Then the other struck up, with a loud voice,

Now isn't it a pity,
Such a pretty girl as I,
Should be sent to the factory
To pine away and die.

I dressed myself, and followed them down stairs, where I found my place at the table, and our early breakfast was all ready for us. It consisted of hot cakes, and coffee—there was also "hash" upon the table, for those who wanted it.

When the girls had all gone to work I asked Mrs. C. what I should do. She replied that she would go herself and see if I could have a place, for she was well acquainted with many of the overseers, and thought she could "get me in."

She went in for me, but no overseer would take me, even upon her recommendation, until they had seen me themselves. One promised, however, to give me work if he liked the looks of me, and she considers this place as if already engaged, for she says she knows he will like me when he sees me.

You may ask how Mrs. C. could recommend me. She was so well acquainted with cousin Sarah that she had often heard her speak of me, and she says that she is never deceived, either, in her estimate of a good honest country girl.

The overseer said he should not want me until next week, and I felt rather unpleasant at the thought of paying my board while earning nothing. But Mrs. C. said she had some quilts to make, and if I would assist her a little she would give me my board. So I can run round, and see all the lions and lionesses, and get quite an idea of my location, before I go into the mill. O, how I dread to be cooped up there, day after day.

You will ask what I have already seen. I have been out upon a long street, called Central street, and another long street, at right angles with

it, called Merrimack street. There are stores filled with beautiful goods upon either side, and some handsome public buildings. There is a great hotel called the Merrimack House, which is much larger than any that I ever saw before, and near it is the Railroad Depot. I waited, one day, to see the cars come in from Boston. They moved, as you know, very swiftly, but not so much like "a streak of lightning" as I had anticipated. If all country girls are like me their first impressions of a city are far below their previous conceptions, and they think there is more difference than there really is. Little as I know of it now I see that the difference is more apparent than real. There are the same passions at work beneath another surface.

When I went out with Mrs. C. she made me put on one of her girls' bonnets, because mine did not turn up behind, and out at the ears, and she said it was O. S., instead of O. K. Well, as I walked along, and saw all the beautifully dressed ladies, I thought, within myself, that, with bonnets and dresses of an old style, they too would not be passable.

You must know that they dress very much here—at least, it so appears to us, who have just come off of the hills, and been accustomed to put on our woollen gowns in the morning, and our better woollen gowns in the "afternoon." Here they wear velvets, and furs, and plumes, and bugles, and *all*. I should wish to know a great deal to be dressed so, for I should think there was a great deal to be expected of one who made such pretensions.

I told Mrs. C. that the city ladies were not so pale as I expected. She said that many of them were painted, and that *rouge* was becoming more fashionable every year. She says that even some of the factory girls use it, and pointed out several highly dressed girls whose cheeks were truly of "a carmine tint."

I have attended meeting the only sabbath I have been here. It seems as though every one went to meeting, the streets are so full on Sundays, but it is not so. Yet Lowell is a church-going place, and they say that they have good meetings and ministers.

I went to the Congregational meeting, for that, you know, is the one I have always been accustomed to attend. The meeting-house is one of the oldest in the city, and not beautiful, though a good respectable looking building. The congregation was very tastefully dressed. I thought, as I looked at some of the ladies, that old Parson Trevor would preach to them from Matthew xxvi. 18. "Top not come down."

In the afternoon I went to the Methodist meeting. This, you are aware, is, with us, "the ragged meeting;" but here—my paper is full, and I can only say ribbons, bows, plumes, ruffles, fringes, wimples, and crimples, "ruffs, puffs, and farthingales." Yet the preaching was of a higher order than I had anticipated.

Next Sunday I shall go to see the Episcopalians, and Catholics, of whom we have always heard so little that is good. Yet there was a strange, and not unhallowed sensation excited in my breast when I first saw a church with a spire surmounted by a cross, that symbol of our holy religion; and the dark stone church which was first built here, revived the impressions which were created by our juvenile literature, which you know a few years since was wholly English. Yours affectionately, SUSAN.

THE STRANGER MAIDEN'S DEATH.

SHE was an humble maiden, and—she died.
 This is her history. The pomp of pride,—
 A tow'ring intellect,—ambition's strife,—
 Appear not in the annals of her life.
 She was an humble maiden; and her home
 Was far away, where fragrant breezes come
 From waving corn-fields; pastures broad and fair,
 And boundless forests, proudly stretching there,
 Compassed the simple "house where she was born;"
 And pleasantly, as o'ped each joyous morn,
 The lowing kine, and lambkins bleating near,
 Sent their accustomed voices to her ear.
 Here long her childish footsteps gaily roved;
 This was her happiness,—she lived and loved.
 Yet earthly love absorbed not all her heart,
 For, Mary-like, she chose the "better part,"
 And early travelled in the rugged road,
 That leads the wandering spirit home to God.

But from the distant city, rumors flew
 Of other scenes; and o'er her dazzled view
 Danced beaming phantoms, gay and golden dreams,
 Illumed by fancy's bright, deceitful gleams.
 She left her home, and here she trod awhile
 The beaten path of labor; and a smile
 Glowed on her cheek, and sparkled in her eye;
 Her hands their daily task wrought willingly.
 Of care and pain she lightly bore her share,
 For youth and health are buoyant everywhere.
 Not long she labored thus—for sickness came,
 Weak'ning the vigor of her youthful frame;
 Dimming the glowing lustre of her eye;
 Bidding the hues of health her features fly;
 Until, as 'neath the tempest sinks the flower,
 She prostrate lay beneath his tyrant power.

Sick, and alone, mid strangers!—oh, the thought
 Comes to the heart with three-fold anguish fraught.
 How can a stranger catch the gentle tone
 With which a mother greets her drooping one?
 Or borrow from a sister's love-lit eye
 The soothing light of blessed sympathy?
 Oh! Love, and Home! ye are the cordials best
 To yield the weary sufferer healing rest.
 They bore her to a kindly shelter, where
 The sickened stranger meets unwearied care,
 And there, retired from all distracting noise,
 In dreams returned again her childhood's joys;
 She traced the wildwood footpaths o'er and o'er;
 And crossed the threshold of her cottage door;
 Then rushed her loved ones' fond embrace to meet—
 Why tell the tale?—her blessings seemed complete.
 Those dreams were short—too short! She woke again
 To feel the weight of weariness and pain,
 To see Hope's torch, just lit by fancy's ray,
 Blown rudely out, and darkened all her way.
 She woke to hear, half-drowned with Pity's sigh,
 The dreadful whisper, "Maiden, thou must die!"

Stunned as by Heaven's red bolt awhile she lay,
 Struggling 'neath speechless, mighty agony.
 Such agony as hers what words could tell?
 At length, her nurse—who tenderly and well
 With kindest care had softened every pain,
 And sought the sufferer's ease and health in vain,—
 She beckoned to her side, and faintly said,

"I may not conquer quite this inward dread;
 I cannot die! O, I have loved so well,
 And still do love! I cannot say farewell
 To all the cherished idols of my heart!
 Mother! oh, mother! how can I depart
 To the cold grave without beholding thee,
 And all I love? Oh, no! it must not be!
 Sweet nurse! to me some blest elixir give,
 Whose power can make this sinking frame revive,
 And bid disease and pain and languor fly;
 Oh, give me this—and say I shall not die!"

She looked imploringly, but no relief
 Of earthly source could now assuage her grief.
 No hope was left, save in the heart's deep prayer,
 "Oh, FATHER! be her stay!" Heard He not there,
 Where high He sits on his eternal throne,
 The prayer unspoken, and the sufferer's moan?
 And sent He not the angel Faith to cheer
 Death's shadowy vale, so gloomy and so drear?
 What but the Sun of Heaven could make her eye
 Kindle and glow with sudden ecstasy?
 What but the sound of harps by angels strung,
 Could have inspired that last—that dying song?
 She sang His "loving kindness," who had given
 His Son to bring her to His love, and heaven.
 The soaring notes arose so loud and clear
 That those who stood around were filled with fear,
 And gently chid her. "Maiden, soon the strife—
 The dying pangs will come; then let the spark of life
 Burn while it will; nor hasten thus to leave
 Those who, though strangers, o'er your tomb will grieve."
 Upturned to heaven; and thus did she reply:
 "Not so! not so! Shall He forgotten be,
 Who never, never hath forgotten me?
 He gave me life; now, as I yield to death,
 To Him I'll dedicate my latest breath.
 Redeemer! unto Thee I humbly bow;
 Dearer than father or than mother thou!
 Thee, even now, my flying soul can see!
 I come,—with purer love to worship Thee!"
 The last faint echoes of her voice still rung
 Upon their ears, as o'er her couch they hung.
 Her eye was dull and fixed; and pale her brow;—
 So pale—but hush! she sings in glory now!

O ye who dwell in luxury and pride,
 And ye who stem ambition's dazzling tide,—
 Ye who have made your god your god, and given
 Those powers to sordid earth, which only Heaven
 Was destined to receive—might envy well
 The peace which on this dying maiden fell!
 Though loudly swells the trumpet of renown,
 Death's thunder-summons it can never drown.
 The downy couch—the gorgeous drapery,
 Hide not the spirit's parting agony.

And ye, well versed in arts of worldly life,
May learn of her to meet the fearful strife.

This simple tale is no uncommon one.
How many thus have lived and died unknown,
Save by that FRIEND ALMIGHTY, in whose care
All claim and all enjoy an equal share;
Who makes the poor of earth the rich in faith,
And heirs of bliss beyond the touch of death.
The splendor of those mansions who may paint,
Where dwells that humble maid—that glorious saint!

L. L.

WEALTH AND POVERTY.

IN the mistaken estimate which men are so apt to form of their own condition, and the true value of earthly things, nothing is more common or erroneous than their ideas of wealth. Were an inhabitant of some sister planet, in which avarice has never yet found a shrine, to visit our earth, and take in at one view, all the joys and sorrows, thoughts and opinions of men, how would he be astonished at the eagerness with which men pursue after riches. Virtue, honesty, happiness, all these, and whatever else that is pure and lovely, that may happen to interfere with their all-engrossing pursuit, must be sacrificed at the shrine of Mammon. The poor repine that their lot has been cast in the barren vale of poverty, and the rich, perchance, look round upon their hoards of accumulated wealth with dissatisfaction because there are others, who, from some golden pinnacle, can look down upon them with all a miser's pity. They forget, while they view with admiring gaze, the glittering dust for which so many have spent the last drop of their life's blood, that there is wealth, to which this is, in comparison, but as a drop in the bucket; that there are jewels far richer than ever sparkled on Beauty's brow, or glittered in a monarch's diadem. It is the wealth of the mind—of the heart. These are jewels, which far exceed the glowing ruby, or the sparkling diamond, as the glorious sun of the morning outshines the pale stars of midnight. To show the vast superiority of moral and intellectual over mere external wealth, let us contrast examples of each.

An humble daughter of one of Poverty's care-worn children lay reclined upon a couch of wealth and anguish. She was a fragile flower, over which the storms of adversity had beaten with unceasing violence, until, at length, she withered beneath their influence. The sumptuous palace was never her abode; the gems of Golconda had never glittered on her brow; nor had the Indies ever poured their treasures at her feet. No—hers was a life of poverty and toil. She had toiled cheerfully and constantly, for it was for those whom she loved. She had grown up beneath the shelter of her mother's lowly cottage, a being too pure and lovely for earth, like a flower of Paradise, left to languish here for a little space, and then to be transplanted to its native soil. And now, when the light of Spring approached, and her soft breath passed over the garden, she had laid her down to die. Oh, fearful was the struggle in her fond mother's heart, for it was hard to bow in submission to the will of God, when told that th'

her idol, must die. How could she lay this child, the hope and solace of her old age, beneath the cold clods of the valley? What would earth be to her, but a darksome wilderness, when her day-star had set? Weary was the conflict in her bosom; but, at last, she was enabled to say, "FATHER, thy will be done." Long had she watched her daughter's faltering step, and marked the growing brightness in her eye, the deepening hectic on her cheek, and each day she beheld the destroyer draw nearer, and yet more near.

And now, at last, the fatal hour had come—her child must die! She bent over the couch of the loved one, in speechless anguish, such as only a mother may know, watching for the moment when death should set his seal upon her brow. She lay, wrapped in soft slumber, and dreamed, it may be, of the glories of a better world; for her brow was kindled with a more than earthly light. Just then the south wind came stealing through the open casement, bearing on its wings the rich perfume of a bed of early violets, over which it had passed in its wanderings. Its balmy fragrance filled the sick-room, and hung over the couch of the dying girl. It seemed to awaken in the slumberer the memory of the days of her childhood, when she roamed, free as the mountain breeze, over the dewy turf, and plucked the early violet, and watched the budding of the first white rose. She turned her dark eyes slowly towards the window, and fixed them on the setting sun.

"Mother, dear mother," she faintly murmured, in tones sweet as the dying notes of an angel's lyre, "let me look upon the blue hills of my childhood once more before I depart." With a throbbing heart, her mother raised her in her arms, for she saw that the lamp of life was just flickering in its socket, and about to expire forever. Earnestly did she gaze upon the rich tinge of the West, on the spreading elm that waved its branches lightly by the window, and listened to the murmur of the waterfall, the hum of the bees, and the song of the birds. "Mother," she continued, "weep not that I pass away from earth, when the warm Spring wakens the song of the birds, and bursts the bonds of the mountain rill, and opens the first fragrant blossom to the light. Grieve not that I thus depart, for I go from the spring-time of earth to that clime where eternal spring-time reigns, and flowers blossom evermore. And, mother, plant a rose on my grave, that when you see it reviving from the cold desolation of Winter, and blossoming anew, it shall be to you a token of my resurrection and immortality. And now, farewell. She cast one look of love upon her mother, and, as she sank upon her lowly couch, her spirit passed from earth to heaven. Her mother laid her in her grave, and in that mother's heart, her memory was like holy incense, calling it away from earth, and pointing it to heaven. "My child shall no more return to me," she would say, "but I shall go to her; I shall, ere long, be with her in my eternal home." * * *

The golden rays of the rising sun stole through the casement of an elegant mansion which adorned one of the principal streets of a populous city, and fell on the costly furniture of its stately halls and gorgeous saloons. All for which the voluptuary could ask, or luxury itself could heave a sigh, was here to be found, yet was its possessor not happy. He had found, to his sorrow, that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things he possesseth. In his haste to be rich, he had trampled the poor under foot, and, stopping his ears to the voice of charity, had gone on,

accumulating wealth, until he could count his gold by many thousands, yet what had wealth to do with happiness? He had bartered the best feelings of his nature for pelf; the fires lighted in youth on the hearth-stone of his heart, had long since gone out and left it cold and desolate, and whatever was pure and noble within him had ceased to be. He had become cold and selfish, without a thought or feeling higher than the money bags which surrounded him; they were his idols, and before them he bowed down and worshipped. And now, as he lay in his stately chamber, writhing beneath the grasp of the pale king of terrors, the elegance and luxury of his dwelling afforded him no pleasure. He saw pass in long array before him, the lone widow whom he had wronged, the famishing orphan whom he had not fed, and he groaned in bitterness of soul. For him, as he well knew, few hearts would mourn; his memory would not be gratefully cherished in the hearts of the poor around him, nor would the tears of the orphan ever moisten his grave. The marble column raised above his grave might indeed tell proud tales of his worth and merit, and deep might be the external mourning worn for him, yet he well knew, that all this would be the mockery, and false the show. "I have seen the sun rise for the last time," he said, "and I shall no more see it set. All my life long have I been in pursuit of wealth, and have never known what true wealth is. I have grown gray in the service of Mammon. I have sacrificed all that rendered life dear at his shrine. I am going down to the grave, seared and withered, and I leave my wealth to be my children's curse. May God, in his mercy, grant that they may not, like me, worship it." His voice faltered, his eye grew dim and lustreless, and his spirit took its flight forever.

Now, let me ask, in conclusion, which of these two individuals possessed true riches? Which was happy? Let no one vainly imagine that wealth is happiness; and toil only in pursuit of riches, for they will find it but as an empty dream, and as a shadow which vanisheth away. M. A.

A CENTURY HENCE.

At evening I lingered—Earth's scenes I surveyed,
All nature in beauty was sweetly arrayed;
My thoughts pierced the future with feelings intense,
And I thought to look forward *a century hence*.

I thought of the deeds of the wise and the good,
Of the place where a Howard or Washington stood,
Who labored with zeal and with ardor intense,
For blessings received *a century hence*.

I thought of our nation, so noble and great,
Its fair institutions of learning and state.
I thought of its schools so many and dense,
And of what they would be *a century hence*.

Our laws too, for wisdom and truth, are far known:
May peace sway the sceptre, and love mount the throne;
But alas! I much feared that some might take offence,
And, trembling, I thought of *a century hence*.

I thought of society, haughty and gay ;
 But I ween that pure friendship will soon bear the sway,
 Remove far away all cause of offence,
 And peace reign triumphant *a century hence*.

I thought of the gospel, which gladdened my heart,
 A balm for poor sinners 'twill freely impart,
 Of blessings unnumbered arising from thence,
 And the spread of true wisdom *a century hence*.

I thought of the heathen, to idols bowed down,
 Their sitting in darkness, and dying alone—
 May the bright Sun of Glory, with beams so intense,
 Illumine all hearts *a century hence*.

I thought of the drunkard, now reeling the street,
 Who has bowed low to Bacchus—e'en knelt at his feet ;
 But I hoped for the days of wisdom and sense,
 For they will not be known *a century hence*.

I thought of the slave, as he's chained to his task,
 Beneath Georgia's sun, where he toiling doth bask,
 This evil arose I thought not from whence,
 But 'twill be far removed *a century hence*.

As I thought of these changes my mind spanned the skies,
 And I thought, like an Enoch, transported to rise ;
 But soon I recalled me to nature and sense,
 And inquired for myself *a century hence*.

Ah ! who can this answer ? A moment may fly,
 And we pass through the portals of death ; yes, we lie
 In the grave till God calls us forever from thence—
 May we all be in Heaven *a century hence*.

B.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

THE past, where is it ? Gone—forever gone ! with its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows, and all its short-lived realities. Yes, it has gone, like a dream that is told, or the morning dew that passeth away. But upon its pages is registered, as with an angel's pen, the happiest moments of our life. That golden period of our existence, when our young hearts knew no sin nor sorrow, has passed away, when we dreamed not that the golden chain of friendship was doomed to be broken, when we crossed the threshold of our childhood's home. Oh there is a magic power in those words which no human mind can fully explain. The poet calls it "home, sweet home," and who can define it better ? "Thought is poor, and language tame" to portray one half its joys. In that home lived the mother who so ardently loved us ; the father who provided for our wants ; the brothers and sisters whose kind smiles and disinterested affection daily added new ingredients to our cup of bliss. There, too, were the bright green fields, where, in our youthful innocence, we were wont to ramble, and cull the fairest flowers from Nature's garden. Yes, in that sweet spot, called home, were concentrated all those pure and holy joys which make life desirable. But now they are gone, or live only in our memories, as though

the retrospection of them was intended to assuage the deep griefs of our riper years.

But the present, what of that? Ah! the present is ours; we have long looked forward to it with anxiety and hope, and it has come at last; but it has proved very different from what we had anticipated. It has found us separated from our homes, tempted by sin, and oppressed by care. But it has come to us laden with hope—rich with privileges, and burdened with responsibilities. We have been styled by one of our members as a band of feeble sisters, groping our way in obscurity; and it is true. We are a feeble band; but though feeble, our influence has been felt through the length and breadth of our beloved country. Nor is this all: it has crossed the trackless deep, and gained for us, in other lands, a reputation. Is there not, then, a great responsibility resting upon this little band. Then let us remember that the present only is ours; that it is the only time for action which we can be sure of; and on it depends, in a great measure, the happiness of our future life, if that future should ever dawn upon us.

But an all-wise Providence has seen fit to throw a veil over that, so that no eye, save that of OMNISCIENCE can penetrate it. But we have this for our encouragement, that the future is all a blank; and we have not only the power but ability to write glorious things on its unstained pages. E. J.

H O M E .

It is indeed so; the green hills of my childhood are again presented to my view. I see my home amid its vines and flowers; the garden still blooming, and the orchard laden with its golden fruit. No ruthless hand has felled the aged chestnut tree that often, in my childish day, was wont to shield me from the summer's potent rays. That silver stream as bright and clear meanders through the sunny field. And there is my laughing brother, with his kite, and baited hook, and shout still free and joyous. My gentle sister, with her "eye of light, and lip of love." And I can hear the music of my mother's voice, can see her smile of love; and, as at the hour of rest, feel again her hand gently laid in blessings on my head. The prayer, the good night, the kiss—all, all are there. And then my father's grave—the rose my mother planted there with her own hands, and reared with anxious care, and watered with her tears. But, ah! that sounding bell dispels this waking dream, and tells me that I am still a wanderer, far from home and those I love; dwelling where all are strangers, and few are kind. O! years have I wandered, like Noah's weary dove, over deserts, wastes and wilds, nor found a leaf or olive branch, on which to place my earthly loves. And now my heart would turn to thee, thou blessed ark of rest. O! take the wanderer home. Here would I garner up all my affections; nor place them on a world so cold, so false, as this has proved—so faithless to its promises. E. D.

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE-YARD.

It was near the close of a lovely day, in the month of August, that, being weary of the close confinement of a boarding-house, friend Mary and myself strolled out to enjoy the lovely hour of departing day. And who does not love to walk at this lovely hour? The sun, which has during the day, shed its cheering rays, is fast descending behind yon cloud-capped hills, brightly leaving his parting adieu. We had walked on, heedless whither, until we found ourselves approaching the lonely grave-yard. Mary proposed entering. We accordingly directed our steps towards the lonely mansions of the silent dead.

The first object which attracted our attention upon entering was an aged gentleman, seated by a newly made grave. On passing him we met such a look of anguish as excited our deepest commiseration, and, heaving a deep sigh, he hid his face in his hands. We passed on, and, seeing a lady at a short distance from us, we determined to approach her, and, if possible, learn the history of the aged sufferer. She readily complied with our request, and, inviting us to a seat under a wide-spread elm, she commenced the story thus:

"My young friends, it is a melancholy tale, yet, as you have requested me, I will relate it to you as I had it. Mr. Hadly, for that is the gentleman's name, has lived in this place about one year. He was formerly a wealthy merchant in the city of P——, was blest with a lovely wife, and an interesting family, three sons and an only daughter. He began the world poor; but, by industry and perseverance, he became one of the wealthiest and most respectable men in the city. But this is a changing world, and who is there that does not find it so? The cold and relentless hand of Death was laid upon that peaceful and happy family, and he tore the two eldest sons from the family circle, and laid them in the cold and silent tomb. The youngest son, who was then in college, and Ellen, the daughter, who was visiting a relative in the country, escaped the fatal malady, which was then prevailing in that vicinity.

Mr. Hadly was a man who feared God and put his trust in HIM, and he could look up in this distressing hour, and say, 'The LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away: blessed be the name of the LORD.' HE has seen fit to take my two eldest; but he has not left me desolate. HE has yet left me two, who may be my support in my declining years. But the blow was too much for the worn-out frame of Mrs. Hadly, and the fatigue of watching by the bedside of her sons, (for to no one else would she yield that sad duty,) and the grief she felt at their death, prostrated her upon a sick bed, from which she was destined never to arise. After an illness of a few weeks, she too was laid in the cold and silent tomb. This was indeed a heavy blow to Mr. Hadly. He settled his business, and, with his daughter, determined to leave the place which had witnessed his misfortunes. It was on a visit to a sister who lives a few miles from this place, that loving the quiet of our little village, and at the urgent request of this relative, he concluded to settle here. He therefore purchased the beautiful country-seat of the late Mr. Rivers. He has, as I said before, lived here about a year. A few months since the suspicion began to creep into the minds of his friends that the lovely Ellen was sinking into a de-

cline. Although unwilling, at first, to believe these melancholy suspicions, it soon became so evident, that it could be no longer doubted. Ellen was indeed a beautiful girl, but the beauty of her person had not been cultivated instead of her mind. The loveliness of her form might attract the eye, but it was the beauty of her mind, the sweetness of her temper, her kind and conciliating manner, that won the love of all around her. Her father loved her with all a parent's fondness, but with her too, he felt that he must soon part. It was sad to see one so young and lovely die so soon. 'The good die first; but they, whose hearts are dry as summer dust, burn to the socket.'

And so it was. Day by day she faded like some beautiful flower. After lingering a few short months, her pure spirit took its flight, and winged its way to that bright world above. And now you see that aged parent weeping over the grave of his only daughter. None are now left for the aged one to lean upon, but a son who is now travelling in Europe, but who is daily expected to return. It is feared by Mr. Hadly's friends, that he will not long survive his bereavement!"

Our informant ceased, and, after thanking her for so kindly obliging us with the sad story, we returned to our boarding-house, thinking upon the uncertainty of every thing which is earthly, and mentally thanking Him who has created a brighter and happier world, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

ELIZABETH.

"EARTH SPEAKS IN MANY VOICES."

IN Spring's first breath we hear the voice of Nature. She calls on the streams that have long been bound by Winter's icy chain, and again we hear the gentle song of their rippling. By her sunny smiles she banishes the ice and snow from the face of the Earth, and clothes it in a robe of green. She bids the flowers from their secret beds shoot up, and we see them scattered, like gems, over the green Earth, glowing in beauty and filling the air with fragrance. Her voice is heard on the mountain top, and the vale reverberates with the varied sounds of joy. She lightens the heavy heart, and adds buoyancy to the spirit of youth. She bids the despairing one hope, and urges the slothful to activity and industry. The Earth rejoices in her smiles, and in Nature's unwritten language, calls on man to behold the scene of beauty and joy.

Earth scatters her gifts in rich profusion around us, and soon the sad but gentle voice of Autumn invites us forth to see the "fashion of the Earth passing away." The groves have changed the deep verdure of their leaves, and the woodland presents a scene of more varied hue, but one which wears the sickly aspect of death. In the garden, the young leaves, the swelling buds of Spring, and the sweet flowers of Summer have been succeeded by the brown and withered stalk; the orchards, that, but a few short months ago, were white with the blossoms of Spring, and loaded the air with perfume, are now resigning their faded leaves and ripe fruit. We listen to the whisper of the winds as they sigh through the leafless trees, and reflect that soon they will speak in a sterner voice, and

be heard amid storm and tempest. We hear the gentle murmuring of the stream, in its winding course, and are reminded that soon its voice will be hushed by the blasts of Winter, and that ere long Earth will wrap herself in a mantle of snow, and again prepare for the same beautiful, yet changing scenes. They, who contemplate these changes in Nature's aspect, cannot be insensible to the deep voice of instruction which proceeds from them. Autumn's tones are those of tenderness and persuasion, and their impression as lasting as the memory of her own beautiful hues of decay; she teaches us to look beyond the checkered path of life to those realms where no change comes.

The trackless, unfathomable ocean speaks of God, His power and glory, with "the voice of all its waters;" it obeys no arm but JEHOVAH's, and fearful and majestic is its power when its crested waves rise with the wind and the thunder to do the "ALMIGHTY's bidding." Its voice may be heard in the rough music of its roar, or in the mild song of its rippling, whether it beats against the laboring vessel's side, lulling the seaman to rest with its notes of wild monotony, or dies away in gentle murmurs on some protected shore.

A voice, too, is heard from the bosom of the gigantic mountains and hills, from its solid rocks and from its deep recesses, making known to us changes that occurred ages before man existed. It tells us of many species of animals that once lived but are now entirely extinct; that some portions of our earth, which are now the theatre of vegetable life and beauty, were once covered with the sea; that some of its hills have glistened in the rays of the sun but for a season, and that the treasures of the ocean lie concealed in their inaccessible caverns. Such mighty convulsions and changes in the earth, speak of the omnipotence of that BEING by whose power this globe was first formed.

May we not hear a voice of instruction from the inferior portion of the animal world? They were made for the benefit of man, and for each other; they accomplish the purpose for which they are designed. How much more, then, should man, who was created in the image of his MAKER, and endowed with an immortal mind, live up to the high purposes of his being.

The Earth speaks, too, from the ruins of the works of man. The proudest trophies that human ability or human power have ever displayed are crumbling and falling away. Do they speak of the vanity of man in seeking to enshrine himself in the memory of after ages, or is it only the expression of that innate principle of the soul, a desire for immortality?

Earth speaks, also, from the ruins of her empires and kingdoms; from this voice the tyrant and the oppressor may learn a lesson; and all may learn, if they wish to be preserved from anarchy and destruction, that their governments must be founded upon principles of justice and righteousness.

Do we not hear a voice from the dust of the myriads of human beings who have lived and walked upon this Earth? Does it not tell us that the time is not far distant when we too must thus repose? But while the voice still lingers sadly upon the ear, Hope points to the time when "mortality shall put on immortality," and the purified spirit shall be admitted to those regions where sorrow and death cannot enter.

J. S. W.

ADDRESS TO SPRING.

YOUTHFUL Spring in beauty dances
O'er the valley, hill and plain,
'Neath her bright and smiling glances
Beauty re-asserts her reign.

Thou art welcome, merry maiden !
Welcome to New England's clime ;
Come ! with all thy flowerets laden,
Round her brow thy garlands twine.

Generous Sol doth kindly lend thee
Golden wings to speed thy way ;
Birds, and bees, and flowers attend thee,
While the lambkins skip and play.

Bush, and bower, and hills, and hedges,
Smile around in youthful green,
While the gray old granite ledges
Kindle in the vernal sheen.

Children hie, with gladsome faces,
Forth to meet thee on the green ;
In the flower-enamelled places
Laughing groups are to be seen.

See the countless myriads dancing !
Happy insects, void of care--
In the peopled sunbeams glancing--
Borne upon the yielding air.

The butterflies, on filmy pinions,
Painted like the spangled bow,
Hover round, like waiting minions,
For the sweets the flowers bestow.

Lo ! a sullen shyness seizes
Old decrepit Winter now,
As the gallant southern breezes
Freely kiss thy virgin brow.

Thou hast set the streamlet running,
Woke the songsters of the air,
Given garden plants a sunning,
To repay the florist's care.

See the noble river rushing
Proudly onward to the sea ;
And the early primrose blushing
'Neath thy vernal canopy.

But, alas ! my merry comer--
Herald of the flowery year--
Soon, too soon, to fervid Summer
Thou must yield, and disappear.

Thus, with us, our joys are fleeting,
Evanescant like thy way ;
Sturdy Time is onward sweeping
Life, with all its scenes, away.

Transient is all earthly pleasure--
Joy and grief alternate rise ;
Here we've no abiding treasure,
Yet it waits us in the skies.

What availeth all the beauty
 Flowery Spring can e'er afford,
 If it wake us not to duty?
 Give we homage to the Lord?

Then, O let us inly ponder
 Lessons Heaven doth still bestow,
 As, o'er flowery meads, we wander
 Where the new-made streamlets flow.

Though the worldling still despisest
 Truth, and from her yet will turn,
 Youth and manhood, ay, the wisest,
 May from thee a moral learn.

Every flower of hue and feature,
 Language, property, and scent,
 Was by Heaven designed a teacher,
 Mildly mute, yet eloquent.

As the fair ones, that we cherish,
 Droop beneath the noonday kiss,
 So our fragile natures perish,
 And resign all earthly bliss.

Yet, though wintry winds assail them,
 And they perish on the plain,
 We, like long-lost friends, shall hail them
 When thou dost return again.

So shall we, some future season,
 Rise victorious o'er the fall,
 Die to sin, and rise to reason,
 Rise in Him who died for all.

M. R. G.

The following dialogue is written by two young ladies, whose signatures are Adaline and Aramantha.—ED.

DIALOGUE ON BEAUTY.

Ann. Oh, Sarah, when I was out this morning, I met the prettiest gentleman I ever saw. He was tall, genteel, and so very handsome—Oh, I wish you could have seen him. For one, I came very near falling in love with him, but happened to think he might possibly be married.

Sarah. A lucky thought indeed. I hope you will always be as considerate as on this occasion. But, my dear sister, you are not aware how much pain you cause me by valuing beauty so highly, and considering the mere outward appearance of so much more importance than real excellence and untarnished worth.

A. But you will not convey the idea that the gentleman, whom I saw this morning, is deficient, or in any degree wanting in mental courage, or moral and intellectual worth. Surely his proud majestic step, and dignified manner, would convince any reasonable person that this was not the case. I think you err in judging an individual before you ever see him.

S. My dear sister, are you not aware that the fop, who is possessed neither of solid sense, principle, or intellect, often assumes the dignity and manly appearance of the real gentleman, by this means imposing on the

community, deceiving and leading astray the credulous and confiding, who foolishly think that all is gold which glitters.

A. But some of it is; and I am really half inclined to be vexed with you, for so strenuously insisting that this elegant and truly beautiful young man was but a wolf in sheep's clothing. I cannot—no, I will not believe your theory, which, if carried out, will place every decent-looking person beneath the notice even of good honest beggars. Choose as many rustic country plough-jockeys for your associates as you please, but give me a handsome polished gentleman!

S. Bear with me, Ann, but be assured the face is not a true index to the heart. If wherever we saw a handsome face, we were sure of finding an equally beautiful mind, then indeed would beauty be desirable; but, on the other hand, how often does it prove a cloak for ignorance and vice, and a dignified exterior a covering for shame and crime of the darkest die.

A. These evils do not necessarily accompany beauty. Were it so, I certainly should be quite as much opposed to it as yourself. But, Sarah, please consider one moment. Does not a handsome person, with ladies especially, get through the world easier than one of plainer lineaments? Are they not more universally loved, courted, and admired? The loveliness of their face attracts attention, their society is sought by all. And should Sorrow dare intrude, to pluck the flowers of happiness which bloom so thickly around them, a thousand comforters are at hand, impatiently waiting to pour the oil and wine into the wounded heart, and dry at once the fount of their affliction. How can you speak lightly of what is so desirable?

S. Beauty may dazzle for awhile, but, believe me, it is a vain and perishable flower; and I cannot agree with you in believing it indispensable in procuring for us a smooth and delightful passage on the sea of life. There are none of us but must meet with trials and perplexities—but must encounter storms of affliction, and see our fond and brightest hopes wither and die. At such times how little shall we think of beauty—how little regard its once prized loveliness. But, you remark, it obtains for its possessor admirers, and, in affliction, a thousand comforters. This may be so; but, Ann, with all a sister's love I would entreat you to beware of *such* admirers. The reckless libertine, the unprincipled flatterer, may kneel at the shrine of beauty, but often with a full determination to sacrifice innocence and virtue on the shrine of shame, disgrace, and sin.

A. Well, really, sister, you have got to be quite a sermonizer. I did not think you could preach quite so well. But, notwithstanding all your argument and old-maidish whims, I believe you would like a handsome beau quite as well as myself, and I am not very sure but you would like a handsome face yourself. I have often seen you when preparing for church, or some great party, cast such longing wishful glances at the mirror.—Ha, ha! you don't seem very willing to answer this, but you know it is an old maxim that "silence gives consent." Your assent, I suppose, may be inferred from your silence?

S. Ann, as you have proposed a question in so plain and pointed a manner, I will answer it candidly. As far as beaux are concerned, if I were to select a dozen, I should look for good sense, integrity of character, and education, much sooner than for fashion, beauty, or popularity. And, if my CREATOR had seen fit to have given me a handsome face, unaccompanied by pride and vanity, I certainly should have had no objection; but,

as it is, I am well satisfied. A good name lies not always in the pathway of beauty, but of principle and virtue, which are within the reach of every individual.

A. You remind me of my visit to grandfather last summer, who so often troubled and almost vexed me by the numerous questions he used to ask if a gentleman called; resolving, as he afterwards said, to find out whether he could say any more than *yes* and *no*. And Aunt Betsey (old-maidish thing) was continually whispering in my ear, "*look out for the rogues!*"—while grandmother (modest lady) was satisfied by looking over her "specks" to see if he was handsome, of genteel form, and graceful in his manner.

S. I am sorry to learn, and that from your own lips, that you choose for your associates those whose ignorance you fear to have exposed even before our aged grandfather. I am better convinced than ever before that beauty is a very doubtful compliment. I once heard it remarked, and have since noticed it myself, that a handsome speaker is never a good orator. He may tell a smooth story, but in nine cases out of ten fail to make any lasting impression on the minds of his hearers.

A. But then it is so pleasant to look at the handsome mouth that need not "*speak* for itself;" and, my sister, allowing that all you say is true, will you not admit that the love of beauty is an inherent principle implanted in the bosom of nearly every individual?

S. This may be the case, yet we may admire, and not adore. We may love to look on what is beautiful, and yet appreciate it only at its real value. Our admiration should be governed by good sense and sound judgment. It is not for the mere admiration of beauty that I have so often chided you, but for valuing it higher than moral principle and intellectual worth.

A. I am much obliged to you, sister, for your advice; and don't know but I have erred in valuing beauty too highly. If so, I think you have fallen into an opposite extreme. But hark, the factory bell is ringing, and our discussion must be deferred until another time.

MY GRAVE.

Bury me not where the violets grow,
Nor where the tallest woodgrass waves:
In some coral dell drop my body low,
Mid the ocean's silent deepest caves.

Bury me not by the forest pine,
Nor under the waving willow tree:
Let a deeper, lovelier grave be mine,
Down in the depths of the dark green sea.

Here let me rest till the trump of God
Shall sound through the vaulted sky;
And the dead shall soar from the sea and sod,
To the glorious realms on high.

E. R. H.

THE SISTERS.

HELEN and Elizabeth Davis were the only children of wealthy and respectable parents, who had resided for many years in the heart of a large and populous city. Although surrounded by that wealth and affluence which too often leads the heart of man astray, their tender minds were early taught by the instruction of pious parents to look beyond the scenes of earth for pure and lasting happiness. Lovely and prepossessing in their personal appearance, their natural disposition amiable and softened by the holy influence of religion, their intellectual minds highly cultivated by a thorough education, they were indeed sparkling gems in the eye of their fond and indulgent father. Moving in a large circle of acquaintance, admired, loved, and respected, by all who knew them, they lightly floated on the waters of life, gently urged forward by propitious gales, without one cloud of sorrow to darken the horizon of their existence. Their hearts were knit together by the strongest ties of love and affection. They were happy in themselves, and in the bosom of their own family. Each day seemed to unfold some new land of promise, and display some pleasing trait in the character of these young sisters.

But the bright picture which it now presented was not always to last. A dark cloud was seen gathering, which threatened to destroy not only their present happiness, but to throw a gloom over the future life and prospects of Helen. Elizabeth was seized with a burning fever, and, from the symptoms which first appeared, the most fatal termination was to be apprehended. Medical aid was called, but the skill of the most able practitioner seemed to have little or no effect in staying the rapid progress of the disease. Though worn out by care and fatigue, Helen left not the bedside of her sister. She watched the hourly progress of the disease, and felt, though she strove not to believe it, that very soon they must part. On the third day, as the physician left the bedside of his suffering patient, Helen followed him to an adjoining apartment, and with tears streaming from her eyes, asked if her sister must die. He gave her one look of sympathy and commiseration, and, though for years he had daily been accustomed to scenes of sorrow and deep affliction, as he looked on this girl bathed in tears, his manly frame trembled, and for a moment he hesitated to speak. Too well he knew the answer he must give, instead of healing the heart already breaking, would but inflict a fresh wound. At length, recovering his self-possession, he frankly told her that Elizabeth's disease had, at this early stage, assumed a very dangerous and threatening aspect, but that all that could should be done to save one so lovely from an early grave; and, he added, "If Death has chosen her as his own, it will be long, very long, ere he finds another such victim."

The last ray of hope was now banished from the bosom of Helen; and with a heart bursting with grief, yet humbly raised to heaven, imploring strength to say, "Not my will, but Thine, oh, FATHER, be done," she again sought the bedside of her sister.

It was the silent hour of midnight; but sleep was a stranger in the house of Mr. Davis. Death was fast performing his last work on the form of his lovely daughter; while the afflicted friends stood around, unable to wrest her from his cold embrace, or mitigate in any degree her present

suffering. Helen stood by her side, and as she saw the work of the destroyer so fast going forward, she clasped the hand, now cold in death, and exclaimed, "Stay, oh, Death, thine uplifted hand! Spare, for once, thy victim! She is too lovely for thee."

Elizabeth opened her eyes; and, as Helen stooped to catch, if possible, one word of affection, she imprinted on her lips one last, one dying kiss of love, and then, in a voice scarcely audible, said, "Dearest sister! we must part; but we soon shall be united in that blissful abode where parting is unknown. Farewell, dear sister!—till then, farewell!"

The last words faltered on her lips, and her happy spirit took its flight to the mansions of the blessed. The feelings of Helen may be better imagined than described. She took the last look of her sister, and saw her lifeless remains laid in the silent tomb; but the tear refused to leave its hidden fount. Her grief was too great for utterance. Time, in a measure, blunted the keenness of her sorrow, but the sentiment expressed in the lines which she penned at the grave of Elizabeth, two years after her death, plainly intimates that her memory will ever be cherished with love and affection.

A.

We have no room for the poem.—Ed.

KINDNESS.

As the soft summer winds steal through the strings of the Eolian harp, waking from them low notes which quiver beneath its influence, as it falls upon the listening ear like voices from the spirit-land, so is it with the chords of the human soul, when touched by the hand of kindness. If the shadow of guilt rests, like midnight, upon it, and its higher and nobler feelings are blunted—if misanthropy seizes it with an iron grasp, and rears a wall of adamant around it, still down, deep below all, there lies a chord hidden from the outer world, which thrills and vibrates beneath the touch of kindness, and to the master-hand yieldeth celestial music. Not what the world sometimes calls kindness must it be to play upon the "thousand strings" of the human heart. O no! it can never be satisfied with frigid Pharisaic words spoken from the lips while the heart remains inclosed in a citadel of ice; it asks not for this, neither does it for gold, powerful though it may be. It yearns for something more sincere.—The suffering soul, sorrowing from whatever cause it may, possesses a keen quick eye, which no pretensions can blind, which naught can deceive. It seeks for sympathy, for kind and cheering words to strengthen it in its weary hours; and this it must have, or the heart will break; or, if it asks no sympathy, and is nerved to strange despair, a warm grasp of the hand, will break the barrier, and the unbidden tear assuages the grief of the stricken one. If, then, kindness wields such power as this, who would not possess, and practice it? Surely every one who has been baptized in the spirit of love and goodness.

J. L. B.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

"The beautiful, the beautiful,
Where do we find it not?"

THERE'S beauty in the sable clond,
Which curtains oft the azure skies;
THERE'S beauty in the whitened shroud
Which Nature wears, when Nature dies.

THERE'S beauty in the golden beams
Emerging from the king of day,
When from his eastern home he comes,
And paves with light his onward way.

Each radiant star that studs the sky,
Is stamped with beauty's brightest seal,
And all those wondrous worlds on high
This glorious truth will e'er reveal.

THERE'S beauty in the smallest flower
That lifts its head to drink the dew;
And beauty in those crystal drops,
That injure not its native hue.

The mighty heaving foaming sea,
Whose waters proudly lave the shore,
Has beauties far more dear to me
Than all the gems which Pride e'er wore.

THERE'S beauty all above, around;
'Tis high as Heaven, and free as air;
It lives on every spot of ground,
For aye its home is everywhere.

Fair goddess! through earth's wild domain
Man worships ever at thy shrines,
And half forgets that still more plain
Elsewhere the fairest image shines:

Forgets that when the beautiful
Of earth has passed fore'er away,
That then in Heav'n will be thy home,
That there thou'lt fix thy lasting stay.

E. J.

INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE.

WE do not sufficiently appreciate individual influence. We live and act for the present, for the moment, without realizing that each act is an emanation of the mind, as indestructible as the mind itself. Each act goes forth and drops as a pebble in the ocean of life, where one circle succeeds another, each enlarging its sphere, until beyond the power of our vision.

We are too wont to look upon individual influence as a small matter in the general balance; and, how illimitable in the total computation!

We are formed for society; by Nature are created a social kind. We associate, and the sympathy which connects mind with mind, produces assimilation. Or rather, the one acts upon the other like friction upon material matter—the impressions which we give, or receive, mould the other more to its own likeness. In continuation, these again act upon others, and thus on through the whole vista of time.

To limit the boundaries of individual influence were impossible. Every human being is a link in the great chain of life, the ends whereof are upheld by the GREAT CREATOR. He alone sees and knows its extent. It is not in our power to sever it, or separate ourselves from the connection; and every individual act vibrates through the whole length.

The influence from us towards our fellow-beings, is for their happiness or misery; and the consequences remain with us. No one is so humble that he belongs not to his species; and our connection is such, one with another, and all united in the grand principles of life and a desire for happiness, that the influence of our actions and characters cannot remain with ourselves. They go from us like seed from the herb, to flourish for others as a warning, or example; as an excitement to good, or to evil.

Neither do our influences die with us. They live long after the winds sigh their requiem over our graves; they live after our names have ceased to be spoken, and our memory hath departed from earth. They live ever in time; and who knoweth that they live not in eternity! GRACE.

EDITORIAL.

In the last number of the *Offering* we alluded to some of the injustice which had been done us, by those who believed, or professed to believe, that the *Offering* was not *bona fide* the production of "factory girls." We have just received a letter from some unknown friend, in allusion to these assertions, and for the gratification of our friends, as well as of ourselves, we will insert his communication.

April 15, 1844.

Misses Editors: It appears from your editorial in the April number of the *Offering*, that you are not free from the shafts of envy, and the vile slanders of enemies. It would indeed be singular if your publication should entirely escape the ruthless hand of the malicious libeler, when every other undertaking of a valuable character receives its share of spite and malice.

But this circumstance will not in the least diminish the respect and regard cherished by candid judges for the *Offering*. In its pages I see convincing evidence of the position, that in this country, in a degree far more eminent than in any other, the mass of the people are educated and elevated.

The *Offering* tells to the whole world, that habits of manual labor and active industry, are not incompatible with a high state of cultivation and refinement of the mind. It exhibits striking proof of the superior intelligence of the *working* part of the community in this country to that of any other.

It is a publication of which every American should be proud, for sure I am that a similar production could not be furnished in any other country. Indeed the very maxim of English aristocracy is, that when a laborer meddles with subjects of literature and science, he steps aside from his appropriate sphere—a sentiment congenial to the atmosphere of England, but not to Republican America.

I doubt not that the good sense and true national pride of our citizens will sustain you in your arduous undertaking.

A SUBSCRIBER.

But, in justice to our fellow-operatives, we must now acquaint our distant patrons with the opinions of the "contrary minded." There was something rather complimentary in the suspicions which have been expressed that the "lawyers" of Lowell, and not the factory operatives, were writers for the Offering—suspicions complimentary to the contributors—if not to us.

We have now "another tale to tell." It is the opinion of some, in our good city, that the Offering is unworthy of patronage—"it cannot be supported" until it more truly represents the intellectual part of our female factory population. "It must be elevated" to do this—the best writers, among the factory girls, do not contribute—it would be a better work if they did, &c. &c. Now we like these stories much better than the others. If the good writers will not assist us we must try to improve, and become good writers. There can be no discredit in exerting ourselves, and those are far more praiseworthy, who use the one talent, than they who bury their ten. Our positive qualifications are not lessened by the fact that some others are better qualified, and their merits are decreased by the fact that they will not exert themselves in behalf of their fellow-operatives.

But who are these better writers? The Offering has received contributions from all those operatives who were previously known as writers for the public; and has brought forward others, among whom is our humble self, not previously writers for any journal. Its pages have been open for the contributions of any and every operative, provided the merit of their articles warranted an insertion; and, as under its former editor, secrecy was pledged and observed, diffidence cannot be pleaded as an excuse for their non-appearance.

With regard to the assertion that some one else should take the lead, that it should be in better hands, &c., we have this only to say: Our present position, with regard to the Offering, was not sought by us, but our interest in the magazine is such that we shall never willingly resign it to any one else, unless we know that they are better fitted for the station. We shall then feel it our duty to do so, and duty will, in this case, be pleasure.

We also present to our readers a communication from a young lady, who has been employed as our agent for the Offering, though she has not recently been employed in the mills. But, from the fact that she was once a factory operative, that she has exerted herself in behalf of our magazine, that some of her subscribers earnestly requested that they might, in this way, hear from her, and also that the intrinsic merits of the communication rendered it difficult to reject it, we now present it to our readers—barrioaded around with *editorial*, and distinguished from the other contributions by difference of type. A continuance of the narration may be expected in the next number.

H. F.

NEW YORK, — February, 1844.

Miss Farley: By your leave I'll inflict a few *on diis* upon you; and if you should deem such infliction a sufficient affliction, you are at liberty to transfer the burden from your own to the shoulders of the patrons of your publication. Having become a "bird of passage," I really hope my migrating propensities will prove beneficial in more than one respect—the more prominent being an increased circulation of your truly worthy publication.

It is customary for distinguished individuals who make the run from Maine to Georgia by moonlight, to detail incidents, accidents and adventures, thus making the tour profitable in every particular. As the pleasure, in the first instance, is theirs, so the profit in the latter case is commensurate, provided they can induce friends to force a sale of their wares. For myself, I am quite sure none will ever trouble themselves to rear a monument or write a biography commemorative of my wonderful exploits; and as I am particularly anxious to secure the above name and honors, I don't know of a better way than to erect the one and write the other. With these preliminaries settled to my own satisfaction, if not to yours, I'll proceed to give you a sketch of the doings of your redoubtable friend, and servant, from the time I bade you good-by till my safe landing in the city of New York.

The day I left Lowell was as fair and cold as Down-Easters often experience. My friends made their "good-byes" short and sweet, and I whirled off as fast as steam could carry me. The route to Boston is too commonplace for description, so please "skip it" as fast as I, and fancy yourself at the Worcester depot, at twenty minutes past one, P. M. Here began what was to me as uncertain, so far as results are concerned, as the Irishman's balcony with an unsafe bottom, and a string

about his neck to break his fall; but, with all its uncertainty, it was still a matter of pleasure. The usual coarse conduct of the coachmen, for which that depot has ever been proverbial, characterized them; but such ills are short, though usually long enough to make one irritable. Once safely in the cars, my condition was comparatively comfortable. The gentlemen, with their usual kindness and consideration, formed a complete barrier between me and the fire—so I had no fears on the score of fainting from heat. (Fires, by the way, are quite uncomfortable in January, you know.) Being the only female passenger for the time, I could the more fully appreciate their kindness. The full number of stops were made on the road, about a fair portion of wood and water consumed, and all other incidentals attended to on the way. Arrived at Worcester at, or near, four o'clock. Here my loftiest aspirations were fully met. I was nearer the "third heavens" than I ever even dared hope to be: that is to say in English, I was deposited safe in limb, though with some detriment to wind, in the fourth story of the Temperance House. Friend H. arrived in the Albany train the same evening, and as despatch is the soul of business, we concluded the next day should open the campaign.

The next forenoon I was on my winding way again for Connecticut. Finding letters of introduction quite essential, I obtained those very valuable documents of my friends at Springfield, and resumed my wanderings. The first effort made in behalf of your publication was at Hartford, Ct. I had been told the land of wooden nutmegs was unfavorable to the growth or support of aught save "onions, steel-yards, clocks, and sewing silks," but for once Madam Rumor was mistaken.

I found naught but a disposition kindly to receive and encourage the fabrics of Lowell girls' craniums, and am constrained to give the preference to the land of steady habits, so far as sympathy and generosity are concerned. Mr. H., of the Courant, offered me an introduction to, and interview with, Mrs. Sigourney. I shall not soon forget the half hour spent with her. From my youth, she has been a star in my sky, and from henceforth she will shine more brilliantly in my estimation. I wish I could give you a fair transcript of Mrs. S.; as it is, you must be content with the assertion, "She's all my fancy painted her." Don't think me moonstruck, because she smiled, subscribed, and paid a dollar;—that dollar was worth ten in my estimation, accompanied, as it was, by kind wishes for those who earn their bread by the sweat of the brow.

The mayor of the city gave not only the light of his countenance, but his name; in fact, almost every person of note made his mark on my list, and helped to make a lining to my purse.

But dear me, I cannot tell you half the fine things said or done in behalf of the Offering. Each one had some improvement to suggest, something which would make the publication far more interesting in their estimation, but the mischief was, one approved what another disapproved. The principal demand was, however, for more of incidents from real life. "Tell us how you feel; what you hope for; why you labor; what are the moral tendencies of a transient population; wages; board; treatment," etc. etc.

I could only assure people that "Lowell ladies" were, after all, real mortal girls, with the same hopes and fears, pains and pleasures, incident to their race. If you can explain these motley questions, or cause it to be done, do, I beg, as my wits in the case are fairly exhausted.

I expected a lecture now and then, I must confess, for my *gross departure* from the rules of propriety, in soliciting names for the Lowell Offering, but I found the consolation to be dearer from a favorite text quite appropriate—"Blessed are they who hope for nothing, for they shall never be disappointed." Not one gratuitous reproof—not one *cross word*, to make me remember I was among specimens of human nature. Not that I am particularly inclined to fancy myself among angels—as, if I am, I shall be forced to acknowledge their wings are clipped. I spent three weeks, or nearly that, in H., with profit to myself at least, and often has my memory paid a tribute to the many instances of kindness shown there.

Would it were in my power to do more than say "Thank you," but it is not. I will try and show similar favors to others, and in that way discharge a part of the debt.

Left Hartford for New York, February 17. Of the joint success, and so on, I'll inform you in my next, as my paper is already full—whether of interesting matter or not, you must decide. With many wishes for your prosperity,

I remain yours truly,

A. G. A.

THE LOWELL OFFERING.

JUNE, 1844.

LETTERS FROM SUSAN.

LETTER SECOND.

LOWELL, April —, —.

DEAR MARY: In my last I told you I would write again, and say more of my life here; and this I will now attempt to do.

I went into the mill to work a few days after I wrote to you. It looked very pleasant at first, the rooms were so light, spacious, and clean, the girls so pretty and neatly dressed, and the machinery so brightly polished or nicely painted. The plants in the windows, or on the overseer's bench or desk, gave a pleasant aspect to things. You will wish to know what work I am doing. I will tell you of the different kinds of work.

There is, first, the carding-room, where the cotton flies most, and the girls get the dirtiest. But this is easy, and the females are allowed time to go out at night before the bell rings—on Saturday night at least, if not on all other nights. Then there is the spinning-room, which is very neat and pretty. In this room are the spinners and doffers. The spinners watch the frames; keep them clean, and the threads mended if they break. The doffers take off the full bobbins, and put on the empty ones. They have nothing to do in the long intervals when the frames are in motion, and can go out to their boarding-houses, or do any thing else that they like. In some of the factories the spinners do their own doffing, and when this is the case they work no harder than the weavers. These last have the hardest time of all—or can have, if they choose to take charge of three or four looms, instead of the one pair which is the allotment. And they are the most constantly confined. The spinners and dressers have but the weavers to keep supplied, and then their work can stop. The dressers never work before breakfast, and they stay out a great deal in the afternoons. The drawers-in, or girls who draw the threads through the harnesses, also work in the dressing-room, and they all have very good wages—better than the weavers who have but the usual work. The dressing-rooms are very neat, and the frames move with a gentle undulating motion which is really graceful. But these rooms are kept very warm, and are disagreeably scented with the “sizing,” or starch, which stiffens the “beams,” or unwoven webs. There are many plants in these rooms, and it is really a good green-house for them. The dressers are generally quite tall girls, and must have pretty tall minds too, as their work requires much care and attention.

I could have had work in the dressing-room, but chose to be a weaver; and I will tell you why. I disliked the closer air of the dressing-room, though I might have become accustomed to that. I could not learn to dress so quickly as I could to weave, nor have work of my own so soon, and should have had to stay with Mrs. C. two or three weeks before I could go in at all, and I did not like to be "lying upon my oars" so long. And, more than this, when I get well learned I can have extra work, and make double wages, which you know is quite an inducement with some.

Well, I went into the mill, and was put to learn with a very patient girl—a clever old maid. I should be willing to be one myself if I could be as good as she is. You cannot think how odd every thing seemed to me. I wanted to laugh at every thing, but did not know what to make sport of first. They set me to threading shuttles, and tying weaver's knots, and such things, and now I have improved so that I can take care of one loom. I could take care of two if I only had eyes in the back part of my head, but I have not got used to "looking two ways of a Sunday" yet.

At first the hours seemed very long, but I was so interested in learning that I endured it very well; and when I went out at night the sound of the mill was in my ears, as of crickets, frogs, and jewsharps, all mingled together in strange discord. After that it seemed as though cotton-wool was in my ears, but now I do not mind it at all. You know that people learn to sleep with the thunder of Niagara in their ears, and a cotton mill is no worse, though you wonder that we do not have to hold our breath in such a noise.

It makes my feet ache and swell to stand so much, but I suppose I shall get accustomed to that too. The girls generally wear old shoes about their work, and you know nothing is easier; but they almost all say that when they have worked here a year or two they have to procure shoes a size or two larger than before they came. The right hand, which is the one used in stopping and starting the loom, becomes larger than the left; but in other respects the factory is not detrimental to a young girl's appearance. Here they look delicate, but not sickly; they laugh at those who are much exposed, and get pretty brown; but I, for one, had rather be brown than pure white. I never saw so many pretty looking girls as there are here. Though the number of men is small in proportion there are many marriages here, and a great deal of courting. I will tell you of this last sometime.

You wish to know minutely of our hours of labor. We go in at five o'clock; at seven we come out to breakfast; at half-past seven we return to our work, and stay until half-past twelve. At one, or quarter-past one four months in the year, we return to our work, and stay until seven at night. Then the evening is all our own, which is more than some laboring girls can say, who think nothing is more tedious than a factory life.

When I first came here, which was the last of February, the girls ate their breakfast before they went to their work. The first of March they came out at the present breakfast hour, and the twentieth of March they ceased to "light up" the rooms, and come out between six and seven o'clock.

You ask if the girls are contented here: I ask you, if you know of *any* one who is perfectly contented. Do you remember the old story of the philosopher, who offered a field to the person who was contented with his lot; and, when one claimed it, he asked him why, if he was so perfectly satisfied, he wanted his field. The girls here are not contented; and

there is no disadvantage in their situation which they do not perceive as quickly, and lament as loudly, as the sternest opponents of the factory system do. They would scorn to say they were contented, if asked the question; for it would compromise their Yankee spirit—their pride, penetration, independence, and love of “freedom and equality” to say that they were *contented* with such a life as this. Yet, withal, they are cheerful. I never saw a happier set of beings. They appear blithe in the mill, and out of it. If you see one of them, with a very long face, you may be sure that it is because she has heard bad news from home, or because her beau has vexed her. But, if it is a Lowell trouble, it is because she has failed in getting off as many “sets” or “pieces” as she intended to have done; or because she had a sad “break-out,” or “break-down,” in her work, or something of that sort.

You ask if the work is not disagreeable. Not when one is accustomed to it. It tried my patience sadly at first, and does now when it does not run well; but, in general, I like it very much. It is easy to do, and does not require very violent exertion, as much of our farm work does.

You also ask how I get along with the girls here. Very well indeed; only we came near having a little flurry once. You know I told you I lodged in the “long attic.” Well, a little while ago, there was a place vacated in a pleasant lower chamber. Mrs. C. said that it was my “chum’s” turn to go down stairs to lodge, unless she would waive her claim in favor of me. You must know that here they get up in the world by getting down, which is what the boys in our debating society used to call a paradox. Clara, that is the girl’s name, was not at all disposed to give up her rights, but maintained them staunchly. I had nothing to do about it—the girls in the lower room liked me, and disliked Clara, and were determined that it should not be at all pleasant weather there if she did come. Mrs. C. was in a dilemma. Clara’s turn came first. The other two girls in the chamber were sisters, and would not separate, so they were out of the question. I wanted to go, and knew Clara would not be happy with them. But I thought what was my duty to do. She was not happy now, and would not be if deprived of her privilege. She had looked black at me for several days, and slept with her face to the wall as many nights. I went up to her and said, “Clara, take your things down into the lower chamber, and tell the girls that *I will not come*. It is your turn now, and mine will come in good time.”

Clara was mollified in an instant. “No,” said she; “I will not go now. They do not wish me to come, and I had rather stay here.” After this we had quite a contest—I trying to persuade Clara to go, and she trying to persuade me, and I “*got beat*.” So now I have a pleasanter room, and am quite a favorite with all the girls. They have given me some pretty plants, and they go out with me whenever I wish it, so that I feel quite happy.

You think we must live very nice here to have plum-cake, &c. The plum-cake, and crackers, and such things as the bakers bring upon the corporations, are not as nice as we have in the country, and I presume are much cheaper. I seldom eat any thing that is not cooked in the family. I should not like to tell you the stories they circulate here about the bakers, unless I *knew* that they were true. Their brown bread is the best thing that I have tasted of their baking.

You see that I have been quite *minute* in this letter, though I hardly

liked your showing the former to old Deacon Gale, and 'Squire Smith, and those old men. It makes me feel afraid to write you all I should like to, when I think so many eyes are to pore over my humble sheet. But if their motives are good, and they can excuse all defects, why I will not forbid.

'Squire Smith wishes to know what sort of men our superintendents are. I know very well what he thinks of them, and what their reputation is up our way. I am not personally acquainted with any of them; but, from what I hear, I have a good opinion of them. I suppose they are not faultless, neither are those whom they superintend; but they are not the overbearing tyrants which many suppose them to be. The abuse of them, which I hear, is so very low that I think it must be unjust and untrue; and I do frequently hear them spoken of as *men*—whole-hearted full-souled men. Tell 'Squire Smith they are not what he would be in their places—that they treat their operatives better than he does his “hired girls,” and associate with them on terms of as much equality. But I will tell you who are almost universally unpopular: the “runners,” as they are called, or counting-room boys. I suppose they are little whipper-snappers who will grow better as they grow older.

My paper is filling up, and I must close by begging your pardon for speaking of the Methodists as having lost their simplicity of attire. It was true, nevertheless, for I have not seen one of the old “Simon Pure” Methodist bonnets since I have been here. But they may be as consistent as other denominations. Had few of us follow in the steps of the primitive Christians.

Yours as ever,

SUSAN.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

IN conversing with persons, who have passed their lives in much the same sphere, how differently do we generally find their opinions upon the same subjects. And this may be particularly observed with regard to mental qualities, habits, and pursuits. Poetry, for instance, is regarded by some as the overflowing of a constantly inspired mind; and they think that the gifted individual can, at any moment, by a withdrawal of the barrier which he has placed around his thoughts, present to the world the bright creations of his fancy; while, by others, it is thought to be the effect of a sort of mental spasm which can be neither hastened, nor retarded, or even by any means avoided. While some worship the poet as an incarnation of the sublime and beautiful, others look upon him as upon a lunatic or fool.

A richly *cultivated* mind, though revered by some, even of the most ignorant, is viewed by others as the mere result of unwearied diligence, and even as such unworthy of much respect. Some think that education can wholly metamorphose a man, and convert a dunce into a genius. I once knew a man who thought that if his son (a young man of very inferior mind) could but get through college, he would certainly come out of it perfectly fitted to take his stand among the literati of the day; and great was the old man's disappointment when, at the close of a long course of

study, the graduate could not obtain the situation of pastor to a country parish.

The world often concedes to the man of intellect a deference withheld from those whose superiority consists in other than mental possessions, yet there are those who refuse the tribute of reverence and admiration to the mind most worthy of it.

Some think it is only by *searching* that we can find out wisdom, while others speak of minds darkened by knowledge, and shut out by the veil of human theories from all perception of truth. "Have you learned any thing new to-night?" I was once asked, at my return from a scientific lecture. "Yes—many things. The lecturer appeared to be a man of intellect and information." "Well," she added, "any fool could have told you the same if he had only learned it." "Certainly," was the reply, "but it is not every fool who can learn." But many will tell of the dull sleepy boys who, by the closest diligence and untiring perseverance have become the lights of their age, and an honor to their race. And this is all true; but is not this very power of application, this ability to keep the faculties concentrated upon one subject, and steadily to pursue the path of knowledge through watchful days and sleepless nights, is not this, I ask, an inherent faculty of their minds?"

"What," said I to a young friend who had just listened to a lecture for students—"what did he tell you?" "Why, he told us a great deal about Benjamin Franklin, and his dipping tallow candles; but one thing I knew, and that was that if I should dip candles to all eternity I should not be a Benjamin Franklin." This was a pettish answer, and the speaker well knew that it was not *by* dipping candles, but *in spite of it*, that Franklin made himself the admiration of his own and other nations. Yet true it is that many boys might pursue the same avocations, read the same books, spend the same time in mental improvement, without rising far above mediocrity. But it may be suggested that if talent and perseverance are alike represented as original qualities of mind, our respect for intellectual men may decrease. I, for one, do not reverence the possessor of talent unless he uses well the gift. Effort can increase alike the faculty, and the ability to exercise it, and more respect is due to the man of moderate powers, who is constantly increasing in knowledge and usefulness, than to a Byron or Voltaire, whose splendid intellects have left but a perverting influence on the minds of their admirers. But it is often said, that to make people believe they can become something great is the surest way to elevate them. "Aim at the sun," they say, "and your arrow will rise higher than if you fix your mark upon the earth." But to *hit the sun* we know to be an impossibility, while one thing is possible and *true*, and that is, that at every trial the arrow will be sent higher. Ought not this *truth* to be a sufficient stimulant, *that every exertion improves every mind*?

How fearful are some of truth, as though she could injure them, and as if error could in the end prove advantageous to any one. May not some former Galileo rest "unnoticed and unknown," because he feared that the knowledge of the fact that the earth did move around the stationary sun might destroy confidence in revelation? And may not some other Martin Luther now lie "unhonored and unsung," unless in popish masses, because he feared that an exposure of the errors connected with his religion might destroy all faith? Have not geology, phrenology, magnetism, &c., been regarded by some as things not to be inquired into, b-

cause they might be found at variance with theories which must remain *unquestioned*?

But let us not fear to seek for truth. We may search long for her well, and it may be deep, but she is at the bottom of it; and when we have found her let us not throw sackcloth over her fair form, but show her forth in her robes of light, and fearlessly leave the result to Him who is all truth.

THE PARTY.

"Did you enjoy yourself well this evening?" said I to a young lady who attended the last meeting of the Improvement Circle.

"Not so well as I have sometimes," was her reply.

"Were not the communications good?" I asked.

"Yes," said she, "they were a *little too good*; that was why I disliked them; they were all so nice, and instructive, and all that, that I was fairly tired of the last of them. I wish that old maid Betsey would write again, or some other funny old soul, and then I should never be tired."

"Why do you not write?" said I to her. "You can make sport enough for us, and why not some for the circle?"

"Oh!" she replied, "I can't write any thing funny. I wish I could—but I know you can."

"I don't know about that," said I, "but I will try; and if you think I *can* write any thing which would interest your circle it shall be forth-coming—only give me a subject."

"Write about old times," said she, "when you was a girl, and went round to parties, huskings, apple-bees, and quilting-matches."

"Well," said I to her, "I have been thinking this long time that girls now-a-days don't enjoy themselves half so well as they did when I was young. I do really believe they live a miserable life; and to think of begging, for their amusement, an account of the pastimes of their mothers, aunts, and grandmothers for aught I know. Those were indeed good old times, when girls were not afraid to wear the same thick woollen gown winter after winter; and in summer a 'long-short' of tow and linen, with a skirt of cotton and wool. In summer they could go barefooted if occasion required; and wear in winter a stout pair of cow-hide shoes, if there was a very deep snow-drift between the house and barn; and they had great round faces, and bright eyes, and red cheeks, and would not have been thought marriageable if they had weighed less than a hundred and thirty pounds. But they could fly round at merry-makings a vast deal quicker and lighter than your lank, thin-faced, sharp-sided, wasp-waisted, withered, wilted, dried-up beings, who look as though they had just undergone the Egyptian process of hollowing out, and drying up, and now need to stand in the air awhile to give them an appearance of *some* solidity. Only to think of your having to ask an old woman like me to help you amuse yourselves and keep your circle a-going. I should think you'd be ashamed of it. But as I do pity you all from the very bottom of my heart, I will endeavor to do something to promote your enjoyment.

And now to begin at the beginning, for I am afraid I shall be dreadful tired before I get through, and must make my story as short as possible. If you want to know about our parties I will tell you. When I wanted to have one I used to begin three or four days beforehand, 'Father, may I have a party at such a time?' for I knew that if I could only get his consent mother's and grandmother's would come as matter of course. At first my reply would be, 'No, no—can't have it—mustn't think of it—too much noise—makes confusion—your grandmother don't want to be disturbed, nor your mother to be troubled; so you must say nothing more about it.'

'But, father,' I would reply, 'I must have it—and I shall think of nothing else till I do have one—and grandmother's so deaf that the noise wont disturb her, and mother shall not be troubled, for I will do all the work myself, and clean up before and after them, and now do say *yes*.'

My father was a man of few words, and withal quite fond of his mad-cap daughter, and 'yes' was the shortest reply he could make to all solicitations; but I seldom obtained it till I had gained over grandmother and aunt Nabby from being enemies to my project to be firm allies, for mother was always neutral until the case was decided; and when at length I coaxed the one to say, 'La me! why don't you let the gal deu as she wants teu,' and the other to respond, 'I'm sure we are all willing if you are;' and had fairly wearied him by my importunities, I usually carried the day. Then there was the room to clean, and the candlesticks to scour, and the refreshments to prepare, and the invitations to send; and, after all had been done, the evening would at length arrive, as all evenings will if we live, and have patience to wait for them.

Grandmother's room was of course to be a *sanctum sanctorum*, but as some of the great girls might want to come in and talk with her, or the school-master (if he was there) to take a pinch of her snuff, and drink a tumbler of my father's nice old cider, she was of course prepared for visitors. Her bed was made up so high as to reach almost to the low ceiling, and a pair of clean snow-white pillow-cases set off the light pillows to the best advantage. Her common black woollen gown was pinned a little tighter than usual, and her brown neckerchief was folded more smoothly across her breast. A clean white cap, and a newly ironed checked apron, were also put on. She took as usual her seat in the large arm-chair, at the further corner of the fire-place, with a great white sleepy looking cat purring one side of her, and a large brown dog stretched at full length on the other side. Her knitting-work was in her hand, with the ball pinned to her knee, and a cob hollowed for a knitting-sheath stuck between her apron-strings on one side.

If father and mother could not be persuaded to go visiting they were duly installed—the one in a large flag-bottomed 'roundabout' on the opposite side of the fire-place, and the other in a low rocking-chair in front of it. My father would doff his old blue frock, and put on his butternut-colored coat, tie his cotton bandanna around his neck, smooth his gray hairs, and then sit down with his newspaper just as if there was to be no party, nor noise, nor tumult; and my mother, with her woollen gown exchanged for a calico in honor of the occasion, would take her large basket of stockings and quietly sit down darning them. The men-folks went to the tavern to talk politics, and "the boy" washed his face, combed his hair, greased his shoes, brushed his trousers, and made himself at home

with the best of us. Aunt Nabby was like a guardian spirit, watching constantly around us, and cautioning us not to set the house on fire, nor break the looking-glass, nor smash the windows, nor knock over the light-stand, nor run against the best table, nor do any other mischievous or careless tricks.

After all had assembled, and were seated in due form around the three sides of the best fore-room, and in the corners of the huge fire-place, there was usually silence for about the space of half an hour. Then Jock, or Adam, or Peter, or Tristram, or whoever intended to be the wag of the evening, would begin to say something about a Quaker meeting; and the ice being thus broken I would go out, and get the pewter plate, and having numbered my guests, I mustered courage to stand up in the middle of the floor, twirl it round, and call upon No. such-a-one to catch it ere it fell. Then commenced the tug of war, and after that *silence* was by no means the motto.

Blind man's buff; Hunt the squirrel; Button, button, who's got the button? Touch and run! Are you pleased or displeased? were among the games which served to pass away our time.

'Come, Philander, let's be marching,'

and

'Here sits a young lady down to sleep,
She wants a gentleman to keep her awake,'

were also quite popular. Then there was the marrying to do, and the long-sided boys, with their long red hands and wrists hanging out of their short-jacket sleeves would stand up beside their chubby partners, and were quickly 'joined in Hymen's bands.'

There were numerous ways of performing the ceremony, but I shall never forget the manner in which my friend, Grace Hanson was united to Seth Baldwin. Seth was a great black bristly cross-looking fellow, and Grace more pleasant in her looks. Thomas Ball, or rather 'Thomas the Rhymmer,' as we used to call him, from his aptitude at making verses, was called upon to perform the ceremony. Thomas the Rhymmer, like his Scotch namesake of old, was a chap of no common genius, and if he had not so early displayed his gift at jingling, he would have been pronounced decidedly love-cracked. This time we of course expected an impromptu effusion, and were not disappointed. I do not recollect all of it, but the first two lines, which were pronounced in a slow firm emphatic tone, were,

'Now by the old Levitical law,
I marry the nigger to the squaw.'

Seth looked as if Grace was by no means the means of grace to him, and poor Grace herself appeared to think that Seth was rather a graceless husband. But the great blessing attending these early marriages, was the fact that they were not for better and worse, but only for better, and the knot could be as easily untied as it had been tied.

After nuts, apples, pears, and sweet cider, had been fully attended to, the party usually broke up, the boys clapping on their little slouched 'popple' hats, and waiting outside the door for the exit of the girls, who tardily made their egress, just as if they did not like a walk by moonlight. When the last visitor had departed I would stand watching at the window,

to see how they had paired off, and wondering how long it would be before I also should be invited out.

These were the pastimes of the days when I was too young to go to the quiltings, huskings, &c., though there was but little difference in them, excepting that the plays of the latter were preceded by labor."

PATTY.

THE FORGOTTEN.

A SKETCH.

I saw her first in the brilliant circle of taste and fashion; and even there she shone as its brightest gem, and was valued as its choicest ornament. It was not alone the exquisite beauty of her face and form, which had enthroned her as the ideal of the wealthy and refined; for these, though they may secure admiration, can never long command both homage and respect. But it was her superiority of talent and education, the combined influence of intellect and beauty which had gained for her the adulation of the lip and heart.

I saw her next in the quiet of her paternal home, and here, as in a wider sphere, I viewed the darling and the idol. They were proud of her beauty, of her accomplishments, and of her fame; but they loved her for the warm affections which filled her heart, and were ever gushing forth in the sweet offices of domestic love.

It was she who ever soothed them in perplexity and grief; it was she who enlivened their hours of solitude and gloom; and it was she who graced their festive scenes, as unenvied as she was unsurpassed.

I saw her next, where I little thought to meet this favorite of Nature and of Fortune; and oh, how lovely was her appearance there! It was in the cot of one who was old, and blind, and poor—the habitation of the childless, and the widow. And here I found each hour was spent which could be secured from the claims of home and society. * * *

Years passed—and I had been a wanderer from my own loved land, and when at length I returned to the home of my fathers, my first inquiries were for the known and loved of former days. I thought also of her whom I had seen in the commencement of her sunny career of youth and beauty; so pure was she, so lovely and unaffected; and I sighed to think that a dazzling world might have corrupted that once guileless heart, or that it might have turned embittered from its hollow heartlessness.

I sought her where I had found her, in the circles of gaiety and wealth; but she was not there: and when I had uttered that name which seemed but yesterday a magic phrase, my heart sickened within me, to learn how soon they could forget.

I turned away, and went to the home of her youth. She was not there: and though, with this exception, their circle was complete, her name was never breathed. I spoke of the past; but they avoided the theme; and I feared to pursue it, for I knew not what string had been most jarred in "the spirit harp." She could have been guilty of but one wrong—she

might have followed the dictates of her own warm heart, and united her fate to one who was poor. Or she might have died; and their unsubdued hearts were endeavoring to attain a stoical calmness, by refraining from allusions to her whom they could not submissively resign to the Giver of the boon.

But I sought her once again. It was in the humble cot where I had last seen her; and here I found—not indeed her, but a deep and cherished remembrance. Yes! she was still remembered, but it was by one to whom her beauty was nothing, for she had never viewed it; one to whom her intellect was naught, for it was unappreciated, and of course unvalued. But it was the remembrance of goodness which had survived when that of intellect and beauty had perished. I did but touch upon the past, and a deep spring of thought and feeling was instantaneously opened, at which I eagerly drank. She spake long and earnestly, and I was moved, for the language of deep feeling is ever eloquent.

"You say," continued she, "that she is forgotten by those who were once so proud of their lovely idol, but there is one heart in which her memory will live till its throbbings have ceased forever. In the deep stillness of the night, the holy words which she has read come back to my soul, and they bring joy unutterable; and they are in my mind when the lonely days pass tediously by, hushing the murmurings which are wont to rise from the depths of the troubled heart. And when the glad rays of an unclouded sun shine warmly from the sky, I think of her, whose presence was once more cheering than the summer sunbeam. I remember well when she last entered this low abode. Her step was faltering, and her voice was low. She told me she was dying,—that the beauty others had admired was fading fast away; and that her heart had long forsaken the scenes of mirth and revelry; and that her desire had ever been to fix it upon that world where beauty never decays, and pleasure never satiates. 'And I shall see you soon,' she added, 'for though years may intervene, they will seem short in heaven. And you will also see me, for every faculty is perfect in that blessed abode; and I shall be arrayed in loveliness far more brilliant than I have ever appeared to mortal eyes, and youth which never changes will clothe us both in graces, which will be eternal.'"

STELLA.

COWPER.

How very easy a thing it is to be good upon paper, in comparison with the exertion and self-denial requisite to the attainment of such excellence in actual life. It was a very easy thing for Cowper to say that he would rather *be* than *have* a slave, &c., though we cannot feel certain what he might have done had the alternative been his. With the kind Lady Herbert ever studying new plans for his happiness, and generously contributing of her wealth to his gratification; and the patient, watchful, untiring Mrs. Unwin exercising her sleepless vigilance in his behalf; and countless other friends all anxious to promote his happiness, he could not know, in the seclusion of his study, what he would have done if he must either *own* or *be* a slave.

WOMAN'S REVENGE.

"Oh! woman wronged will cherish hate
 More deep and dark than manhood may;
 And when the mockery of fate
 Hath left revenge its chosen way,
 Then the fell curse which years have nursed
 Full on the spoiler's head will burst."

How very different are the descriptions of woman which we see in the various poems which have been written to portray her characteristics! In some she has been represented as an angel arrayed in the garb of humanity; in a robe which, though beautiful to the eye, yet is one which subjects her to privation, weakness, and sorrow. In others, she is a fiend, appearing in "the livery of heaven;" a whited sepulchre, most beautifully garnished, but filled with all uncleanness; a pool, whose depths are filled with stagnant corruption, but whose surface smiles in the bright sunbeams, or sleeps beneath the pale light of luna, as tranquilly as if the slime it bore beneath that unruffled mirror were never to engender some loathsome monster.

In the passage we have quoted she is depicted with a pencil which portrays one of the darkest and fiercest passions of humanity as peculiarly hers in strength and duration. Though she must yield the palm to her lordly master in superiority of intellect, of physical strength, of energy of selfish sentiments, (and willingly,) of the animal propensities, yet in this one dire trait, in the gratification of "fell revenge," she is not only his equal, but even his superior. Her breast is a harbor, a dwelling-place, nay, even a nursery for the monster, where it may rear in secrecy and security its brood of curses, and watch unmolested its opportunity for destruction.

But is this true? Is the vivid portrait a correct likeness? Is the dark spot a stain impressed by the painter upon his picture, or is it but a shadow in the eye of the beholder? Look around upon the hundreds of injured wives, of heart-broken mothers, of gentle daughters, condemned to singleness and misery by a parent's selfish ambition and cupidity, and of sisters wronged by brothers of their rightful inheritance, and left to mourn in silence that man should be so base. Ask these if they would be revenged; and a melancholy smile will dawn upon the wan countenance, as they tell you that love is stronger than hate—that from these they will bear an injury, and still forgive and love the oppressor.

Ask the grave if the fair form it has just received upon its bosom, laid down in peace with all, even with him who aimed the blow which stretched her upon that last resting-place; and if it could answer it would say, that rather than rise to inflict vengeance upon the spoiler, it would draw the shroud more closely around its stiffened limbs, and press more firmly together the livid lips, before these lips should utter a word, or those limbs perform an action, which would bring upon that reckless one a return for the injury he has wrought.

Oh! woman wronged will *not* cherish hate so deep and dark as manhood *will*, and when "the mockery of fate" has left him to triumph in unrequited baseness, her prayers are that the guilty son, brother, father,

husband, or lover, may never be brought to feel those pangs which he has so wantonly inflicted upon her.

If there is a difference in the feelings of a woman injured by one of the other sex towards him, and those which would be aroused in him or her by one of their own sex, it is, that from him she must and *can* bear more; for it is a law of her nature to bear from him without resistance or complaint.

On the contrary, man feels that woman was made for his pleasure. If it please him to love and protect and cherish her, he does it, for the gratification of his own feelings; if, on the contrary, he would be better pleased to abuse, deceive, and torment her, he is seldom restrained by the fear of awakening in her bosom a rankling hatred, which, when by long years it has been jealously nursed, full on his head at length will burst.

Sir Walter Scott has not portrayed, in all his works, a more correct and natural trait, than when he makes Fergus Mac Ivar, with all his love for his sister Flora, and all his pride in her beauty, talents and native dignity, selfishly calculating how much these may be made to redound to his advantage.

The last Vich Jan Vohr was in this not worse nor meaner than most men. They almost all appear to think that we were made *solely* for their benefit. It may be so, and yet I do not like to see, as I recently did in a work professedly written for the benefit of young men, the idea inculcated, that they should never be so impolite as to introduce into their conversation with females subjects of a difficult character. They should go into their society to *recruit* their spirits, and *rest* their intellects. Yes, this is too often done; and if right, it is also so natural, that it scarcely requires a recommendation to secure its practice.

But though in this, and many other ways, we may often feel that injustice is done to our intellects, feelings, and fortunes, still let the lines of the *poetess* be contrasted, to our honor, with those of the *poet*, whom we have before quoted:

" Her lot is on you—*silent* tears to weep,
And *patient* smiles to wear through suffering's hour;
And *sunless* riches, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a *wasted* shower;

* * * * *

Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And oh! to *love* through all things."

ADAM.

PYTHAGORAS, THE SAMIAN SAGE.

PYTHAGORAS was a native of Samos, an island of the *Ægean* Sea, now the Archipelago, and flourished about five hundred years B. C., or one hundred years before Socrates. He travelled in Egypt, and after his return to Samos established a school in which he taught politics and morals. He afterwards went to Italy, where he established his school at Crotana, in Magna Grecia. The system which he established was called the *Italic* school. The pupils, who were six hundred in number, dwelt in one public

building, and held their property in common. Their business for each day, was very regularly planned. They were divided into probationers, and initiated; and the latter only were admitted to all the privileges of the order, and made acquainted with its highest knowledge.

The Italic school under the name of philosophy included every object of human knowledge; but Pythagoras considered music and astronomy of especial value. He is also supposed to have possessed some correct views of astronomy, agreeing with the true Copernican system. The beautiful fancy of the music of the spheres is attributed to him. It supposed that the planets striking on the ether through which they pass must produce a sound. This varies according to their different magnitudes, velocities, and relative distances; these differences were all adjusted with perfect regularity and exact proportion, so that the movements of the bodies produced the richest tones of harmony; not heard, however, by mortal ears.

He is said to have been very mystical, and was the first among the Grecian philosophers who dared assert that the soul is immortal, and that spirit is a constituent principle of the universe. One of his peculiarities was the doctrine of emanation. God is the soul of the universe, pervading all things, incorporeal; from Him emanated four different degrees of intelligences—inferior gods, demons, heroes, and men. Another of his doctrines was metempsychosis, or the transmigration of the soul. Abstinence and self-government he strongly urged. His records and books were afterwards said to have been sold to Plato; and some have supposed that the principles which he first promulgated, and which were improved by Plato and Socrates, might (if left unobscured by the mysticism of the sophists) have led to those correct views which have since been revealed to us by Jesus Christ.

"VOICES OF THE NIGHT."

"Well may dreams present us fictions;
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As makes life itself a dream."

Thomas Campbell.

I SLEPT; and in my slumbers were echoes of the voices which had sounded through the chambers of my soul during the day—there were shadows of the clouds which had darkened my spirit in waking hours. I was alone upon a dark and troubled sea—the seething waves boiled angrily around me—the sky lowered black and heavily over me—there was darkness around me, and thicker darkness in the distance. I floated, sad and listlessly, upon the ocean, for a power upheld me distinct from mine own will. I would fain have sunk into the ocean, for in its depths there might be much of hidden beauty. But the waves tossed me around, and might not swallow me up.

At length they bore me where I could just discern a distant light. I approached nearer, and saw that brilliant flames pierced through the black waves, and blazed upward to the sky. Upon the murky clouds were hung robes of radiance; and tongues of fire leaped upward to the heavens. I

fixed mine eye upon that living pyramid of glory, and prayed that the waves might bear me there. But, as I floated through the darkness, I saw, stealing through the gloom, a vision of softened beauty. I looked intently, and saw that I was approaching the shore of a lovely land. Its blossoming groves, its verdant fields, its sparkling fountains, were faintly revealed through the dense gloom, with the mild radiance of a fading rainbow. My attention was divided between the beauteous isle and the volcanic peak of fire.

Suddenly I became aware that two barques were passing by me. The prow of one was turned toward the isle, of the other to the flaming mountain. Upon the decks of the first were a hopeful joyous group, and they sang with sounds of gaiety. There were brothers and sisters arm in arm, there were parents and children in affectionate embrace, there were loving friends side by side, there were husbands and wives linked "hand in hand and heart to heart." They called to me with jocund shouts to join their band, and reach the lovely isle, now becoming still nearer and more distinctly visible in its bright beauty. My heart leaped toward them, and, with the impulse of the moment, I stretched out my hand. But as I turned my eye fell upon the group who stood upon the other ship. They heeded me not; but stood, each apart from the others, with mantles closely wrapped about them, and their dark eyes fixed upon the mount of fire. A strange fascination impelled me towards those mysterious beings, and their destined bourne. I turned from the happy group, who would have aided my onward way, and the smiling land whose lovely shores stretched forward to receive them, and struggled toward the staggering straining barque, which was forcing its way through more tempestuous waves. I strove and gasped, and at length I reached the silent ship. I looked back, and saw that the other vessel had reached the shore, and the gay voyagers were soon lost in its atmosphere of brightness. I turned to my companions, but they received me with unbroken silence. Then I rivetted my gaze upon the heaven-aspiring flames, and gave up my soul to the one desire to reach that glorious shrine. But, as the ship strained heavily on, the waves grew higher and fiercer; the darkness more intense, and the fire more fitfully visible. Occasional gleams of its brightness illuminated the tops of mountain waves, and sometimes a sinking of the sea revealed it in all its splendor; but this was not long, and soon there was but the dense gloom and the black ocean before me. I turned my eye backward, but the bright shore was lost in the distance, and there were no more vessels upon the waters. There was but gloom around me—darkness like a thick curtain over the heavens—darkness like a heavy shroud upon the face of the deep; and darkness, like a mourning veil, upon the countenances of all around me. My heart sank within me. I had abandoned the shore, and might never reach the flaming mount. I laid myself upon the vessel's floor; and, when it gave a fearful plunge, and I felt the waters gurgling around me, I should have rejoiced had I not—awoke.

Again I slumbered, and the spirit of Sleep bore me, upon its swift pinions, to a distant temple. Its courts were filled with a countless throng, moving in every direction. Some knelt often before a shrine, and breathed a prayer for guidance, and for strength to guide their way; but many passed on, unmindful of the altars so frequently raised, and regardless of Him to whom they were erected.

As I wandered through the arches, and among the courts, I perceived

that three slight shadowy forms always accompanied me. She, who was ever before me, with her face turned to mine, wore a countenance of exceeding beauty; and upon her I rivetted my gaze. She, who was behind me, was of a mild expression, but on her face were the traces of by-gone sorrows. She saw that I loved not to look upon her, and veiled her face from my sight. She, who was close to my side, I minded not; but stepped forward, as careless of her presence, as we are of the shadow cast under our feet by the meridian sun. I pressed onward to the vision fronting me, but she receded from my advancing steps; and, at length, I found that the lovely face was false in its beauty, that the fascinating figure wore always a mask. Then I turned inquiringly to those around me, and saw that all were accompanied by three similar figures. Some, like myself, were only intent upon the cheating phantom before them; some, disgusted with her, had turned in bitterness, and sat motionless face to face with her who followed. Some, regardless of either, were busy with her who was at their side; and some were judiciously and equally mindful of the three.

Then I resolved to heed not unduly the masked being who had charmed me on, and, turning to her who followed me, I unveiled her face, and impressed her lineaments upon my heart; but she, at my side, whom I had so neglected, I embraced in my arms; and, sinking together at the base of an altar, we dedicated ourselves to God in the temple that HE had prepared for us.

"Ye voices, that arose
After the evening's close,
And whispered to my restless heart repose!

Go, breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, "Be of good cheer!" "

ELLA.

MISS HANNAH MORE.

In reading the tracts, and some of the other writings, of Miss Hannah More, I have sometimes thought how great the contrast between this estimable lady, and some of our modern writers.

She constantly inculcates patience, resignation, an unmurmuring reception of the yoke; an unquestioning submission to "the powers that be," and the calm acceptance of whatever ill they may choose to bestow.

The humble man is taught that he must here be the mule, the camel, the unrepublishing beast of burden, and that virtue consists in silent acquiescence to his lot. To another world must he look for all that gives pleasure to existence, and resign to others an undue share of the joys of this life.

Was this lady right? We should hardly think so here; and yet to those whom she addressed, her words were perhaps the best philosophy. Theirs was a different lot from ours; and different, perhaps, their duties, and responsibilities.

The judgment of Miss More may hardly be questioned; but the Chartists will not read her tracts, while they are starving for want of bread.

F.

AUNT MATILDA.

"TELL us a story, Aunt Matilda," said I, as a party of my young friends burst with me into her little sanctum, one cold winter evening.

Aunt Matilda took the great wing, which was transfixed upon a nail in the corner of the fireplace, and *winged* the hearth with it; then she put more wood upon the bright flaming brands, which filled the fireplace, placed a chair for each romping girl, and laid aside our cloaks and hoods.

"Did you run a mile, this cold night, just to hear one of an old maid's stories?" asked she.

"Not for that only," I replied; "but the moon was shining so very brilliantly, and the snow sparkled as brightly upon the earth as the stars did in the sky, and the cold air seemed so bracing that we felt as though we must do something, and the boys had all gone away with their skates and sleds, and so we unanimously moved an adjournment to Miss Matilda Armstrong's sitting-room."

"You should all have brought your knitting-work," said Aunt Matilda, who had just been setting the heel in a very long blue stocking.

"Well, aunt, we cannot go back for it now, and we must have a story. Please to tell us something about Boston. Didn't you go there once when you was young? And do tell us why you never got married? Didn't you ever have a beau?"

"You should never ask but one question at a time," said Aunt Matilda, "but several of these I can answer at once. Let me put some apples upon the hearth to warm, and then I will tell you a story."

There was an extra brush given the hearth, before the big red apples were placed before the fire, like a single file of red coats, before the blaze of "Old Hickory," and there they sputtered an accompaniment while Aunt Matilda told her story.

"It is twenty years this very winter," said she, "since I was invited to spend a few months in Boston, with the relative for whom I was named, and who had often, in summer, enjoyed the pleasure of a home with us, amid the bracing airs of our Green Mountains, and the pleasures of country life in far Vermont. I was then a bright-eyed, red-cheeked, glossy-haired girl, in the eighteenth year of my age, as full of glee as an untamed colt, and as confident of success in that great adventure of woman's life, the attainment of a husband, as such girls usually are. I will not tell you now of the journey to Boston, and the impression which that great city first made upon me, accustomed as I was to the heart of the country, nor to the commencement of my acquaintance with Gilbert Dean, for we did not fall in love at *first sight*. But Gilbert was deeply enamored of every thing countryfied. That any thing, or any body, came from the country was as much of a recommendation to him, as it usually is the reverse to most of the Boston beaux. He had been brought up in the country, and though obliged to live in the city until he became his own master, yet he often expressed his determination to retire then to those peaceful haunts, where his heart had ever lingered. But while residing in that excellent and intellectual city, he had availed himself of every means of improvement which it afforded him. His manners, and intellectual attainments, were far above his years and station, and his personal attrac-

tions were such, that many a Boston belle would not have disdained a smile from the handsome 'prentice boy.'

"It was not until he learned that I was from Vermont that he particularly noticed me. Then he perceived that my bloom was not the result of Parisian *rouge*; then he saw that my glossy locks were not bestowed by the barber, nor the effects of Rowland's Macassar Oil; then he knew that my ivory teeth had not been whitened by the dentist; then he knew that I was in truth, all I had seemed, the very personification of health, innocence, and vivacity. He became a constant visitor at my relative's house, and when bantered upon the subject did not deny that I was the charm which brought him there. Perhaps, girls, you do not know what it is to think you are beloved—to feel sure of it, yet not to know it—to believe that your image is enshrined in the heart of another, as theirs is cherished by you—to place upon each act, and look, and tone, the construction which your own affection tells you would be the suggestion of love. Yes, I knew that Gilbert loved me, and I was proud of it; and also proud of my love for him. Gilbert and I had never talked of love, but then we had never had the opportunity. We had never been alone, and it was only by the eyes that our mutual confessions had been made. It was only when he depicted the charms of rural life in the abstract, that I could know how much of happiness he wished to confer, and receive, in a future life with me.

"At length I was sent for home—sickness was the cause of the unexpected call, and I must go immediately; not on account of imminent danger, but because my services were needed. I had been invited to a large party for the evening after I received this intelligence. I had anticipated it with much pleasure, as an opportunity for more unrestrained communion with Gilbert than I had ever enjoyed. We could be more alone, in that great assembly, than when subjected to the scrutiny of our domestic circle. I had thought that things would there be expressed which had heretofore been only intimated. And now I was sure of it, for a mutual confession would be almost necessary before we should part. I arrayed myself that night in my little stock of finery, my gold ear-rings, beads, and rings. I wore a red crape gown, trimmed with crimped satin ribbon. I had a stomacher, and starched ruff, high-heeled shoes, and open-work stockings, and a large black-handled fan, with painted pictures of boys and girls upon it. My face assumed its rosiest hue, as Gilbert approached, and took a seat at my side, and I could hardly feel sad as I perceived his countenance fall when I told him that I was going home.

"For a few moments we were alone—all around were shadows, or floating phantasmagoria, and we two were all that was real, was living in that great circle. But in the midst of this bliss, ere it had time to dissolve itself into words, I became aware that my dress was loosening behind. Yes; I was *undone*. I had dressed in too much perturbation to pay the needful attention to the pins, buttons, hooks and eyes, which are indispensable attendants to a lady's wardrobe.

"What to do I did not know, but one thing I knew I must not do—I must not *move*. In perfect immobility was my only safety. I must stay bound, fettered, chained, transfixed, rooted to the spot, by those departed hooks and eyes. Girls, you may not have been able to conceive of my feelings before, but I think you can understand my distress of mind at this juncture. I could not attend to any thing that was said to me, and did not

attempt to say any thing myself. Gilbert addressed some words to me in a low tone, and with much affection in his manner, but I did not heed him. He repeated his expressions, but obtained no word or look of sympathy. At length he perceived that I was absent, restless, and unhappy. At first he appeared amazed and perplexed. He wished to know if I was ill, and offered to take me home. I told him I was very well, that I did not wish to go home, I wanted to stay and witness the amusements of the others, though not to partake of them. He noticed the fretfulness with which I replied, and attributed it to unhappiness at our approaching separation. He tried to soothe me, and invited me to promenade the room with him. I promptly and decidedly refused his proffered arm, and expressed my wish to be left alone. A new light burst upon him, as he looked upon my flushed face, and he remembered then that I had listened to his expressions of regret at our approaching separation, and to his intimated hopes of a future reunion, without one word of expressed acquiescence, in his wishes and feelings. Then he remembered also that his evident attachment had been returned by looks and tones, which none but lovers know and understand, and now that he was upon the point of declaring himself I was dashing the cup of hope and joy from his lips. I had heard so much, and till now had listened without reluctance—I had permitted so much, and till now without evincing displeasure. A flush of indignation rose to his cheeks and brow, and bending his face towards me, for a moment, with a look which seemed to say, ‘You are a heartless coquette,’ he left me. I saw him choose another, and devote to her with redoubled assiduity the attentions he had paid to me. He was trying with all his might to look, and *be* happy. He laughed and talked with others—he tried to forget me—he thought I did not love him—that I had trifled with him. O, if he could only have seen my heart—or *my back*. But he could not forget me. Once, when our eyes met, the mournful expression of mine touched him instantly, and he came towards me. Just then a lady near me dropped a locket upon the floor. It rolled towards me, and was hidden by the folds of my dress. I did not assist in the search for it, though I knew better than any one where it was. At length I was requested to *rise*, that they might look where I sat. What could I do? I felt around with my foot until I found it, and then kicked it towards the owner. My rudeness aroused the anger of all, and they left me with disdainful silence. I dared not look up to Gilbert, as he stood by my chair, and felt relieved when he walked away.

“At length the party broke up, and I requested that my bonnet and shawl might be brought to me. When I was fairly enveloped in the latter I felt like a new being. I laughed, and chatted, and ran around to see all those from whom I had kept myself aloof during the evening, but when I looked for Gilbert I saw that he had a little arm in his, and knew that I should see him no more. I have never met him since; I have never loved another. I am now an old maid; and now, girls, eat your apples, and always pay strict attention to your hooks and eyes.”

When we left Aunt Matilda that night we all agreed that she could tell a good story, and that we would willingly run a mile to hear another.

CAMILLA.

THE TRUE MOURNER.

The King of Scotland, James VI., ordered his courtiers to appear at the palace in mourning, at the announcement of the murder of his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots. One nobleman came in complete armor, as the mourning suit best befitting this occasion.

THE deed was done ; and Scotland's queen
A murdered victim lay ;
For England's minions well I ween
Their ruthless queen obey.

And Scotia's king sends forth his word
That all to him repair,
With sable weeds, to Holyrood,
Those emblems of despair.

A thronging host surround their king
With mantle black and plume ;
With sounds of woe the court-yards ring,
The palace rests in gloom.

But, see ! that dark-robed host among
Intruding footsteps dare ;
Yet *he*, amidst the sable throng,
Was the true mourner there.

The corselet pressed a swelling breast ;
The casque concealed hot tears ;
The sword, which scarcely lay at rest,
Fit mourning badge appears.

Thus should we grieve whene'er we see
Our fellow-men oppressed ;
Our sisters, "by one holy tie,"
With wrongs all unredressed ;

Not tamely should sit down and mourn,
But nerve us for the fight ;
Should gird our sword and armor on,
And battle for the right.

H. F.

THE LAST OF THE PURITANS.

THERE is now living in the town of Thetford, Vt., an aged man named Ezra F****. He was born in Braintree, Mass., in the year 1754 ; of course now ninety years of age. This singular man the writer saw while on a visit to the country last summer, and was from the first much interested by his quaint appearance and conversation. He does not exhibit the marks of extreme age ; he is still a man of very good sense, and retains his mental faculties nearly unimpaired. He abounds in anecdote and recollections of past reading ; and can tell much of the world, for he has lived in it as a man of influence and respectability.

His present style of living, however, is calculated rather to excite amuse-

ment than respect. His dress, when I saw him, was white cotton throughout; frock, shirt, and trowsers; no stockings, naked ankles, and shoes of which "one was a mate, the other an odd one." The elder of the two was seventeen years old; the other much more juvenile, being but ten. He practises an economy nearly equal to that of John Wesley, when he maintained himself upon sixpence per week. His method is to buy a bag of meal once or twice in a year, and when the family, with whom he lodges, bake, he gets permission to put a small loaf of bread into the oven. He also purchases a bushel or two of potatoes, and, when the family boil their pot, he craves the privilege of putting a potato into it. He purchases a pint or quart of milk, for one or two cents, each morning or evening, and lives, without the use of meat, on milk and bread, like Graham, "only a great deal more so."

But the most remarkable characteristic of the man is his puritanical rigidity and orthodoxy. He would never listen to a preacher who was not decidedly Calvinistic, and has always kept the Lord's-day, as our good ancestors did, who "seethed" their Sunday dinner on Saturday, and whipped the beer and cider barrels for working on the sabbath. When the weather is moderate, and the roads good, he puts on his go-to-meeting suit, and walks two miles to attend public worship. He lives out the character and habits which he has been cherishing through his long, and, in some respects, varied life.

In his early childhood he learned to be industrious, economical, truthful, sober-minded; all the puritanical virtues. At the age of twenty-six he emigrated into Washington, N. H., then a new town with a cold soil, on the backbone ridge which divides the valley of the Merrimack from that of the Connecticut. Being worth eight hundred dollars he commenced business as a store-keeper, in an unfinished room, having a board, laid on the heads of two barrels, for his counter. This was in 1780. By the year 1800 he had acquired a good estate; was the most prominent man in town; built him the best house; kept a hotel for travellers; had his good mother for house-keeper; gave up his store, and lived as a gentleman farmer. He entertained gratis all the Calvinistic ministers who came into the town; but would not keep an Armenian, on any terms, unless he obtruded himself under a false cloak. Whenever company arrived at his hotel on Saturday evening, and called for lodgings, he inquired of them if they intended to travel on the sabbath. If that was their intention he refused to entertain them. There being then no other house of entertainment in the town, travellers, at night, and in bad weather, lay at his mercy. He sometimes exercised his power with extreme severity. A man, who came to him with his wife and child, on an intensely cold night, when the roads were blocked up with snow, was denied admittance, and turned out to shift for himself as he could. The late Hon. Fisher Ames, then in a delicate state of health, and in the midst of one of the heaviest rains that ever fell in New England, was refused lodgings, and compelled to pass the night in a miserable shanty. And this was really done for conscience' sake—not for the sake of being ugly, (we use the word in the Yankee sense) or of acting the petty tyrant. He thought it was his duty; that he was manifesting a holy zeal for the institution of God; and in this mistake he might probably plead many examples of his puritan predecessors.

When he had attained the age of fifty years, his mother being dead, he felt the want of some one to "guide the house." Being now old enough

to marry, and the experience of half a century having qualified him to make choice of a wife, he looked around, for a season, and then made proposals to a young widow of Newport, N. H., the relict of Rev. Mr. S., of East Plainfield. They were married, and in the course of some four or five years he became the father of two children. But he was not now a happy man. His wife, though an excellent and discreet woman, did not meet all his wishes. She was much more free and liberal in her management of the household than he had been accustomed to be. This was a constant vexation, but not the worst of his troubles. He had furnished a nephew with capital on which to trade; had also become an endorser for him. This relative failed in business, and brought in his uncle for some thousands of dollars. These troubles, occurring coincidentally, threw him into a state of desperation. He took the resolution to abscond, leaving his sick wife and her infant child, his property, consisting of houses and lands, to the merciless hands of his creditors. He might, as he now says, by managing the concern himself, have cleared off all his liabilities, and saved a thousand dollars. But his vexation silenced the voice of his sober judgment. He turned his back on a scene, the sight of which made him desperate. The property, which he had spent thirty years in accumulating, now went to the winds. His house, which had cost him twenty-five hundred dollars, was sold for eight hundred. In a similar manner went all the rest of his estate. His good wife found an asylum in the house of her father at Newport.

Our "puritan" went first to the eastward, and spent some months in the state of Maine, where he had a brother. He then turned and went to Connecticut, where he had another brother. Neither of his brothers, however, did much for his relief. He must therefore do something for himself, or lie down and die. He had, in his youth, sometimes tended a mill. He now went to the proprietor of one, offered his services, and they were accepted. And in this service he continued for ten years, during which time he laid up one thousand dollars of his limited wages. He then returned to Newport, where he found his wife; and two daughters, one twelve and the other fourteen years of age, sprightly and well-educated girls. He offered himself again to his wife, but was refused. He was willing to be once more her husband, and a father to her children; but he had once abandoned her, and she judged it more prudent not to give him the opportunity to do it again. He made his best excuses for his past conduct, and she accepted them for what they were worth. He tarried in Newport for a year or two, and spent perhaps one-half of his time in the house of his wife. He then went to Thetford, where he now lives.

We have already given a slight description of his manner of life. He keeps his affairs so close that nobody knows whether the one thousand dollars, acquired in Connecticut, is now increased or diminished. This money has been his estate for twenty years; and perhaps he has enjoyed it as much as he did when it was ten times larger. His first estate was the product of the thirty best years of his life. The second that of ten years of his old age. During the first period he moved in the first class of society. During the second he was in obscurity—the tender of a gristmill in the town of Hadlyme, near the mouth of the noble Connecticut. Thus has he realized the "ups and downs," the vexations and pleasures, the sunshine and shade, of life. He has outlived his family, for his wife, and daughters,

who had respectably married, are now dead. But through all this the stamen of his character has been always the same. He has ever been a stern puritan. In one important instance, however, his self-command seems to have failed him. He acted in opposition to his pecuniary interest, and made a sacrifice of himself and family to his vexation of spirit.

There are useful lessons to be drawn from his history; but, having given the facts, may it not devolve upon the reader to draw forth "the uses by way of improvement."

ANNETTE.

DEAL GENTLY.

"Can you name her now so lightly?
Once the idol of you all:—
When a star has shone so brightly,
Can you glory in its fall?"

T. Moore.

THERE were loud voices in Madam Bradshaw's little sitting-room: tones of anger, derision, and reproach, uttering words of detraction. Madam sat silently listening to her young visitors, but her brow contracted, and her lips compressed, as harsh feelings seemed to strengthen by an open expression of them. She remembered that just one year before Sophy Melton had come to visit her, with the same young ladies who were now paying her their annual visit.

Madam Bradshaw was the widow of the old village clergyman; who, when he died, left her poor, though not destitute. In the parish she had been much respected and beloved, and there was no fear that Madam would ever be left to want, among so many friends. They had a very delicate way of bestowing their bounty, and made several annual parties; when they went to the old parsonage always "carrying their welcome." The children went when her cherries were ripe; the married ladies at Thanksgiving time, bringing their bounties; the elderly spinsters—considerate souls—just after Fast, and did her spring cleaning for her, and replenished her exhausted winter stores. The misses came when her roses were in blossom, and her front garden was one little wilderness of fragrant beauty. Then they did up her summer caps, collars, and neckerchiefs, and saw that her wardrobe needed no addition.

Among those who came with the roses, "herself a fairer flower," had been Sophy Melton; but this year she was absent, and Madam missed her bright smile and sweet voice. The morning was busily passed by the girls in washing, starching, and ironing—the afternoon in mending and making for the good old lady.

But now the sewing was all done, the tea-table had been nicely cleared away, and, as twilight came on, the girls sat in the old parlor talking of their past and future annual visits. How they loved this old room—the old pictures in their heavy frames—the dark mahogany, polished to the brightness of crystal—the worn and faded but spotless carpet, the old china, as perfect as ever—the well-kept silver, and her store of curiosities as curious as ever. Then there were her portraits, upon which they all loved to gaze. There was the old pastor himself, looking at them from the canvass as benignly as he had ever done from the pulpit. There was the

son, who had gone a missionary to foreign lands, and left name and fame, if naught else, to his fond mother. There was the noble boy, too, who left his mother for a long voyage to the Arctic seas, and was never heard of more. There was the mild but steadfast daughter, who had gone to the far West, and laid down her life in that home missionary enterprise, the education of the young. The girls loved to look upon those relics, and feel, awakening in themselves, aspirations for that excellence which had been embodied and lived by those who had now passed away.

Perhaps they imagined they were showing respect for virtue by their severe remarks upon Sophy Melton; but Madam Bradshaw was evidently displeased. At length she spoke:

"Can you name her now so lightly?" &c.

The girls were abashed for a moment.

But Caroline Freeman replied, "Ma' Bradshaw, I have not yet spoken; but I have not attempted to stop my friends, for it has always appeared to me that the reproach of the good was but the just penalty for this violation of the laws of virtue. Sophy's error has not brought upon her poverty, pain, or any diminution of the physical enjoyments of life. If her friends must still, from motives of compassion or philanthropy, countenance her, where is the punishment society should inflict for contempt of its opinions?"

"I asked you not to countenance her, or associate with her, not to speak lightly of her sin, or accustom yourselves to think of it as a venial error; but, my dear girls, I only beg of you to *deal gently*. Let compassion, rather than resentment, influence your thoughts of her. I have seen anger where I would have beheld grief. Moreover, may there not be too much self-confidence exhibited in such remarks. You place yourselves among the *good*. Sophy has perhaps once thought herself as good, as safe as either of you. She was the most beautiful, the most fascinating of you all, therefore the most tried and tempted. Be not angry with me, when I bid you ask yourselves whether there is not a little gratified envy in all these aspersions of your fallen sister; whether there is not a slight feeling of triumph, that the first has now become the last; that she who was greatest is now the least among you?"

"O, Ma' Bradshaw! *deal gently* with us. We never envied her; we were proud that one so beautiful, and, as we thought, so good, was of our little band. We do not rejoice, we mourn that the most beautiful star is lost from our little constellation. But, how are we to show our hatred of wickedness, unless we speak severely of sin? Were we to speak mildly of this fault, might we not be misunderstood? You must remember that our principles have not been tested by a long life, as our dear Ma' Bradshaw's have been."

"My dear girls," said Madam, "do not think there is no better way of showing your detestation of sin than by reproach or vituperation of the fellow being who has fallen into it. Keep your own garments spotless, your own hearts clean, your own hands unstained, and then fear not that your commiseration of the sinful and guilty will ever be misunderstood—that pity will be mistaken for sympathy, that kindness will be thought weakness. Never fear, with a clear conscience and a firm heart, to *deal gently*.
B.

EDITORIAL.

THE IMPROVEMENT CIRCLE. Many of our subscribers feel quite an interest in the management and prospects of the Offering, and we have often been asked how we procure articles for our magazine. Our old subscribers know something already of The Improvement Circle, which furnished the budget from which the Offering was first selected. Within a few years seven of these literary societies have been formed, all of which are now dead but the one with which we are connected. This is now in quite a flourishing condition, and we find upon the records the last item to be this: "May 13th. . . . Eighteen members were present, and the following articles read: The Lost Gem; The Fatal Letter; The Orphan; Evening Reflections; Factory Labor; The Indian Maid. The perusal of other articles deferred until the next meeting of the Circle."

The constitution of this Circle was drawn up by the young ladies; without assistance or advice of "lawyers," or other professional characters. The following is a copy.

"Art. I. This society shall be called the Merrimack Division of the Young Ladies' Improvement Circle, having for its general object mutual improvement.

"Art. II. The officers of this society shall be a President, Vice President, Secretary, and Critic, to be chosen once in six months, who, in connection with the officers of the various other divisions, shall constitute a board of managers to direct the affairs of the Improvement Circle.

"Art. III. The President, by virtue of her office, shall preside at the meetings of the society, calling the meeting to order, causing it to be opened with prayer, and otherwise directing its exercises. The Vice President shall aid her by co-operation and counsel, and in her absence shall perform the duties of the President.

"Art. IV. The Secretary shall record the doings of the society, the time and place of each meeting, and the names of the members. She shall keep an account of the number present, the names of those who take an active part in the exercises; also, the subject of each communication, when and by whom presented, and report to the society when requested. She shall likewise notify the Secretary of each of the other Divisions of the time and place of the next following meeting of her own Division, as soon as may be after such meeting shall have been appointed.

"Art. V. The Critic shall receive and faithfully correct all communications presented, and be responsible for their return unless permitted to make other use of them, in which case her responsibility shall cease when they pass into other hands.

"Art. VI. The Board of Managers shall be the standing officers of the Improvement Circle, from whom a President and Secretary pro tem. shall be chosen at each meeting of the Circle. They shall appoint quarterly meetings, and such other meetings as they deem expedient. They shall guard the interests of the Circle, and adopt such plans for its prosperity as in their judgment shall seem to be needed.

"Art. VII. This society shall meet at such place as shall have been appointed during the first week in each month. If prevented from so doing the meeting shall stand adjourned to the time and place of the meeting of the next division in the same month. In either case no member shall plead inability as a reason for excusing herself from performing any duty the society may require of her.

"Art. VIII. Any young lady of good moral character may become a member of this society by signing its constitution and presenting an original communication once a month, and by so doing she is entitled to all the privileges of each division. If necessarily detained from a meeting she shall feel under the same obligation to another division during the month. Her communication may partly atone for her absence, although in all such cases she must be able to render a reason.

"Art. IX. This constitution may be amended or revised at any quarterly meeting of the Circle, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present, provided such amendment shall have been previously presented at a regular meeting of each of the divisions."

It has been since amended, and meets now every alternate Monday evening.—We would take this opportunity to give a general invitation to the female operatives of Lowell to join this Circle; with the assurance that they can hardly fail, by their presence and compliance with our regulations, to receive and impart both pleasure and instruction.

H. F.

THE LOWELL OFFERING.

JULY, 1844.

THE LOST GEM.

THE black waters of the river of death were rolling sluggishly onward. There approached one whose features bore traces of anxiety and sorrow ; and with a bowed form she gazed into the turbulent stream, as though she would fain descry something far down in its fathomless depths.

A being of benign and celestial aspect appeared at her side, and said, "What seekest thou, sorrowing one?" "Alas!" she answered, "I wore a sparkling jewel upon my bosom. It was no paltry bauble, but a monarch's gift, and invaluable. The wealth of India can yield none to match it. In an evil hour, it dropped from its resting-place into this dark river. For a moment I saw it float near the brink, and stretched out my hand to regain it, but it was beyond my reach ; and it sank down, down, till I saw it no more. It is gone—lost forever!" And in deep gloom she turned to depart.

"Stay, mourner! Grieve not, but look again into the waters!" She looked, and a cry of joy burst from her lips. "It is there! I see it floating upon the dismal wave. O, shall it not be mine once more?" The answer came: "Nay; but thou art deceived. What thou seest is but the semblance of what was thine. Yet turn thine eyes upward, and rejoice." She obeyed; and beheld a star gleaming from a bright spot of azure in the murky sky, whose rays gave even the waves of that gloomy river a tinge of brightness, and whose reflection there she had mistaken for her own lost gem.

Then came a tender and musical voice, as the beautiful appearance vanished. "Mourner, these restless billows, though fearful and dark to thee, roll up to the golden gate of heaven. Ever faithful to their trust, they bore the jewel, which was lent, not given to thee, to its rightful owner, the Monarch of Heaven; and transferred to his care, it will shine forever in His glorious dwelling-place."

The mourner departed with a countenance thoughtful, yet cheerful; her gaze no longer bent upon earth, or the sorrowful river of death, but was meekly and trustingly raised to the heavens. And that star beaming into her spirit with rays of hope and gladness, was ever after her talisman and guide.

Mother! who weepest for thy little one, so early lost, that mourner art thou; that star is thy now angel child! Dry thy tears, and ever rejoice that thou hast a treasure in heaven!

* L

The following story is essentially true, though in minor points we have taken an author's liberty and disguised it a little, that it might not be recognized by old friends. The names of course are fictitious.

THE FATAL LETTER;

OR, THE VICTIM OF CONSUMPTION.

ABOUT ten years ago, Mary D. was the prettiest young lady in our village. She was fair as the rose in June, that blooms in the fragrant valley, and gentle as the soft zephyr that floats across its dewy petals at early dawn. She had a world of good humor and sprightliness; much of that affectionate simplicity which never fails to win admiration, and seemed to possess the happy art of being joyous under all circumstances, and making others so in a pre-eminent degree. All that looked upon Mary readily accorded to her that title of enviable distinction, "the prettiest girl" among the gentler sex. Nor was her beauty of that kind which is ever at the mercy of a fine dress to set forth the symmetrical proportion to good advantage, or a brilliant assembly to call forth the captivating smile. She was the same sweet girl at home, or abroad; in her rustic suit, or Sunday silk.

I can remember how she looked as distinctly as though it were but a scene of yesterday. Can I *ever* forget those dark and lustrous eyes which beamed forth the moral beauty of a mind susceptible of the tenderest emotions; giving them an expression of innocence and loveliness seldom met with? Ay; can I ever forget that complacent smile which played about her rich ruby lips? And those long glossy tresses, dark as the raven's plume that shaded her classical brow and polished neck?

Early impressions seldom fade from the mind; but generally grow brighter and deeper as the glitter of youthful felicity recedes, giving place to the sober realities of advancing years. Many attachments may be formed and fostered for a season, and we may taste delectable enjoyment in them all; but time, distance, and discipline will easily dispel the pleasing illusion, and their memories forever cease to flicker about the dim shrine of remembrance; but youthful friendship knows no autumn, or decay. We will no longer moralize upon that which all know to be true, but will resume our narrative.

Mary was the creature of lively impulse, strong sympathy, and heart-felt devotedness. It needed not the stimulus of public effort, or popular applause to call into action the warm benevolence of her nature; nor were her donations to relieve the necessities of suffering humanity "few or far between." Blessed with a competency, if not affluence, she was ever ready to minister to the temporal wants of the poor and needy. The widow's humble cot was lighted by her beneficent smile, and the sick chamber witnessed her noiseless step and ministering spirit. She was a dutiful daughter, an affectionate sister, and a true-hearted friend.

Among those I delighted to call my companions, and address by the endearing appellation of friend, she was one of the earliest and best beloved. In the frolicsome days of childhood we sported together upon the flowery plain, and chased the painted butterflies that chanced to light upon our path. We drank of the same cooling fountain, and when weary sought repose upon the mossy turf beneath the beechen shade. Ah!

these were the happy days of childhood, and such as are ever set with golden letters in the vocabulary of memory, and form a theme upon which we love to write, converse, and reflect. Nor did our intimacy decline in after years, but grew with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. The vicissitudes of life served but to cement, corroborate, and refine that which so early commenced. She was just such a being as we may love without being betrayed into error, or ever having occasion to mourn over a broken heart. But, alas! "death loves a shining mark—a signal-blow." How often do we see this illustrated in our own familiar circle. The fairest flowers that spring up to greet our enraptured view are the first to fade and disappear; and those friends who have the largest amount of our love are often doomed to find an early grave.

The aged die as a candle goeth out when fully spent. They have lived their day, and come to the grave like a shock of corn ripe for the garner. They have passed through the sunny morn of childhood—the bustling scenes of meridian life, and arrived at that period of existence when earth, with all its allurements, has lost its power to charm. They have grown weary of its cares and pleasures, and fall asleep like the tired infant upon its pillow of repose. The young droop and die as the flowers before the mower's hand. "They are as the green herb; as the grass upon the house-top; as corn blasted before it is grown up." "In the morning they flourish; before noon they are cut down and wither." The present is then one bright fairy scene, and the future a boundless elysium, full of fair promises, and golden prizes.

It was a pleasant sabbath morning "in the leafy month of June," that we were called to witness the dying scene of our beloved friend. She had fallen a victim to that siren disease, *Consumption*. It had fixed its relentless grasp upon her vitals, and would not yield up its prey. Her health had been somewhat impaired for several weeks, yet no one entertained doubts as to her recovery, till within a few days of her death, when her disease assumed a more alarming aspect, and hastened with rapid strides to its final issue. Consternation and despair at once seized upon the inmates of the happy dwelling, while the prayers of a pious and devoted father, the agony of a fond mother, and the sighs and tears of affectionate brothers and sisters failed to ward off the shaft of death and win back the object of their tenderest devotion.

The morning on which we were called to the house of mourning was one of surpassing loveliness, and green and smilingly serene was the pasture we had to cross. It seemed the very atmosphere was redolent of the sanctity of the sabbath spirit. The dew still lay like a soft silvery veil upon the emerald verdure, while the wild flowers that sprinkled the green hills were modestly unfolding their pure petals to the bright-eyed god of day. The merry-hearted birds were flitting about with much glee, making the summer air vocal with their matin minstrelsy; while the gay butterflies displayed their motley pinions to the morning sunbeams, and seemed to sport about with unusual zest. The tall trees stood erect and motionless, as if thoughtful of HIM who hath said, "Remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy." It was the day of rest. The weary husbandman reposed within his cot, and this was the hour for family devotion around the domestic altar. All things animate and inanimate seemed to unite in one harmonious concert of ascribing praise to HIM who is Lord of the sabbath-day. "How difficult," sentimentally remarked my friend, "it is to asso-

ciate the idea of death with aught so lovely and life-giving as the scene by which we are surrounded." And indeed it was so; but thus it is wherever we may be—by whatever we may be surrounded, we are ever in the midst of death.

When we arrived at the house of the invalid, we found her mother standing in the door bathed in tears, and wringing her hands with unutterable agony. In a few minutes, however, her intensity of anguish subsided, or was suppressed by pride, and she waited upon us to the room of her dying daughter, with much apparent composure. O, what a picture was there presented to our view, as the sick girl extended her emaciated hand to reciprocate the accustomed salutation of her friends. For a few minutes there was scarcely a word exchanged; but at length she broke the silence by requesting all to leave the room but myself, as she had something to say to me alone. I was not a little surprised at her request, and could not even conjecture the import thereof. Her friends yielded to her wishes by immediately repairing to another apartment. As soon as they had all retired, she commenced by saying, "I have a secret to communicate to you, and one which perhaps will cause your heart to bleed as it has mine. Dear M——," she continued, "we have been friends in sickness and health, and I trust our friendship will survive the shock of death, and be consummated in the regions of life and eternal felicity. To you will I unbosom the inmost recesses of my soul, and expose that grief which has preyed like a worm in the bud and drank up the fountain of health and happiness within."

At these words I was so overcome that I trembled like the aspen; I could hardly maintain my position beside the dying girl. She noticed my agitation, and hoped I would be comforted, "for," said she, "I am happy *now*; the dark cloud of anguish has passed over, and the Sun of righteousness has arisen with healing in his beams." After a brief pause she drew forth from her bosom a letter and handed it to me. "Here," said she; "read this, and you will soon understand the cause of my sorrow." By glancing over the contents of the letter I learned that there was a secret betrothment between herself and a young gentleman who went to the far West a year previous. The letter was a positive and uncompromising withdrawal from his pledge of sacred fidelity. It was written in a laconic and inexplicable manner, which ill accorded with the tender feelings of one so susceptible alive to the tenderest emotions of the humane heart of Mary.

The tremulous tones of her faltering voice, the quivering of her colorless lips, the contents of the letter, and more than all the pathetic sentiments she had expressed, unfolded to my mind a volume of care—of midnight watchings and bitter tears, unread by all save HIM who keepeth the key to the secret chambers of the soul, and who never slumbers nor sleeps.

As soon as I had finished perusing the letter, she wished me to call the family. As her friends entered the apartment, she looked at them all with an expression of great tenderness and affection, and requested her father to lay her upon the bed as she felt very weak. He tenderly clasped her to his bosom, and approached the bedside; yet before laying her down, he asked her upon which side she could rest the easiest; but she gave him no reply. He waited a moment, and then looked at her pale face and exclaimed, "She is gone!" O, how those words vibrated through the innermost fibres of every soul. At first we could hardly believe the

dreadful announcement; but, alas, it was too true. Death had come, as he often does, an unceremonious and sudden visitant, and set his seal upon her fair brow. The pure spirit had left forever its frail tenement, without a struggle or a groan. Her features reposed in their usual serenity, and were as placid as those of a sleeping infant. For a few minutes there was such a profound silence that one might have heard the dropping of a pin, or the rustling of a dress in another room. We staid but a short time longer, and returned home.

The next day I stood by the coffin in which lay the remains of her I had tenderly loved, and looked upon her for the last time. Friends and neighbors had gathered together to pay the tribute of respect to one whom many hearts loved, and all highly esteemed. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters were there, whose sighs and tears evidently bespoke that grief which death occasions to those who are left behind. But one, also, was there among the group of mourners whose grief was more poignant than theirs. He was the victim of the vilest treachery, and the object of the deepest commiseration. He had established himself in a lucrative business in the far West, and had now returned to redeem his pledge of fidelity by leading his affianced bride to the altar. Late the evening before her interment he arrived at the residence of his friends, and the first tidings that saluted his ears was of the death of her who was dear to him as his own existence. All sternness and pride of manhood forsook him as he stood by the coffin to take his last farewell of his dearly beloved Mary. It requires a more gifted hand than mine to faithfully portray a picture fraught with such deep interest: it can be better conceived than described.

The rest of the story is soon told. The letter we have alluded to was forged by her brother, who was then at a college at some distance. He had been accustomed to view Henry D. as an inferior; owing, we suppose, to the humbler fortune and modest pretensions of the latter. However, he subsequently made some amends for his perfidy by acknowledging his crime to Henry in the most humble and supplicatory manner possible. The generous heart of the injured man readily forgave him, according to the injunction of HIM who will judge all hearts at the last day.

Since the period of which we write the consumption has swept like the simoon of the desert, through the once happy family, cutting off member after member, till but two solitary individuals are left to sigh over the sunshine and shadow of the past. Even the hand that forged the "fatal letter" was long since chilled by the icy touch of death, and now moulders with its native element beneath the clods of the valley, while the immortal part has gone to God who gave it.

M. R.

THE INDIAN.

WHAT feelings of terror, consternation, and amazement, must have pervaded the bosoms of the American savages, as they saw the first English ship proudly nearing their native shore. Her sails lightly flitting in the breeze—the deafening roar of her artillery, sounding like thunder in their ears—her decks covered with a race of people whose complexion, dress, and manners differed widely from any thing they had ever seen—all this, to the eye of ignorance and superstition must have been a spectacle com-

manding and wonderful. And as the first white man dared step his foot on American soil, can we wonder the frightened Indian fled in terror and alarm from his presence, and sought to hide himself in the hollow of some decayed tree, in the cave on the mountain side, or beneath the thick underbrush of the forest. But curiosity soon urged the wild men from their retreat, while nicknacks and articles trifling in themselves, presented by the *pale-face* dispelled their fears, and induced them to welcome their visitors as brothers and friends, and sharers, though not proprietors, of their lands. But little thought they those strangers would so soon become cruel invaders and exterminators of their race. Yet so it proved: disputes and quarrels arose which ended in war. For awhile the red men nobly refused to surrender their lands, their beautiful rivers and noble forests, their home, their all, into the hands of strangers and enemies. But the effort was vain: their bow and arrow could not equal the irresistible force and deadly aim of the English rifle, and making a merit of necessity they strove to yield with seeming grace what was quite beyond their power to retain. And yet he says he purchased their lands, paid them the amount exacted, and they are his.

Will any reasonable person suppose, that a whole nation combined would, like Esau, voluntarily sell their birthright for pottage with no other prospect than certain ruin and sure destruction? Would they so willingly leave their pleasant hunting grounds? Would they freely withdraw from their extensive and beautiful forests, and voluntarily give or sell their large and fertile country to strangers? No; it is the hand of oppression which has driven them from one retreat to another, till scarce a vestige of them now remains this side the Rocky mountains. And can we after reading the history of their wrongs received at the hand of our ancestors, our own countrymen, wonder that rage, dislike, and resentment are cherished in their bosoms, instilled into the tender minds of their offspring, and thus handed down, from generation to generation; that they vow eternal war and hatred to all our manners, customs, and religion, gladly seizing every opportunity to trouble, vex, and torment us; rejoicing over the unhappy wretch who unfortunately falls into their hands, singing, dancing, and uttering hideous yells of joy around their victim, as he shrieking expires in the flame, or lingers out a miserable loathsome life beneath the numerous tortures they choose to inflict? I ask can we wonder at all this, and still more that they so resolutely refuse to receive the missionary and hear the glad tidings of salvation proclaimed by the heralds of the Cross?

Make them forget that where our towns and villages now flourish, once stood the Indian wigwam—that through these fields, and over these hills, their beloved forefathers once pursued their wild game in perfect freedom, and each day found them the happy proprietors of this vast domain. Erase from the Indian nation the story of their wrongs—make them cease to remember or think of the past, and then may they become civilized; then conform to, and adopt, our manners. But till then, it is not wonderful that they obstinately persist in their own way—despising even the very name of the white man.

B.

FACTORY LABOR.

Miss S. I am very happy to see you, this evening, Miss Bartlett, for I have something particular to say to you. Now do tell me if you still persist in your resolution to return to your factory employment?

Miss B. I do: I have no objection, neither have I heard any sufficiently strong to deter me.

Miss S. The idea that it is degrading in the opinion of many, would be objection enough for me without taking into the account its real tendency to promote ignorance and vice.

Miss B. By whom is factory labor considered degrading? It is by those who believe all labor degrading—by those who contemptuously speak of the farmer, the mechanic, the printer, the seamstress, and all who are obliged to toil as belonging to the lower orders—by those who seem to think the condition of labor excludes all the capacities of the mind, and the virtues of humanity. They forget that circumstances, over which they have little or no control, place them above the necessity of labor; and that circumstances may yet compel them to engage in that at which they now scoff and spurn.

Miss S. There are objections to factory labor, which serve to render it degrading—objections which cannot be urged against any other kind of female employment. For instance, to be called and to be dismissed by the ringing of a bell, savors of compulsion and slavery, and cannot cease to produce mortification, without having been destructive to self-respect.

Miss B. In almost all kinds of employment it is necessary to keep regular established hours: more particularly so where there are as many connected as in the factories. Because we are reminded of those hours by the ringing of a bell, it is no argument against our employment, any more than it would be against going to church or to school. Our engagements are *voluntarily* entered into with our employers, with the understanding that they may be dissolved at our pleasure. However derogatory to our dignity and liberty you may consider factory labor, there is not a tinge of slavery existing in it, unless there be in every kind of labor that is urged upon us by the force of circumstances.

Miss S. Objections have been brought up against the boarding-houses, and, I think, with much plausibility. The large number of females who are there thrown together are, unavoidably, intimately connected with each other. It cannot be denied that some, guilty of immoralities, find their way into the factories and boarding-houses; the example and influence of such must be pernicious, and terminate in the increase of vice.

Miss B. It is true that the example and influence of immorality, wherever it exists, cannot be otherwise than evil. We know, also, that some exceptionable characters occasionally find a place among those employed in factories; we know it from the fact that dismissals do, now and then, occur as the consequence. But, my dear Miss S., did you ever know or hear of a class of people who could boast of perfection? among whom wrong of any description was never known?

Miss S. O, no! And, as I am no perfectionist, I never expect to know of one.

Miss B. Then, if in one case the guilt of a few has not corrupted the

whole, why should it in the other? Living in a factory boarding-house, and working in a factory changes not "human nature:" it is susceptible of good, and, also, of evil, there as it is elsewhere.

Miss S. I agree with you in thinking that among all classes, and in every condition in life, evil influences are at work; but in some situations in life is not the exposure to these influences much more extensive, and, therefore, more dangerous, especially to the young?

Miss B. I believe there are many kinds of female employment offered in our large towns and cities far more dangerous in this respect than factory employment, although they may be considered more desirable and respectable. Now, the very fact that "factory girls" are so "intimately connected with each other," soon lays open the real character of all, and I can assure you, whenever the example of one is known to be otherwise than good, she is immediately removed, how expert soever she may be in her business, or profitable to her employers. I may add, that if such ones were allowed to stay, they could not, unless they had the faculty of constantly "living in hot water." Besides, if "just as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined," the characters of most are formed before ever entering a factory. And yet, after all this strictness with regard to the morals and habits of female operatives, there are those who think one cannot be honest or virtuous who has ever toiled in a factory; they are sometimes spoken of, and to, as though they were destitute of sensibility and understanding, and unworthy of sympathy, kindness, or civility. Whether this is the result of erroneous opinions of factory labor, or of the idea that all kinds of labor is dishonorable, it is not very gratifying to our love of approbation, though it will not deprive us of that dignity and self-respect which honesty of purpose and an industry that places us above dependence always beget.

Miss S. You will not acknowledge that factory labor is degrading, or that it is productive of vice, but you must own that it fosters ignorance. When there are so many hours out of each day devoted to labor, there can be no time for study and improvement.

Miss B. It is true that too large a portion of our time is confined to labor. But, first, let me remark that this is an objection which cannot be said to exist only in factory labor. It is seldom that the interest or improvement of any class of laborers is regarded by their employers in the number of hours which is called a day's work. The compensation for labor is not in proportion to the value of service rendered, but is governed by the scarcity or plenty of laborers. This is an evil which has always existed, for aught I know, and I suppose is considered remediless. We have abundant proof that unremitted toil is not always derogatory to improvement. A factory girl's work is neither hard or complicated; she can go on with perfect regularity in her duties, while her mind may be actively employed on any other subject. There can be no better place for reflection, when there must be toil, than the factory. The patronage which newspapers and periodicals find in our city, our well-worn libraries, evening schools, crowded churches and sabbath schools, prove that factory operatives find leisure to use the means for improvement both in mind and heart. But I fear I shall exhaust your patience, and will bid you good evening, with an invitation to visit me after I have returned to my mill labor; and, as far as I am able, I will show you all the wonders of our "line of spindles."

W. J. S.

THE INDIAN MAID.

UPON the height a chieftain stood,
And marked, with wily glance,
Beneath the covert of a wood,
His pale-faced foe advance.

And she, who from the thicket sprang
To meet that foe's embrace,
Was she to whom his fond heart clung,
The last of all her race.

His own—his all—alas; was she
The white man's willing slave?
It shall not be—and here shall he
Now fill a forest grave.

With throbbing heart, but steady arm,
He sent his arrow far;
His child is safe, free from its harm
Yet both his victims are.

The dark-browed maid gazed mute awhile
Upon the loved one dead,
Then raised her face, with vacant smile,
Reason, alas, had fled.

And him she watched, with patient care,
With mild determined will;
And when at rest they laid him there,
His grave she guarded still.

And ever to that sod she brought
Fresh, white, and lovely flowers;
Her snowy off'rings marked the spot
At morn and evening hours.

Thus months pass on, and darker grow
The chieftain's eye and brow;
His daughter's shame their proud tribe know,
His heart is withering now.

Yet never one reproachful word,
No breath of taunt or scorn
Shall ever by a maid be heard
So helpless and forlorn.*

O, beautiful that Indian faith!
Which looks with reverence where
The white man ne'er but pity hath—
At best but guards with care.

The savage, of the forest wild,
For maniacs breathes no prayer,
The helpless is MANITTO's child,
And watched by HIM with care.

The chieftain's daughter still may seek
That grave, with blossoms rare;
She comes with footsteps faint and weak
Unto the spot now bare.

* It is the belief of the Indians that the Great Spirit guards with jealous care the maniac or simpleton—those who have had no reason, and they who have lost it. They dare not injure them.

For summer's gone ; and with it passed
 Its pearly flowers away,
 And autumn flowers but shortly last,
 So perishing are they.

The last white flower has withered long
 Over the fallen brave,
 And bleak winds moan the trees among,
 She comes not to the grave.

But when the winter's first white flakes,
 Those blossoms of the sky,
 Fall on the evergreens and brakes,
 Again the maid comes nigh.

With tottering step, and panting breast,
 She came at evening hour,
 And laid, where he was laid at rest,
 A small white human flower.

With brilliant eye, and laugh as wild,
 She stood triumphant now,
 And gazed upon the white man's child,
 Its pallid cheek and brow.

A moment more, her strength was gone,
 Upon the grave she lay ;
 And shadows of the night stole on
 As her life passed away.

O'er her cold form, a snowy shroud
 Was gathering thick and fast ;
 She raised her head with smile still proud,
 One look, it was her last.

With gasping strength once more she pressed
 Her dead boy to her side,
 And said, with gay exulting breast,
 "We both are white"—and died.

FRANCES.

HUGO GROTIUS.

Translated from the French.

THE illustrious Hugo Grotius, having been condemned to perpetual imprisonment, was shut up in the chateau de Louvestein. After having suffered from rigorous treatment for nearly two years, his wife, having remarked that his guards sent him a large chest filled with books and articles of clothing, advised him to put himself in the chest, having made some holes with a gimlet where he was to place his head in order that he might be able to breathe. He did so, and was thus carried to the house of one of his friends in Gorcum, from whence he went to Anvers disguised as a joiner.

This adroit and courageous woman feigned that her husband was very sick, in order to give him time to place himself in safety, and to prevent his pursuers from retaking him ; but when she believed him in a place of safety, she said to the guards that she had mocked them, that the bird had flown. At first the judges determined to detain her a prisoner in place of her husband ; but by a plurality of voices she was set at liberty, and praised by every one for having had mind enough to give liberty to her husband.

E. W. S.

OLD FRIENDS.

OLD friends! old friends! within my heart
The name with pleasant memories blends;
And, long as love claims there a part,
I never can forget old friends.

Forget old friends! The firmest ties
Were wove in childhood's sunny bower;
And while time's rapid footstep flies,
The heart draws back with stronger power.

The songs my mother used to sing,
When I, an infant, near her played,
Still on my ear far sweeter ring,
Than lays that loftiest art has made.

The buttercup and violet—
The simplest flowers that deck the fields;
The first I plucked;—are dearer yet
Than all the proudest garden yields.

And they—the friends of "auld lang syne;"
Stars in the twilight of the past!
Than other orbs far brighter shine,
And ever will their radiance last.

L. L.

THE FIRST RAINBOW.

AN EMBLEM OF THE CHRISTIAN HOPE.

ON one fine morning in spring might have been seen a little group standing on an eminence, apparently taking a survey of the surrounding scenery. Their countenances wore a solemn expression, yet were not sad; for there was a serenity visible in their features which spoke of the happy resignation that reigned within. All around were to be seen marks of desolation. Where, a few days before, stood the populous city with its magnificent edifices and lofty towers, could now be seen only a remnant of its former greatness; while, scattered over the plain, or thrown together in promiscuous heaps, lay the bones of men and animals. The din of business is hushed, and naught is heard save the notes of some solitary bird pouring forth his matin song, or the wind playing mournfully among the withered herbage. The story has been told in few words. A deluge had swept over the earth, and, of all its numerous inhabitants, these alone had survived the general wreck; and, while they felt the loneliness of their situation, their hearts beat high with emotions of gratitude towards HIM who had thus mercifully preserved them from the fate of their contemporaries.

But the scene is changed. The flushed cheek is turned to that of death-like paleness; and, trembling with anxiety, they look upon each other in silence, for fear has deprived them of the power of utterance. Their eyes are directed towards the heavens, where appears a cloud of portentous import; and they expect, in a few moments more, to see the earth again

overflowed with water, and they fear lest they themselves should become the victims of the destroying element. At this fearful crisis the heavens appear spanned with a bow of exceeding beauty, composed of all the varied colors of nature. Then was heard the voice of Him, who holds the winds and waves in the hollow of his hand, saying, "Behold I set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth, that I will no more destroy it with a flood." These words had power to remove their fears; and, casting themselves anew upon Divine protection, they went on their way rejoicing.

Thus it is in life: each cloud which rises in our sky is to us ominous of evil; and as it casts its darkened shadow across our pathway, we are filled with the most fearful apprehensions; yet, even in the darkest moments, if we will but cast our eyes upward we may discover the bright bow of hope, and, listening, catch the voice of Inspiration, saying, "All things shall work together for good to them who love God." Then may we dismiss our fears, and, though the clouds of adversity hang dark above us—though afflictions press hard on every side, we may still rejoice, having our eyes fixed on the bright bow of *hope* and *promise*. P. M. A.

AN ARTICLE.

CONTRARY to my expectations, and to what I suppose will be our usual method, I have been requested to furnish an article for this month. I feel pledged to exert myself to the utmost of my ability to produce something worthy of a perusal; and am resolved that if I do not accomplish this end it shall be because my utmost efforts prove unavailing. I have provided myself with pen, ink, and paper, and sat down with the stern resolution to persevere in their use till this side at least of my sheet is covered. Covered with what? *Words*. But *words* alone will not suffice here. They *must* be the expression of thought; and although I am not expected to produce "thoughts that breathe," and shall be deemed excusable if they are not couched in "words that burn," still I shall be held culpable if this production have not *some* sense or sentiment, or semblance to both or either. In this light how fearful looks the remainder of my page! Its glaring whiteness dazzles my startled eyes. Would that I could take a dictionary, and, transcribing a competent number of words, set them all marching by some magical word of command, and have the satisfaction of seeing the motley mass assume an appearance of order and beauty; and of finding it replete with sense and harmony. But, could this be so, would all the advantages follow which we now derive from this exercise? It must be advantageous if we regard it but as the practice of penmanship, but this is its slightest benefit. The discipline of mind, the formation of our vague ideas into intelligible thoughts, and sentences; the mastery thus gained over our intellects; and the acquisition of new power, and increased confidence in our abilities; these are the attainments won; these the beneficial results of the self-contest we wage, in writing for our magazine.—But I see that my object is gained; my paper presents a cheering assemblage of scrawls; and though it may not contain much of "wit or reason, good language or good sense," still I believe it possesses sufficient to render it worthy of its title—An Article. H.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN'S REVENGE.

AFTER a walk of two miles, over ground newly broken up, we were glad to escape from the half-burned underbrush and sandy furrows to the green shady path over the rocky ridge that led to the summit of Mount Pleasant. Long before we reached the opening we heard the sound of rushing waters as they passed through a deep ravine on our right, but they were hidden from our view by the thick foliage, which spread on every side, beautifying the place with wild and majestic loveliness. We followed the gently rising path for half a mile further, when the opening burst suddenly upon our view, and in a few minutes we stood upon the green grassy top of the mount, where a scene of surpassing beauty presented itself before us. Behind us spread out the dense forest of oak and maple through which we had just passed; and, directly at the base of the mount, the blue waters of the Connecticut rolled majestically along; while in the distance, the cloud-capped hills reared their heads in silent grandeur. In the farm-yards below, the lowing herds impatiently waited to be released, while the merry song of the milkmaid, and the shrill whistle of the farmer's boy, rang loud and clear on the morning air. The flowers, refreshed by the pearly dew-drops that slept upon their bosoms during the night, rejoicing, lifted up their heads to greet the rising sun; and the little birds, sporting from bough to bough, warbled forth their sweetest notes to welcome the king of day as he emerged from his eastern home. We sat down beneath the tall and weather-worn pine that graced the summit of the hill; and as we gazed upon the surrounding landscape that lay stretched out before us, sprinkled over with flowers and waving fields of grain, our thoughts wandered back to the dim shadowy past, when the proud Indian reared his rude habitation in the valley below, and rested his weary limbs from the chase beneath the shade of his own noble forest trees; when the deer bounded lightly, and the hunter's arm was strong; when his canoe floated softly on the bosom of the waters, or sped gaily over the silvery waves. Thinking of the scenes of other days, and listening to the legend of olden times connected with the place, we could not ask to go to other climes, where "the skies are brighter or the grass greener," than in our own loved country, for romance, for we find it here. The legend of the Indian Maiden's Revenge, to which we listened, is nearly as follows:

"It was a pleasant evening toward the close of September, 16—, that Nelson Willey left the settlement of W—, and stole cautiously through the tangled wildwood to Mount Pleasant. With an anxious glance he scanned the surrounding objects, which were visible through the pale moonlight. He turned with a disappointed look, and directed his steps to the brow of the hill. It was evident that the object for which he waited had not yet arrived; still the moments did not pass on leaden wings, for he was soon wholly absorbed in contemplating the scene before him. A party of Narraganset Indians were encamped in the valley, and their rude wigwams thickly studded its green bosoms; their light canoes moored alongside the banking which was clothed in the richest verdure; while they were gathered in groups around the dying night-fires, or seeking rest in their unpolished homes. So absorbed was Willey that he heeded not

the light step of the beautiful Indian maiden till her arms encircled his neck, and her warm lips pressed his cheek. He started from his reverie, and catching her to his bosom imprinted one long passionate kiss upon her brow; and circling her waist with his arm, gently seated her by his side.

"It was a touching sight to see that young girl so trusting, so confiding. The depths of her heart's young love had been stirred, and she, with woman's trust, lavished it freely on the being to whom she clung. He had thrown around her a mystic chain, and his kiss riveted it forever. Eagerly her confiding spirit drank in the vows of eternal constancy that flowed from his lips. 'Nanglua,' said he, as he drew her closer to his side, 'when the snow shall cover this spot where we now sit, and then pass away to give place to the green grass, and the young leaves put forth their bright foliage, I shall be far away, but you will not be forgotten; morning and evening I will ask the Great Spirit to watch over you, and keep you from all harm; and when the falling leaves shall strew the hill-side with their faded forms, and the grass begins to wither, I will return and make you my bride. Say, Nanglua, shall it not be so?' 'Yes,' murmured the maiden, her heart being too full to utter more. Long after Willey departed she stood looking after him till lost in the distance; nor did she retrace her steps till the watch-fires had long died away; then she sadly sought her rude pillow to while away the long and tedious hours of night.

"Nelson Willey was a young English trader; in his intercourse with the Indians he saw Nanglua, and, spite of pride or name, he loved her passionately: nor was he to be blamed, for she was a sweet young creature, and moved like a fairy mid the sterner spirits of her tribe; and the merry glance of her bright eye was the light of many a proud warrior's soul. Where she moved joy was sure to go; and if sorrow ever rested on her brow it rested lightly, and left no impression when it passed away. Free as the mountain air she moved, and untamed as the fawn of her native wilds. The bravest and best of her tribe made no impression on her heart, or caused it to beat with a quicker pulse; but, when the young trader came, she marked his graceful form and flashing eye, and noted too that it ever rested on her when she was near, with an expression that woman seldom interprets wrong; and then, when she found that he was brave, and loved the chase, and with a hunter's might leaped from rock to rock in pursuit of the bleeding game, she loved him with all the fervency of her wild uncultivated nature; and, when he breathed words of thrilling tenderness in her listening ear, she was ready to leave all for him and burst the strongest ties the Indian hearts can know, those of kindred and tribe. Wonder not that the morning after his departure found her sad and dispirited, with tears on her cheek, and a heaving heart; though she had not yet learned that the white man could be faithless.

"The autumnal months passed away, and cold winter came striding on, wrapping the earth in its snowy winding sheet for a season, and then gave place to smiling spring, with her buds, and flowers, and birds; and the whole broad earth seemed clothed in radiant beauty; but the heart of the Indian maid beat not, as it was wont to do, in unison with this. She had heard that she was forgotten—that Willey had taken a young and lovely girl for his bride, and was soon to return with her to W—, as his future residence. Could it be thus? Had he broken the promises which, unsought, he had given? And would he now in bitter mockery return where a meeting with her would be unavoidable? Thus reasoned the maiden.

Alas! for her—she did not know how little prized are all the holiest affections of the heart, and how soon they are thrown away, when the pinnacle of fame stands towering in view, and its summit is to be reached. But this she learned too soon; and it came, like a thunderbolt's scathing heat, upon her whole being, hurling reason from her throne; and she was the wonder and pity of her tribe. Willey had indeed married; and, ere the summer months had passed away, he, with his young wife, was settled at W——; but he had not done this without severe remonstrance from the monitor within. Still he neglected its earnest pleadings, and gave to gold and beauty the preference which should have been given to principle. But gold could not buy the happiness which he had thrown away; and, though his wife was truly worthy of him, and lived for him alone, her love could not fill the void created by the consciousness of doing wrong. His broken vows haunted him continually, and the form of the maniac maiden was in fancy before him, till remorse, with its iron pangs, grasped him tightly. He grew sullen and unmindful of his wife's happiness, though her cheek grew pale, and her step faltering.

"One night he wandered forth, scarcely knowing or caring whither he went, in quest of that peace which his home ceased to yield; nor did he stop till startled to find himself on the very spot where, little more than a year previous, he had parted with Nanglua. Overcome with emotions, he sank upon the ground beneath the dark branches of the old pine, through which the winds whistled mournfully; the moon, escaping from the straggling clouds, looked down coldly upon him, while busy thought brought up the past in long array before him, with its spectral forms and shadowy hues. Unconsciously he listened for the step that was wont to greet his ear in times past, and extended his arms to clasp the fancied form before him. Nervously he started at every sound, half fearing the Indian girl would appear ere he retraced his steps. As he listened, a low sound broke upon his startled ear like the rapid motion of some bird's wings as it darts suddenly upon its prey. It was the sound of the poisoned arrow as it sped on its errand of death. It was aimed by an unseen hand, and entered the heart of Willey. With one cry of agony he leaped from his seat, and fell dying to the earth. The poison spread rapidly through his veins, and the film of death gathered fast upon his eyes; strange sounds were in his ears, yet he was conscious that the Indian girl was by his side. She stooped low, till her lips almost touched his cheek, and whispered in his ear, 'The curse of a broken heart is upon you, and your bride; and long will the white bird wait the coming of her mate.' Then rising she bounded from him; and the last sound that greeted the parting spirit of the dying man, was one loud cry, as it burst from the lips of the Indian maiden ere the waters closed over her light form forever." J. L. B.

FRIENDSHIP.

TRUE Friendship! to what shall we compare thee? To the sun, shedding his cheering rays upon the weeping landscape, after it has been visited by a dark and unwelcome storm? Or to the pure water of a rivulet gliding softly along, refreshing the weary and tired traveller? Or shall we liken thee to a gentle summer shower, falling just after the burn-

ing sun has crossed his meridian, and left the beautiful things of earth parched and withered? Yes! thou art like these, a balm and a blessing to mortals. Thou fillest the heart with affections all lovely and gladdening. Thou art the source of sympathy and benevolence, and from thee flowest a continual stream of peace and joy. Thou dost not only tread with us the flowery paths of pleasure, but the dreary descent of adversity is smoothed and illumined by thy presence. Thou delightest to visit the cot of the widow and the orphan, and to them thou art a pearl of inestimable value.

The *pretended* friendship of some is like that which the serpent had for our first parents in Eden, artfully winning a return from us, only to beguile us to certain ruin. And the friendship of others *seems* warm and unchanging, while we recline upon couches of ease, and life glides smoothly and prosperously along; but when trouble and poverty comes, were they inhabitants of another hemisphere they would not appear more distant, or more cold.

O! may the true friendship of another never meet with such a return from me; but may it ever be my lot, as it is my pleasure, to pour the balm of consolation into the sorrowing breast. May my cheek ever be moistened with the tear of sympathy; so that when this heart shall have ceased to beat, and this voice shall be hushed in death's sweet repose, my memory may yet linger in the hearts of those left behind, and some kindred drops mingle with the dews that silently fall upon my grave.

WILLHELMINA.

BEAUTY.

THERE are comparatively few in the world, who are insensible to the charms of beauty. It is indeed a treasure which should be guarded with care by those who are endowed with it; but too often while we worship at its shrine, we forget that it is like the flower that blooms for a day, and then scatters its withered petals to the winds. We forget that it is earthy, though we know that "passing away" is written on all around us. Could we know how much sorrow it has caused, we should rather be thankful that Nature has not formed us to be admired while the vigor of youth retains its beauty, when age shall bring with it but grief and loneliness. The lovely girl that graces the harem of the Eastern monarch, is not always happy. Though wealth may be at her command, and homage paid by all around her, she knows that the treasure cannot always endure, and that bitterness of heart must be her portion when it is past. She is raised, it may be from obscurity, to receive the favor and smiles of her master, but she knows that he cares not for the treasure within, though it may far exceed the outward adorning. Of what use can be the beautiful outside, if the clouds of ignorance and passion dim the heart? And if the CREATOR has bestowed upon His creatures the gift of beauty we should be careful that, while we guard the casket with care, the gem which it contains may remain unsullied, and grow brighter and brighter, "even unto the perfect day."

P. A. L.

THE INVALID.

THE situation of the invalid, though softened by kindness, and alleviated by the attentions of numerous friends, is far from being pleasant. While disease is drinking the fount of his existence, and fast drying the vital spring of life, how can he be happy? His eye, once radiant with hope and flashing with youthful vigor, has become dim and heavy. Long and sleepless nights have robbed it of its former lustre, and taken from it that sweet expression, that witty or intelligent glance, which was once the admiration of all. He may gaze from his window, and behold all the beauties of nature, and in them be able to trace the hand of an Almighty and Supreme Being. The sciences, and numerous inventions of modern art, may next present to his still vigorous mind a golden field of enterprise crowned with a rich reward of fame and excellence. But his enfeebled frame forbids that he should enjoy the scenery he so much admires, or engage in any of the different pursuits which will tend to dignify his character as a man, distinguish him in the eyes of the literary world, and perhaps lay the foundation-stone of future eminence and utility. He thinks of his friends—the numerous circle in which he once gaily moved a brilliant star; or the chosen few associates in whose society quickly fled the happy hours of early life, and who started on their youthful career with perhaps less cheering prospects than himself. But, where are they now? Blessed with health, prospered by the hand of Providence, they perhaps help to hold the reins of government, to guide the affairs of state and nation, and, in the opinion of others, are all that is great and good. They mingle in the gay rounds of a busy world; visit other climes, and for their own gratification traverse land and ocean, till wearied and fatigued by travelling, they again visit the place of their nativity. But the invalid can derive no pleasure from a source like this. His must flow from another, and entirely different channel. Perhaps for months he has not left his chamber. While others have revelled in the halls of mirth, he, in vain, seeks for quiet repose. He asks no greater boon, and even this is denied; and, if he sleeps at all, it is but to dream of frightful knives and lances, cupping glasses, and horrid needles, which even then seem piercing and tormenting him in the most frightful manner.

And would that the misfortunes of the invalid could stop here; that there was no voice ready to increase the burden of ills already insupportable. But how often, in the midst of every other trial, is he subjected to the slander cherished in the bosom of uncharitable and cold-hearted persons, who are strangers, not only to feelings of warm affection, but deaf to the calls of pity and suffering humanity. They whisper of indolence and spleen, and recall faults long since buried in forgetfulness by every benevolent mind—thus sowing seeds of envy and prejudice, which must serve to mar the few remaining pleasures of life, and rend the tie of friendship which alone seems to cheer his afflicted lot. But, is there no good to result from all this evil? No useful lesson to be learned, no flower of promise to spring from this scene of disease and suffering? Yes! it is there, on the brow of the invalid, that we may see *Patience* sit smiling in all her gentle beauty, while every feature shows that the hand which has chastened with an iron rod, has also taught a lesson of resignation and con-

tentment. And there may we see the beauty of hope; that hope which exalts the soul from earth to heaven, and points to that eternal home where angels tune their golden harps in gentle strains of adoration and praise—where sickness shall no more pale the brow, or sorrow wring the heart. Thus, though afflicted, we may learn a lesson of humility, faith, and patience, which prosperity might fail to teach.

S. A.

L I N E S

On the Death of Marcella W. Clark, who died of Consumption, Oct. 5, 1843, aged 20 years.

WEEP! for the angel, Death,
Has stilled a young heart in the dreamless sleep;
His all-destroying breath
Has shrouded her in darkness: therefore weep!
Weep, for the loved one passed from earth away,
To the bright realms of an eternal day.

There is a dimness cast
Around the brightness of the fireside hearth,
Her voice of song hath passed,
In sadness, from the haunts and halls of earth,
She, of the free light step and beaming eye,
Drooped in the morn of life, and laid her down to die.

Gently, full gently passed
Her seraph spirit from the earth away;
Nor e'er repined, nor cast
One bitter thought upon the painful way
Her God had led her, from life's opening flowers,
To Jordan's banks, in view of Canaan's bowers.

When the soft voice of spring
Wakened the music of the silver rill,
When flowers were blossoming
And the bee wandered over dale and hill,
It brought to her the token that her day
Of life was closed, and whispered, "Come away."

She faded, and it seemed,
To us who loved her, hard that she must go
From all earth's pleasant scenes,
Down to the grave's deep silence, cold and low;
Light, from the spirit-land, beamed in her eye,
The tinge of death was on her cheek—we felt that she must die.

A mother's deathless love
Sought, all in vain, to hold her spirit here.
In anguish deep she saw
Her eldest born laid on her early bier,
And now she mourns in sadness; but doth mourn
As those who hope for life beyond the grave's dark bourne.

She trusts Marcella sleeps
Upon the bosom of her Savior, God;
His arm of love shall keep
The soul from sinking neath His chastening rod.
Oh, sweet it is to know that she is blest;
That, safe within the ark, her spirit is at rest.

True, she has early gone
 From the glad earth; with its green leaves and flowers;
 No more her joyous tone
 Shall float in music through its verdant bowers:
 But she has gone where flow'rets ever bloom,
 And where eternal spring breathes rich perfume.

We would not call her back,
 Though dreary is the shadow death has cast
 Upon our spirit's track:
 We know all sorrow now with her is past,
 And therefore mourn not. She has joined the choir
 Who strike their golden harps with angel's fire.

Her early dreams
 Of future days of usefulness were bright;
 Upon her pathway beamed
 Radiance of joy and Hope's soft mellow light:
 She lived for Christ. But yet she knew to die
 Was gain, and calmly breathed life's latest sigh.

Then sweetly swell the song
 Of vict'ry o'er Marcella's early grave;
 We know that she is gone,
 Where, round heaven's stream, undying laurels wave.
 Her strife is o'er. Short was the way she trod,
 In peace her spirit resteth with its God.

M. A.

A MORNING REVERIE.

It was a bright sunny morn when I found myself beneath a shady grove whose branches, with rich foliage were impending over a small stream, which flowed along in peaceful tranquility. The dew which had gathered upon the flowers, was fast yielding to the bright beams of the sun, which was diffusing his benign influence on the beautiful creation, whilst the sweet songsters carolled forth their melodies, as if to welcome the return of another day. So calm and quiet was every thing, methought I could ever linger upon this sequestered spot. While such thoughts were passing through my mind, the contrast arose between a life of toil and hardship and one of luxury and ease. So strong was my desire for wealth that thoughts of repining had begun to gather over my spirits, when my attention was aroused by a beautiful being who stood before me. His hair parting upon a noble forehead, hung in rich tresses upon his shoulders, whilst a calm, serene, and thoughtful expression plainly spoke of a heart that is pure. Startled as I was my fears were all lost in that angel vision which stood before me. I was about to make some remarks, when he turned and bade me follow. I did so, and was conducted to a splendid palace, decorated with all the beauty which the eye can admire. As I gazed upon the splendor which surrounded me, I thought one thus situated could bask as it were in sunshine, and roam over beds of flowers, and said to my guide, "This indeed must be the abode of happiness." He replied, in a calm but earnest tone, "Child of mortality, thou hast not seen the wretchedness within these walls. Look." I resumed my gaze, and my eye rested upon so stern and rigid a countenance that a shudder, like an electric shock, passed over my frame. His visage indicated a mind unrefined, and a heart which

never was tuned in unison with the good and beautiful. Many as were the charms this alluring scene threw around me, I did not regret to leave it. From thence I was conducted to a small cottage, located in a beautiful spot, surrounded on one side with a great variety of shrubbery and trees, whilst a streamlet glided by, diffusing genial influences around as it performed its untiring course to reach its destined place. The clematice and woodbine graced the doors, while a garden of flowers was cultivated with much care and attention. We entered this peaceful abode, and how changed was the scene—no harsh discordant sounds to mar the beauty and harmony there, but the charity and benevolence which beamed from their eyes indicated that all their exertions were to make others happy as themselves; and I lingered, unwilling to depart. My guide then said, "You see it is not in the splendor and show of the world that happiness is to be found." These words confounded me: to think I had indulged in such unhappy thoughts because my station in life was humble, and I said to him I never would again repine for the perishable things of earth. A smile of satisfaction rested upon his features, and he replied, "Goodness and happiness are yours;" and disappeared. This sudden movement awoke me, and I found it, alas! but a dream.

ROSINA.

EDITORIAL.

THE SUICIDE.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young and so fair!

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;

Perishing gloomily,
Spurned by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.

Hood's Magazine.

Within a few weeks the papers of the day have announced the deaths of two young female operatives, by their own hands—one in Lowell, the other in an adjacent manufacturing town. With the simple announcement these papers have left the affair to their readers—appending to one, however, the remark that the unfortunate had neither friends nor home; to the other the assertion, that reports injurious to her fair fame had been circulated—reports which, after her death, were ascertained to be false. And how have the community received this intelligence? Apparently with much indifference; but where we hear an expression of opinion it is one of horror. The human being who has dared, herself, to wrench away the barrier which separated her from the Giver of her life, and who will judge her for this rash act, is spoken of as a reckless contemner of His laws, both natural and revealed. People are shocked that any human being should dare imbrue her hands in blood, and rush, all stained and gory, before her God. But He, who placed us here, and commanded that we should stay until he willed to call us hence, has enforced His law by one written on our own hearts—a horror of death inwrought into our nature, so that we violate our own sensibilities by disobeying His will; unless, indeed, our feelings have become so distorted and perverted that they are untrue to their original action. So possible is a discord in this "harp of thousand strings," and so improbable is a violation of its harmony while perfectly attuned, that many have supposed this last discordant note, which rings from the ruined lyre, a proof that its perfect unison had been previously destroyed, though unobserved by all around.

We may easily conceive of the feelings of those who give away their lives in some noble cause—we can imagine how the higher feelings of the soul bear it away from all subordinate doubts and fears, and the greatest boon we can ever give is laid upon the altar, a holy sacrifice. We can in some degree enter into the feelings of the martyrs of old, and can perhaps imperfectly apprehend the philosophy of a Cato or a Cleopatra; but when one, in the very prime of womanhood, with no philosophy to support her, and no great misfortune to impel her to the deed, yields up her life, we feel that the soul itself must have become distorted and diseased.

When we reflect upon the shudder which the thought of death occasions in our season of health and prosperity—when we find that it requires all our strength of soul to look upon it, and prepare our minds for its always possible approach—when, in a healthy and natural state of feeling, it needs all the consolation and hopes of religion to reconcile us to this last event, then we may think how heavy has been the weight which has pressed upon some poor spirit till, crushed and mutilated, it has writhed from beneath its influence, into the dark abyss of despair. How heavily must life weigh upon her who flees to death for refuge!—who waits not for the grim tyrant, but rushes impetuously into his loathsome embrace! There must have been a fearful change in the nature of her, whose natural reluctance to pain is so wholly overcome that no bodily agony is dreaded if but the prison bars of this clay tenement be loosened—and, when the innate delicacy of her nature is so far forgotten that the body, itself, is yielded up to the cold eye, and unshrinking hand, of the dissector—for this must always follow. Let us contemplate all this, and feel assured that, though reason may have been left, though it may even have been actively manifest in the preparations for this dreadful *finale*, that something was gone even more essential to vitality than reason itself—that “the life of life was o’er”—that the something, which gives zest to being, was taken away—that the *vitality* of the phrenologist no longer acted and harmonized with the other faculties of the brain.

In the first instance, were the causes mental or physical which led to the deed? We believe in this, and indeed in all cases, that both operated upon the individual. There was action and reaction, and it is impossible that the mind should be so deeply affected without injury to the body: as, on the contrary, oppression of any part of the physical system must depress and weaken the mind. We will not make a long sermon, for we have a short text. “She had no parents or home.” She was alone in the world—she had no kindred to support and cheer her in life’s toilsome journey, and no place of refuge to which she might retreat, when weary and faint with the tedious pilgrimage. She was alone; and none came forward to cheer her with their companionship—she had no home, and saw no prospect of one. Life, before her, was a dreary waste, and her path more rugged than any other. It was uncheered. There was not the voice of sympathy to sustain her, nor the necessity of acting for others to arouse her energies. When her spirits drooped there were none to revive them—then they sank still lower, and there was nothing to sustain them. Mere acquaintance seldom strive to remove the dark cloud which may rest upon another’s brow. Perhaps they think it habitual, and that nothing may remove it—perhaps that, if it is not so, they have not the power to drive it away. They are so distrustful that they strive not to lighten that which they might possibly remove. Perhaps their own hearts are saddened, and they flee rather to the gay hearted, that they may be infected by their joyousness. They shrink from the sad one lest sympathy should reveal that which in their own hearts had better be concealed.

Mere acquaintance strove not to comfort her, and “she had no parents or home.” O, how soothingly might a mother’s voice have fallen upon her ear!—her words, like healing balm, might have sunk into her heart, and her kind glance have been the charm to drive away the demon. But, *she had no home*. She rose at early dawn, and toiled till night. Day after day brought the same wearisome round of duties; and, as she looked forward, she saw no prospect of a brighter future. It would take long years to procure an independence by her slight savings, and mayhap, with her sinking energies, she hardly gained a maintenance. Her spirits were gone, but life remained; and vitality seemed fixed upon her as a curse. The physical laws of her nature had not been violated, and nature still resisted the spirit’s call for death. Perhaps it was frenzy, perhaps despondency, but—the rest is a short item in the common newspaper.

The other had friends and home—at least, we learn nothing to the contrary. She probably had a father, mother, sister, or brother.

"And there was a nearer one
Still, and a dearer one
Yet, than all other."

She, too, had toiled, daily and hourly, but not hopelessly. There was one near whose smile was her joy, and whose voice was her strength. She had turned from all others to devote herself more entirely to him. All other affections were absorbed in this. She was affianced to him, and, in anticipation of the time when they twain should become one, her soul had made his its stay. But, when Calumny had sent its blasting simoon over this fair prospect, how changed the scene! That which was so bright is, O how dark! How susceptible must have been that heart which the consciousness of innocence could not sustain! How keen must have been those sufferings which could only find relief in the sleep of the grave?

And here may it not be well to add one word against the sin of detraction?—of rashly and wantonly speaking ill where there is no proof of error—of lightly repeating the gossip of the day, which may or may not be true—of carelessly passing opinions upon those of whom no close acquaintance justifies us in passing this judgment. People may talk of *village* gossip; but in no place is an evil report more quickly circulated, and apparently believed, than in a factory. One fiendish-minded girl can start a calumny which will soon ruin the good name of another, unless she be unusually fortunate in friends, or circumstances are peculiarly favorable; or her whole past life has been as remarkable for the wisdom of the serpent as the harmlessness of the dove. But enough!—this evil is already curing itself, and "it is only a factory story" is considered as an intimation to inquire further.

But we return from our digression to the theme which suggested it. Morbid dejection, and wounded sensibility, have, in these instances, produced that insanity which prompted suicide. Is it not an appropriate question to ask here whether, or not, there was any thing in their mode of life which tended to this dreadful result?

We have been accused of representing unfairly the relative advantages and disadvantages of factory life. We are thought to give the former too great prominence, and the latter too little, in the pictures we have drawn. Are we guilty?

We should be willing to resign our own individual contributions to the harshest critic, and say to him, *Judge ye!* And, with regard to the articles of our contributors, we have never published any thing which our own experience had convinced us was unfair. But, if in our sketches, there is too much light, and too little shade, let our excuse be found in the circumstances which have brought us before the public. We have not thought it necessary to state, or rather to constantly reiterate that our life was a toilsome one—for we supposed that would be universally understood, after we had stated how many hours in a day we tended our machines. We have not thought a constant repetition of the fact necessary, that our life was one of confinement; when it was known that we work in one spot of one room. We have not thought it necessary to enlarge upon the fact that there was ignorance and folly among a large population of young females, away from their homes, and indiscriminately collected from all quarters. These facts have always been so generally understood that the worth, happiness and intelligence, which really exists, have been undervalued. But, are the operatives here as happy as females in the prime of life, in the constant intercourse of society, in the enjoyment of all necessities, and many comforts—with money at their own command; and the means of gratifying their peculiar tastes in dress, &c.—are they as happy as they would be, with all this, in some other situations? We sometimes fear they are not.

And was there any thing, we ask again, in the situation of these young women which influenced them to this melancholy act? In factory labor it is sometimes an advantage, but also sometimes the contrary, that the mind is thrown back upon itself—it is forced to depend upon its own resources, for a large proportion of the time of the operative. Excepting by sight, the females hold but little companionship with each other. This is why the young girls rush so furiously together when they are set at liberty. This is why the sedate young woman, who loves contemplation, and enjoys her own thoughts better than any other society, prefers this to any other employment. But, when a young woman is naturally of a morbid tone of mind, or when afflictions have created such a state, that employment which forces the thoughts back upon an unceasing reminiscence of its own misery, is not the right one. This is not the life suited to a misanthrope, or an unfortunate, although they, in their dejection, might think otherwise. However much of a materialist, and little of a sentimentalist, we may appear, we still believe that fresh bracing air, frequent bathings, and carefully prepared food, may do much in recon-

ailing us to the sorrows and disappointments of life. The beneficial influence of social intercourse, and varied employment, has never been questioned.

Last summer a young woman of this city, who was weary of her monotonous life, but saw no hope of redemption, opened her heart to a benevolent lady, who was visiting us upon a philanthropic mission. "And now," said she, as she concluded her tale of grievances, "what shall I do?" She could do nothing but dig, and was ashamed to beg. The lady was appalled by a misery for which there was no relief. There was no need of pecuniary aid, or she might have appealed to the benevolent. She could give her kind and soothing words, but these would have no permanent power to reconcile her to her lot. "I can tell you of nothing," she replied, "but to *throw yourself into the canal.*"

There is something better than this—and we are glad that so noble a spirit is manifested by our operatives, for there is something noble in their general cheerfulness and contentment. "They also serve who only stand and wait." They serve, even more acceptably, who labor patiently and wait. H. F.

The correspondence of our friend is continued.

NEW YORK, February —, 1844.

Miss Farley: When I wrote last, I was on my way to New York. Arrived here the 17th. The passage through the sound was delightful. The day being quite favorable for deck views, I improved it, and could not help regretting my inability to sketch landscape. O! if poor mortals could daguerreotype the heart—I have first rate impressions there, but fear I shall never be able to fix them, or their shadow even, anywhere else. The scenery was to me very fair, though you may wonder at my taste. There was just snow enough to give mother Earth's face a cleanly appearance—the leafless forests threw their dark shadows, and the sunlight through the openings gave to the whole an inexpressible charm. I am not inclined to be religious *naturally*, (i. e. born a Christian) as the phrase is, and yet I could not help thanking God for his goodness in making such a beautiful world. Our boat cut her way bravely through "schools of ice," creaking now and then to add variety to her otherwise intolerable puffing and blowing, while some sort of birds, I don't know what, followed in our wake, not presuming to come near enough for an intimate acquaintance. But few passengers on board, and those nondescripts—that is to say, I couldn't find out, (Yankee as I am) whence they came, or whither bound—so, of course, didn't belong anywhere. I was on the watch all the way for the far-famed "Hurlgate," as from former descriptions, I had concluded it was an outrageous great shake of water. Found out my mistake, however, as in passing through it there was but a trifling rocking of the boat. All fears heretofore entertained in regard to it, were perfectly gratuitous. I have heard it said by somebody, "Experience is a dear school, and fools choose to learn in it." If this be true, many fools are made wiser, I've seen, by the process, or at least, one is, to my knowledge. I'll not fear any thing henceforth till it hurts me. Will you? [No!—ED.]

My first impressions of New York were unfavorable. As I came in sight of its miles of vessels, and thousands of steeples, a home-sickness, such as one experiences but once in his life, came over me. I felt much more strongly inclined to jump overboard than go ashore. I don't know why. The season may have been the cause of it all, but I rather guess its native nastiness, to use a Yankeeism, had something to do with it. I could have cried heartily, but I happened to recollect tears were not at par, and as I deal only in marketable stocks, I thought it a pity to waste them in so fruitless, not to say foolish, a cause. Besides, there was plenty of *crying* going on in the vicinity, as any one can tell you who has visited this city. I obtained a carriage through the aid of the captain of the boat, and was safely deposited at the Franklin House, though it is a wonder to me, when I happen to think of it, how I ever got through such a crowd with whole bones.

By the way, I forgot to tell you in its place, H. and I played quite a game at hap-hazard last week. We had arranged to meet at Hartford, as I understood it when I left Worcester. As it happened she went through to New Haven; not finding a line from me at the post-office, she concluded poor I was among the missing. I, in the meantime, wondered what detained her. In this way we missed each other entirely, so that each has been thus far forced to sing, "Alone—alone—I'm all alone." H. left New Haven for New York a week before my departure from Hartford. Met her, however, about sixteen and one-half minutes after my arrival. And here we are exploring the city. Its latitude and longitude puzzles me sadly, but I'll conquer yet. The other day I got into an omnibus for "up

town," as I supposed, when lo! I found myself safely deposited at the Battery—a good mile from the point I aimed at, and the reverse from what I intended. Got into another for "up town" as I then stood, when lo! "East River" came in sight—assuring me I was not only a fool single, but double. At last, however, by going afoot, I arrived at my intended destination. A fair specimen that of my peregrinations thus far.

New Yorkers are emphatically a dollar-and-cent people. Always on the run, lest somebody make a larger profit or better bargain than themselves. The "almighty dollar" is the moving principle, and yet they do not appear selfish. They are a strange compound. I have not as yet found leisure to analyze. By a fortunate circumstance I obtained access to some of the best firms in Pine street, and through them obtained a list of names; but must confess myself very much indebted for the same to the firm of W. & M. Mr. W. is a Friend, professedly—and actions, I believe, are allowed to be a test of profession—if so, he is truly a friend to his race. I spent a delightful afternoon with his family; and in the most quiet way imaginable would like to whisper the fact of his possessing five daughters, who are in my estimation the prettiest young ladies in New York. There is something very sweet in the plain language of this people. Their faith binds them to each other, and everywhere they form distinct communities. I have often heard people who professed to know a great deal of them, say they are peculiarly selfish. I beg leave to differ from this opinion, and assure you they are, in my estimation, as free from selfishness as human nature will allow.

Among the places I have found leisure to visit, I must not forget to mention the "Sailor's Home." I spent a Sabbath with Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, and attended worship at the Floating Chapel; also, at the Mariners' Church. A wonderful reformation is going on among the "sons of the ocean." Once, and that but a little time ago, a sailor was any thing but a human being—he was a mere machine—too degraded to admit of the supposition of his possessing a soul. I believe Christians(?) in general supposed them of much less consequence than a ship or its cargo, and would oftener pray for the safe landing of a cargo of coffee, than for the salvation of the sailor. But time works many changes; and the sailor now feels that he is an important item in the social condition of man. Harriot and I attended an *experience meeting* at the Home, the other evening. It was a Temperance meeting; and really for once both of us were guilty of most intemperate mirth. I wish I could give you a "charcoal sketch" of the whole affair. Sailors, in all conditions, from the gentlemanly, well dressed and well behaved, down to the most degraded specimen of humanity, were there. A Capt. Woodbury gave a most eloquent address. He related in touching terms, his own bondage to the cup, and consequent sufferings; his present freedom and determination never to bow down again to so unworthy an idol. He was followed by a sailor from some foreign port (I have forgotten the name) whose appearance bordered so closely on the grotesque, that for the life of me I could not tell whether he was drunk or sober. His story was short, but expressive. Said he, "My father was a drunkard, and my mother loved gin. Gin was my first nourishment, and may perhaps be my last, but I don't mean it shall. I'm going to sign the pledge. Now don't laugh: if you do, I won't say any more." We all drew on long faces at this, and hard work it was, I assure you. He continued: "Now I'll tell you about my father—poor man, he's dead and gone! But I'll tell you, so you may know just what gin can do. One night—I remember it very well—he came home drunk, and drove us all out of doors as usual. It was dreadful cold. Mother and sister and I stood under the window, close together, trying to keep each other warm. The old man was cold too, so he felt all around the mantel-shelf for some matches; he couldn't find any; but just then he spied something on the floor, which looked like fire; so he got the bellows, and began to blow, and blow, and blow. We ventured to go in softly; he was so busy he didn't see us, but we could see him. There was a hole in one of the shutters, and the moon shone through it—and there he was blowing up moonshine, as it fell on the floor, swearing all the while because it wouldn't burn; and there he blew till broad daylight." The last speaker sat down amid shouts of applause. It is utterly impossible for me to give you a faint conception even of the perfectly ludicrous manner and language of the man. Please stretch imagination and fill up the foreground for yourself. When we recover from the effects of that evening, I'll give you further descriptions of sayings and doings in New York. By the by, let me whisper the fact that we signed the pledge that night for the fifteenth time. There's hope for us, is there not?

Yours truly,

A. G. A.

THE LOWELL OFFERING.

AUGUST, 1844.

A FLOWER DREAM.

THE day had been mild and pleasant. The sun was rapidly departing to his home in the West, and his farewell rays shaded with rich tints the vernal robe of Nature. *Without*, all was harmony and beauty. But *within*, the discordant sounds of impatience jarred harshly, and the frowning demon of discontent stalked imperiously through the windings of that hidden world. The tireless monotony of daily toil had left a dull, heavy weight upon my spirit; a weary, abject feeling, which would fain bid me complain of the ALL-WISE, for dooming me to what I fancied a life of ignoble drudgery. I vainly imagined that I could and ought to have been placed in a more congenial situation; and, full of secret repining, I wandered forth, with a vague feeling that perchance in the serenity of nature I might find some relief to the turmoil within.

The season was the most interesting of the year—the “death of spring.” As I passed beneath the orchard-trees, a rosy shower fell upon me from their branches. The lilac and the iris, among the earliest of the garden beauties, by their fading hues foretold a speedy farewell. And so it was with the less showy, but not less lovely, wild flowers. At the first whisper of spring they had leaped forth to greet her with smiles; and now, as her departure approached, they too were drooping and dying. The white saxifrage, which decked the hills in May, was withering. The “shadbush, white with many blossoms,” when swayed for a moment by the breeze, let fall its leaves, like snow-flakes, into the river. The yellow dandelion was gone, and in its place stood a globe of down, the children’s oracle, from which, ever and anon, a tiny plume would fly away at random, and at last alight in some distant corner of the field. The swelling buds of the harebell and buttercup seemed only waiting for the obsequies of their predecessors, to burst forth in all their garniture of beauty. A train of pensive, yet pleasant, reflections succeeded my former unhappy ones, and, musing, I reached my favorite haunt, and seated myself upon a moss-covered rock. Gradually, my impressions of things outward became less distinct. The face of Nature put on, as it were, a silvery veil. The trees, the birds, and the flowers, as before, were around me, but they glowed now with ethereal hues, as if expanding to rays of rainbow light. While I wondered at the change, a beautiful vision suddenly appeared. In face and form it seemed like a female of surpassing beauty; but some-

thing in every lineament betokened superiority to earth; and I knew, by the glance of earnest care she cast upon the surrounding blossoms, which seemed ready to spring from their slender stalks to her embrace, that she could be no other than their own bright guardian, the Angel of the Flowers.

"My children," she said—and the sound of her voice was like fairy music—"very dear have you been to me. Tenderly have I watched each delicate bud, and sought to shelter it from the blasts that would have visited it too roughly—from the scorching glare of the sun, and the corroding tooth of the canker-worm. Now, I see by your fading colors, and your faint odors, that you must soon perish. Summer is bringing me another charge, and I am come to bid you farewell. But first, that I may feel that my care has not been all in vain, let me know what charms your life has had, and if you leave this fair earth and my guardianship in peace."

For a moment there was silence; and then a pale blue flower* lifted its head, and spoke with a cheerful voice.

"I was among the first who beheld the light of the great sun, and your smile, and oh! how happy I was then! I drank in, with joy, the liquid light which the bright blue sky poured down upon me; and, delighted, met the soft glances which were bestowed upon me by those exalted beings for whose pleasure we were made, and in whose approbation we find so much happiness. But it was only for a little while that they deigned to notice me; and when my lovelier companions appeared, I was forgotten. I knew that I had less beauty than the Anemone, and less fragrance than the Violet, and therefore could not claim to be as well beloved; yet I could not envy them. I had been too attentive to your teachings for that; and how should I envy my own sisters, whom the GREAT ONE made? I rejoiced in their brightness and bliss as much as if it were my own. I smiled on, as I was wont, for I knew that the fields and road-sides were more cheerful while I bloomed; and though none who passed paused to think what it was that made their path so pleasant, I found my reward in seeing them really happier. I have had much to be grateful for, yet I am an humble flower, and have no way of expressing my gratitude, save by contentedly blooming in the lowly spot where I have grown up."

A slight rustling was heard among the leaves of a laurel bush, and the fragile Anemone peeped timidly forth. In a low voice, she said:

"All my life-time I have suffered from fear, but I have not been entirely unhappy; and my greatest pleasure has been in a feeling of gratitude for having been permitted to live in a sheltered spot beneath other shrubs. Even here the wind has sometimes rushed by me so violently, that had I been placed on a high bank or cliff, like the Columbine, I am sure I must have perished in a moment. You taught us that we were here to make the wildwood pleasant, and to inspire gratitude in all who behold the wonderful things which God has made for man; and, though trembling and afraid, I tried to look up brightly when I beheld mortals approaching. Yet I was glad when they passed me by unnoticed; and my obscure retreat has been far better than I could have chosen for myself."

The Columbine next spoke, from the craggy bank which skirted the waterfall.

"I have a sweet home on this rugged cliff, for I can see, far away in the distance, sunny islands, and forests, and vales; and the ancient river

* *Houstonia cerulea*.

which rolls at my feet tells me hourly some tale of wonder. Many of my beautiful sisters have been borne in triumph away by the children of earth, and once I was almost angry with the gray rock which hangs over me, for concealing me from their sight. But then I remembered a lesson of yours, that repining is useless and ungrateful ; so I smiled and nodded to the old rock, and carefully preserved the honey in my scarlet nectaries for an honest bee who came after it every day. Hundreds might have admired me, had I been allowed to adorn some festive hall, but amid so much praise I might have forgotten what I owe to you, and to my Maker ; and is it not happiness enough to know that, during my short life, the rock, river, and the bee have been made glad by my presence ? I die contented with this ?”

Now a low whisper came from the grassy bank of a little rill. The Angel bent low to hear the sound. It was the Violet.

“Oh ! I would fain live longer !” she murmured. I have been so happy in this shady home. And I have loved every thing ! I looked into the blue stream beneath me, and then up to the wide, wide azure above, and thought they gave me their hue as a love-token. I loved the bird which sang so sweetly to me from the locust-tree ; I loved the grass that sheltered me ; and oh ! I loved, more than all, those bright beings who so often passed me with dancing footsteps. And when I saw them near me I breathed out my richest fragrance upon them. They often lingered near me, and with gratified looks, searched for my retreat. But the tall grass-blades screened me from sight, and I felt that it was pleasanter to bless them while I was all unseen. Now, my perfume is fast exhaling. I am dying ! and it is well to die when I can no longer afford happiness to any ; but I must weep to leave the home I have loved so well !”

The voices ceased ; and I fancied a crystal drop fell from the eye of the Angel of the Flowers, upon the shining leaves which wreathed about her. Her parting words of love were soon spoken. Then, turning, she fixed upon me her radiant gaze, and I felt that she read upon my brow the traces of recent discontent.

“Mortal !” she said, “seest thou not how all these quietly fill their appointed station ? Canst thou not learn from them lessons of confiding trust ? Is it not blessed, like the meek flowers, to send out the perfume of gentle charity from the humblest nook of life ; to use gifts which might shine among the great, to brighten the cloudy path of the despised and forgotten ? Were all other blessings denied, it would be sweet to live only to behold God’s beautiful creations, to know that HE is good, and love him for HIS goodness. If thou canst not rejoice in the bliss of others thou art unworthy thyself of happiness. Oh ! then ever serve thy MASTER in the “beauty of holiness !” Let the incense of praise, and of good deeds ascend to HIM, whether it be from a lowly or a lofty sphere. So thou shalt be happier—yea, greater—than the world’s proudest monarch.”

Suddenly the vision vanished ; and I became conscious of the falling twilight, a lowly dell, and a distant home. I arose ; and as I pursued my homeward way by the light of the evening star, I felt that I had received instruction and reproof even from a day-dream.

ROTHA.

THE DYING SISTER'S GIFT.

By the death of both their parents, Oraville and Orlando West were early deprived of the only guardians and guides whom they had ever known. However, a kind neighbor gave them a home, and they lived together until the completion of their sixteenth years. Being alone in the world, they became exceedingly attached to each other; and together they formed noble plans for mental and moral improvement. The thoughts of parting were very painful, but they knew that an education was not to be obtained by indolence and self-gratification, and therefore they prepared to spend a short time among strangers. After mutual promises of frequent correspondence, they embraced and parted. He went to a neighboring village and engaged as clerk in a mercantile establishment, where we will leave him for a short time, and accompany his sister to L., where she engaged in a manufacturing establishment. To Oraville the days seemed to have lengthened to the duration of months, since she was separated from her brother, but the tediousness of her time was frequently broken by the reception of letters from him. Then the moments fled on golden wings, for she conversed with a kindred spirit. And that was a luxury which she seldom otherwise enjoyed.

The close of the year at length approached, and with it came sweet thoughts of a blissful meeting. Orlando secured a boarding-place for himself and sister in the vicinity of G. Seminary, and then proceeded to Lowell to accompany his sister to school. With merry feet and happy hearts they daily went in company to the seminary, where, by diligence and close application, they made good progress in mental improvement.

The close of their second term again brought a period of separation. This time they prepared to leave each other with scarce the shade of a cloud to mar their happiness. The bow of promise was radiant above their heads, and they looked forward, with bright anticipations, to better days. Yes, knowledge, fame, and wealth danced in the prospect before those ardent and aspiring minds, and they felt that the object for which they labored would be most effectually secured by a brief separation. As the stage-coach rolled heavily to the door for Oraville, her brother placed a gold coin in her hand, saying, "Here, sis, take this—the eagle may sometimes remind you of Orlando;" and he gaily threw the ribbon over her head to which it was attached. "Thank you," said Oraville; "and, as I have no other memorial now, to leave with you, accept this." At the same time imprinting upon his lips an affectionate kiss.

The journey was very pleasant to Oraville, for she constantly met with some object to remind her of principles with which she had but recently become acquainted. One moment she was analyzing the earth over which they were passing; the next, a beautiful flower or plant claimed her attention, and her thoughts remained to revel among the beauties of botany. Meanwhile, Orlando returned to his former employment in Wiltonville, and was cordially welcomed by his patron and associates.

Oraville was less fortunate, for when she arrived in Lowell she was surprised to hear that the wages had been reduced ten per cent. during her absence. Nevertheless, she resolved that no obstacle should deter her from the pursuit of knowledge. Consequently, she sought a "chance to

run double work," which she soon obtained—for many of the girls had gone to breathe the pure summer air of their mountain homes, and thus recover from the lassitude which a confined atmosphere had infused into their system. Being engaged in profitable employment, and dependent on books principally for entertainment in her leisure hours, she passed her time very pleasantly. The rule which she adopted for the distribution of her time, and from which she seldom varied during the warm season, was as follows: Rise at four o'clock; duties of the toilet, half an hour; walk in the air, half an hour; mill hours; supper; exercise in the open air; study, two hours; sleep, six hours." Often, when Oraville entered the sitting-room, Sunday morning, neatly arrayed for church in a plain blue hat and white frock, a blue ribbon might be seen creeping from the folds of her dress, and encircling a neck of snowy whiteness. But whether it was placed there as the guard of a watch, locket, or key, no one could tell—for the treasure, whatever it was, was carefully concealed amid the folds of her bodice.

The intervening space between Wiltonville and Lowell was often traversed by tiny messengers, who carried joy and gladness to the hearts of the lone orphans. The bright prospects of Oraville West were destined to "change." The succeeding winter was one of unusual severity, in consequence of which she was obliged to relinquish her daily airing; yet, stimulated by ambition, she continued to run double work, which, joined to frequent exposure, soon destroyed her health, and a burning fever prostrated all her energies. A letter was despatched to Orlando West, begging him to hasten to Lowell, if he would again meet his twin sister alive. With inexpressible grief he obeyed the summons, and arrived in time to receive a few directions relative to the distribution of her wardrobe. The remainder of her little store she gave to her brother, and among other things was the gold coin, which he so gaily bestowed as a parting memorial at their last interview. This, with a feeble effort, she placed in his hand, and begged him never to part with it, except in case of dire necessity. He promised compliance, and while bending over her to imprint the last kiss of affection on her marble-brow, her calm spirit took its flight to its God.

This amiable girl, although not a professor of religion, had long bowed in the innermost sanctuary of her heart, in worship before the God of Abraham. And when the "messenger" called her away, she meekly bowed to the mandate, trusting in the mercy of the great I AM. Oh! who can tell the feeling of loneliness and utter desolation that came over the heart of that orphan boy as he laid in the cold damp tomb the remains of his *last* precious one. * * * * *

Years had passed. The studious youth had become a well-educated man; the faithful clerk, a prosperous merchant in one of our western cities. The time soon arrived when, in the emphatic language of Dr. Johnson, "he could afford to neglect his business," and then he soon began to form habits of dissipation. With his bark once in the downward current he glided so rapidly onward, and withal so imperceptibly, that ere he was aware of danger, he was wrecked on the shoals of intemperance. Once awake to a sense of his danger, he made an effort to return to the land of steady habits, where he found his business embarrassed, and his friends estranged. Nevertheless, he determined to make an effort to retrieve his broken fortunes. He had succeeded in restoring his business to

a good degree of prosperity, when a payment became due which he was unable to meet. He entreated his creditors to extend his "three days' grace" to three weeks. But no—the man of avarice was inexorable, and a failure was the consequence. This so distracted the half-reformed inebriate, that he again returned to his cups, and "the last state of that man was worse than the first." The last, did I say?—No! thanks to the Fountain of benevolence, it was not his *last*. Having squandered the remnant of his property in dissipation, he began to look about him for some means of procuring a living. He first applied for a situation as clerk in a dry goods store, but his bloodshot eyes, his bloated face and trembling hands were poor recommendations, and the owner told him frankly that, although he needed a clerk, he did not think that he would answer his purpose. The thoughts of becoming a hireling, in the place where he had been an owner, was exceedingly humiliating to him, and he resolved to leave Buffalo and go still further from those scenes which were hallowed by recollections of his beloved sister, and the innocent associations of his youth. With his whole possessions in a small chest he started for Detroit, where he procured employment; but he was a slave to his appetite—a vitiated appetite—and soon his employment, and every remnant of his effects were sacrificed at the altar of Bacchus. And the once beautiful and accomplished Orlando West was a ragged beggar in the street, and his only resting place a shattered garret, which illy protected him from the inclemencies of the weather.

Two days had passed since he had been able to procure a single glass of "fire-water," and he was necessarily sober. The same length of time had elapsed since he had tasted food, for the keeper of the tippling cellar where he had boarded, had refused to trust him for a single meal. As he sat on his straw pallet, musing on his prospects, he thought of work, but he knew not where to procure one hour's work; besides, he was faint for want of food and unable to work. In this emergency thoughts of his sister, the dear companion of his youth, came stealing over his spirits, and he thought of that last hour and the dying gift. It had been too sacred to spend in "rioting and drunkenness." No: depraved as he had become, that thought had never been harbored for a moment. "But now," said he, "I faint for food; I cannot part with that eagle, but I will pawn it for bread." And he took it from his chest, and went out. He approached the cellar, but he turned away, for he felt that it would be sacrilege to carry a memento of that pure spirit to such a sink of pollution. He soon approached a neat and elegant looking house, where he resolved to prefer his request. At the door he was met by a young lady of exceeding loveliness, arrayed for a walk. She listened to his tale of woe with kindness, and desired him to enter the house. She soon prepared him a breakfast, which was "served up" in so neat and elegant a manner that he forgot for a moment that he was a beggar.

The occupants of that house were, Samuel Wellington, a dealer in ready-made clothing; his daughter Nancy, (the lady already mentioned) and an old lady who served them as housekeeper. Mrs. W. had long since died, leaving her husband to perform the duties of both father and mother, and faithfully did he execute his task. And he had the satisfaction of seeing his daughter grow up precisely what he wished—a kind-hearted affectionate girl, whose chief delight consisted in relieving every object of wretchedness that came in her way. While Orlando was eating

she curiously observed the coin which he had given her, saying, "Why do you wish to pawn this eagle, sir? I can easily change it, and the remainder will procure many comforts for you." "No, lady, it was my only sister's dying gift. I beg you will permit me to redeem it." "Very well," replied she; and left the room. She soon returned with a new blue ribbon in place of the soiled one which had been in the eagle. "And now," said Nancy, "I have a favor to ask." Orlando looked up in unfeigned astonishment, and she continued—"Our gardener is sick, and I wish you to assist me in arranging some plants and shrubbery to-day. And also, permit me to be your sister's representative whilst I hold this?" Then tying it around her neck, she placed it in such a manner that every time the wanderer turned his eyes towards her, "the last gift" should meet his view.

Orlando was anxious to oblige one who had been so kind to him, and every thing he performed gave perfect satisfaction. At dinner time, Nancy called her gardener, and introduced him to her father. During the repast, Mr. Wellington engaged him in conversation sufficiently to discover, that, although obscured by habits of dissipation, he possessed intellect and education in more than an ordinary degree. Nevertheless, he hoped that the judicious management of his daughter would bring the gold out in all its original purity and brilliancy; and he begged Mr. West to make his house his home so long as Nancy wished to hire him. The object of constant and uniform kindness he remained for a long time. Often did his burning appetite prompt him to visit the cellar, but the last gift served to assist him in the warfare. Once, indeed, he came home unable to control his movements. Oh! how did the tender heart of his benefactress bleed over the erring one; but her benevolence was an *active* principle, and with all the tender solicitude of the kindest sister, she attended him until reason resumed her throne. Then, she kindly remonstrated against such pernicious habits; and he solemnly pledged himself never again to stoop to the embrace of his destroyer.

On retiring to his room, one Saturday evening, he found a small bundle with the following note attached to it.

"Mr. West: Will my brother accept the change of apparel contained in this bundle, and accompany us to meeting to-morrow.

NANCY WELLINGTON."

To this, he penned the following reply:

"Dear Sister: I am under infinite obligations for the delicate manner in which you have conferred so many kindnesses. To you, generous agent of my sainted sister, am I indebted for all that I am, or ever shall be in this world. May a guardian angel watch over and protect *you* with the same untiring perseverance with which you have kept me. I shall be very happy to testify my gratitude by complying with your request.

Ever yours,

ORLANDO WEST."

Soon after these events one of Mr. Wellington's clerks left. Orlando was invited to exchange the spade and garden hoe for the yardstick and scissors behind the counter—an invitation which he accepted. The "last gift" was again transferred to Orlando's bosom, where it remained a talisman to keep him in every hour of temptation. Every day spent in the path of virtue serves to confirm and strengthen him in his reformation. And Nancy W. has never regretted the kindnesses with which she treated the inebriate.

ORIANNA.

Miss Editress : The following lines were suggested by reading that pretty little poem, "My Grave," in the Offering for May.

MY GRAVE.

Oh ! bury me not 'neath the wild surging wave ;
 I like not old Ocean's perpetual strife ;
 I would not lie down in its fathomless cave,
 Far away from my home, " where the sea-snake hath life."
 With a young social band 'tis delightful to sail
 On its tide, when the wind and the weather are fair ;
 But I love to return to my own native vale,
 For I never could wish for a burial there.
 Oh ! make my last bed in some rural retreat,
 'Neath the tall spreading elm tree, not far from my home ;
 I fain would repose where my young flying feet
 In childhood's bright hours were accustomed to roam.
 Yes ; lay me to rest where the wild flowers abound ;
 Where the violets look up to the rosy-eyed morn ;
 Where the stream rushes by with a sweet lulling sound,
 And the blue-bird is heard from his perch on the thorn.
 O'er my deep silent cell raise no tale-telling stone,
 But let the green woodbine its network there weave ;
 There my father, or brothers, or sisters may come,
 And my mother may bend o'er my ashes at eve.
 In some far-distant day, when the flower-spotted green
 Is pressed by the footsteps of those that I love ;
 In memory's green bower be my monument seen,
 And my epitaph read from the record above.

M. R. G.

The following poem seems to have been suggested by that of M. R. G., "*Show us the Father*," and our two correspondents seem to have inspired each other.—Ed.

THE INFIDEL.

He sat alone, 'neath an old beech tree,
 Conversing with birds, and with flowers ;
 And softly they whispered, " Here dwelleth the Lord
 In Nature's bright beautiful bowers."
 He stooped, and he plucked a blade of green grass,
 As it waved in the verdure so near ;
 And louder he heard a melodious voice
 Say, " Surely, the FATHER is here."
 The waves of the streamlet he saw dancing on
 In joyous and musical mirth,
 And to him seemed to say, in a murmuring tone,
 Our Maker is LORD OF THE EARTH.
 Then he leaned his head 'gainst the old beech tree,
 Gazing up to the heaven so blue,
 And in living characters there could see
 Inscribed, " He dwelleth here too."

He bowed his head on his aching breast,
 He pressed to his heart his hand;
 But from thence came not that voice so blessed—
 That voice of a better land.

He rose from his seat, all trembling and sad,
 And lowly he bended his knee;
 "GREAT SPIRIT OF TRUTH," then loudly he cried,
 "Come, take up thy dwelling in me."

The Father of mercies hath answered his prayer—
 Hath pitied his darkness and grief;
 For he made of his bosom a dwelling-place there,
 And banished its dread unbelief.

E. R. H.

AH! WHO WOULD LIVE ALWAYS?

AH! who would live always? Who, for one moment, could desire forever to exist in a world where sin and sorrow mar the happiness of every individual, and embitter even the sweetest pleasures of life. The ocean, on which we float, is not a smooth, unruffled sea, secure against storms of sorrow, free from care, and undisturbed by any dark waves of trial and perplexity. Ah, no! it is quite the reverse; and they, who float on its troubled bosom, though urged forward by the most propitious gales of life, must at times buffet its angry surge, and encounter all the various ills incident to human nature. They must see with a throbbing heart and aching bosom, their brightest hopes fade and disappear, and know that their early expectations have been touched by the cruel hand of disappointment—are withered and forever dead, while Fancy's towering air-built castles are crumbled to the dust.

This is a sad picture, but is it not a true one? Have not we all had sufficient experience to realize that earth's fairest flowers quickly decay? To-day they may unveil their beauty, and glisten in the morning sun, but ere to-morrow where are they? Gone, forever gone! We have all looked on in sorrow, and seen sickness fast twining a faded garland around the brow of a loved friend, and watched with anxious solicitude the trembling hand, as it each day grew pale and more emaciated. And yet we could afford no relief. Human aid could not mitigate the suffering of those we loved. And, more than this: we have stood by the dying bed—have witnessed the last struggle of dissolving nature, and followed them to the silent tomb. With bitter tears have we watered the green sod which hid them from our sight, and then have we felt, that we would not live always.

Yet there are strong ties which bind us to earth, and many things which cause us to cling tenaciously to existence; but these are not unmixed with dregs of sorrow. Earth has allurements which for awhile may please and delight us, and we forget that the evil hour is at hand. We see not the dark cloud which hangs over, just ready to burst on our defenceless heads. We may gaze with feelings of awe on the noble forest tree, and look, with feelings of delight, on the flowering shrub which blossoms beneath our window. But autumn winds will soon wither the green foliage of the tree, and destroy the favorite flower, whose sweets were gently wafted on

summer's gladsome breeze. Thus is our life a life of changes. To-day we may be happy—to-morrow engulfed in sorrow's dark abyss. But we have one cheering thought, one ray of hope which illumines even the darkest hours of life, and whispers joy and gladness to the most dejected heart. This world is not our home. Here we are not always to exist. Soon the lamp of life will cease to burn, and be forever extinguished. Then the traveller, outworn by the weary and tiresome pilgrimage of life, hails with joy the happy moment, and welcomes the pilot which guides him to those fair Elysian fields where bloom those flowers of unalloyed happiness, which were planted and cherished here by the hands of Virtue and Holiness.

AMARANTHA.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

Yes; this once favored child of fortune has at last fallen—fallen from an eminence on which his own genius had placed him. Without a protector, portion, or friend, he had raised himself, from an humble situation, to the summit of human grandeur and power. He had caused all Europe to tremble. The most formidable princes had been compelled to bow to this mighty conqueror, and, after a short career of unprecedented prosperity, we see this fearless warrior and consummate statesman, blinded by success and glory, hastening to his ruin, and completing his own downfall. The same insatiable ambition, which prompted him to extend his dominion over the whole earth, was the sure means of his prostration. And we see him, who had been universally acknowledged one of the most powerful monarchs that ever existed, almost entirely deserted by the few remaining friends which the victorious allies had left him; denied every thing by his countrymen except the means of flight; throwing himself upon the generosity of his enemies, and receiving from them a prison for his dwelling. Far different would have been his fate, had the powerful energies of his mind been exerted in promoting the liberty and best interests of his fellow-men. To him France might have owed freedom and prosperity, instead of slavery and anarchy. His peculiar intellect fitted him to occupy a station above the lot of ordinary men, and he might have become the savior, instead of the scourge, of his country. He was conscious of his own power; and instead of making an effort to establish the liberty for which France had just been deluged in blood—instead of aspiring to the honor of becoming the founder of a nation of freemen, he chose to become the ruler of a nation of slaves. Who, before the light of eternity dawns upon us, can estimate the amount of wretchedness and woe that followed the misguided ambition of this despot.

But how is the scene reversed. Splendor and empire have passed away; the war and din of battle with him have ceased. His glory and power are no more; and the consul, conqueror, and emperor has become an exile on the sea-girt Isle of St. Helena. Severe indeed was the lesson of submission to him, the favorite of Fortune, and on whose former life she had showered so many favors. Yet his proud spirit was still uncon-

quered ; in the school of adversity he was no docile pupil. The lessons there taught him were received with a sullen resolution to derive no profit from their teachings. If a ray of light ever shone to cheer the midnight gloom of his mind, it was when he indulged the wild hope that he might again be restored to his country ; for even here, surrounded as he was by waves and rocks, wild dreams of conquest and victory still flitted over his imagination. He did not wish—nay, he even scorned to be resigned to his fate. His thoughts were continually wandering back to the shores of his own sunny France, to the time when Europe's monarchs were forced to yield to him in the council, and on the field ; and to the withering hour when he was hurled from the throne, and forcibly brought to this desolate isle, which was to be his home, and his tomb. If he had been willing to cast from him his crown and his glory, to renounce the pomp of life, and devote his powers to that greatest of victories, the conquest of his own spirit, half his misery might have been averted. But the same stern spirit that was conspicuous in the emperor, was alike prominent in the exile, and induced him to spurn every thing that would have alleviated his wretchedness. He had made self his idol, in all his actions ; however apparently generous and amiable, still could be ever traced his predominant principle, selfishness. It was this that prompted him to soar into a cold and desolate region, far above all his cotemporaries. When we reflect upon the firmness of his purpose, the untiring and unceasing vigor with which he pursued all his plans, our admiration is excited. But alas ! we cannot forget the fortunes destroyed, the lives lost, the hopes blighted, and the hearts made desolate to gratify his ambition. In his hours of loneliness and solitude were there no sad remembrances of the misery he had caused ? Or had he learned to think that nothing could be wrong which would promote his own aggrandizement ? The unhappy state of his mind aggravated the disease which had fastened upon him, and Death was soon to open the gate of that prison for which " Hope had ceased to present any other key." The destroying angel hovered near, and the last words of his passing spirit indicated that he still clung to hopes of earth. Then was the proud one conquered by a greater Conqueror still ; and in the narrow sphere of this lonely spot slept the conqueror of Europe. Long will the voyager and stranger stop to gaze upon the dreary sepulchre that once contained him before whose mighty prowess so many were forced to yield. This desolate rock, swept by the fierce tempests of the ocean, rearing its head in the midst of the broad Atlantic, is a fit emblem of the stormy life and unfading fame of Napoleon ; and as it rises amid the ocean waste, so will his name rise cheerless, desolate, and cold amid the vast ocean of Time.

J. S. W.

It was a truth, which the great Fenelon earnestly endeavored to inculcate upon the mind of his royal pupil, that *ingratitude is to be expected from men* ; and that it must never interfere with our exertions to do them good.

THE INFLUENCE OF FASHION.

It was truly a beautiful Sabbath morn; I had arisen at an early hour, and witnessed with mingled feelings of pleasure and admiration, the gradual approach of the morning sun till it appeared, in all its splendor and magnificence, a thing of life and motion—a being of will and power, suspended in the heavens to teach man his own inferiority, and subjection to a Greater than himself. A consciousness that it was Sabbath morning, infused into my soul a serene and holy calm, like that which seemed to pervade all Nature; and, while I gazed upon the pages of Nature's book, ever open for our own instruction, I felt a deep sense of the wisdom and love of that Being who created them. In every scene throughout Nature's wild domain, we may learn a lesson of instruction. The perfection of Deity is not less displayed in rearing the tender plant that blossoms in the humble vale, than in the majestic oak, the sovereign of the forest trees, and pride of its possessor. Every object in Nature to a reflecting mind, is full of Divine instruction, leading the mind away from earth and transitory things—transporting it to a fairer clime, to hold converse with beings of heavenly birth. If our pathway through life is strewn with thorns—if disappointment dashes from our lips the promised cup of pleasure, and Melancholy marks us for her prey, let us seek a refuge in Nature's welcome embrace and listen to her sweet voice, and her holy instruction will prove a soothing and healing balm to our wounded spirits; let us

"Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,
Comes a still voice"

that cheers our spirits with its gentle and holy teachings. Let us worship God through his works, and meditate on heaven and heavenly things, and we shall be holier, happier, more like Him who created us.

Soon all was life and motion; the church-bells were sounding from every part of the city, and their call was obeyed by thousands, who might have been wending their way to their respective places of worship. I too prepared to obey its summons with a grateful heart for so blessed a privilege. As I was making preparations, my thoughts recurred to one whose accustomed seat at church had long been vacant. It was the seat of Mary C——, who had been deprived of that privilege through the winter by illness; but now she had nearly regained her good health, and I again hailed that lovely vernal morn with an additional emotion of pleasure, as one in which my friend might venture out with safety, and again enjoy the happiness of paying her devotions in a house dedicated to the worship of our Father, who is in heaven. I immediately started, and soon found myself seated by my friend, who welcomed me with a smile of pleasure. I was indeed happy to witness the bloom of returning health and happiness. I expressed a wish that she might accompany me to church, as the day was pleasant and tranquil. She did not reply immediately, and I saw her countenance of chagrin. "Do you not go out yet?" said I. "Yes," she replied; "but not to meeting. I have remained at home all winter, so I

have not purchased anything new, but I intend to procure me a suit as soon as the spring fashions come out."

As I could not prevail upon her to accompany me, I bade her "Good morning," and hastened to church; and while listening to the discourse of our beloved pastor, the remembrance of the morning scene passed from my mind, but it left an unpleasant impression which I could not easily erase; and for some days I have pondered upon the folly and evil consequences of yielding our own tastes and judgments to the dictates of Fashion, however strange, novel, or ridiculous it may be. We know that from a strict adherence to some customs and usages which have prevailed at different periods of time and in different countries, the health, comfort, and lives of those who have foolishly enslaved their judgment to the caprices of Fashion have oft been sacrificed. If people of reason and intellect would reflect, they would perceive that the only rational idea that can be attached to dress is, that it is for the promotion of our comfort, and is only worthy of our consideration so far as it effects its object; and that custom or mode which but protects us from physical inconvenience is the one worthy of commendation and adoption. Novelty or fancy should not decide upon a question where health depends. And to yield, in abject subjection, to even a universal mania of folly, is the consummation of weakness. To reject such fashions as the judgment does not approve, is more worthy of intelligent beings. In fashion, in dress, and in ornaments, reason, not fancy or custom, should regulate our decision.

Does any one doubt the patriotism of women? Were the public in danger from the invasion of a foreign foe, woman would be the first to submit to any privation or suffering that the interest of her country required. We have only to refer to the Revolutionary war to find an example of the patriotic spirit that women possess. But when honor, virtue, the good of society, and common sense calls upon us to resign the luxury, costly jewels, foreign silks, and other various superfluities, and instead of studying fashion merely for display, consult our own good taste and convenience, we shrink from the proposal, as from one devoid of taste, gentility, and fashion. Ah! that is the thing—*FASHION*. It would seem that the fear of misfortune might exert sufficient influence to check the pride of fashion; but by some the fear of not being considered fashionable in the gay world is the greatest source of anxiety; and surely under such circumstances, if ever, the interests of society require a change—a *very great revolution*. Let those ladies then, who are ambitious of distinction, who have heretofore claimed homage by the superiority of their wealth and beauty, begin reformation. Let them come forth as beings of mind and intellect; not, however, unadorned and unmindful of taste. Nay—I would they might be decked with jewels, and crowned with wreaths of fairest flowers; but the most precious jewels are virtue, purity, and benevolence, and the loveliest flowers are the graces and charms which a cultivated mind and a refined taste can bestow. Let them make the virtue of the heart—a charitable and benevolent disposition, exalted intellectual attainment—the only standard of rank, worthy of distinction, that will be permanent. Let them, possessed as they are of kind feelings and intelligent minds, consider how much depends upon the cultivation of those faculties; how much more *real* beauty they would possess if an improved mind, a generous sympathizing soul, shone expressive through every feature. I am sure there would be less vain show and coquetry in the world, and true

feminine beauty would be more common, and of a superior quality. What a pity it is that those who have the means for mental improvement—of storing their minds with the rich treasures of science—of being a blessing to themselves, and an honor to society, should allow the trifling vanities of a changing world to engage all the faculties of their minds; that they should yield themselves willing captives at the shrine of fashion; that their ambition should aim at no higher distinction than mere personal display, when, gifted with personal charms, natural talent, and blessed with wealth and influence, they might work a revolution in the manners and fashions of society, that would justly entitle them to the heart-felt gratitude of every republican spirit; and the world would call them, what in truth they would be, the benefactors of their country. Let them commence by laying aside all glittering ornaments, all expensive trappings, and appear in simple attire, asserting the true dignity of their characters, and the natural graces of their minds, the gentleness of their dispositions, will shine with untarnished lustre. Though they may not excite the wonder and admiration of the curious and fashionable, the charms of a well-directed mind will ever be appreciated by the virtuous and intelligent; though no longer a pattern for the gay world in the circle of kindred and friends, their example of purity and benevolence is felt and acknowledged. Happiness cannot consist in the glittering of wealth, in a show of magnificence, or public applause. They may dazzle and bewilder awhile, and afford a temporary pleasure, but it is short, as its votaries can truly testify. True happiness can only be obtained by a proper exercise of the faculties which God has implanted within us. A person whose mind is stored with useful knowledge, whose affections are cultivated by deeds of kindness, and acts of love, has learned by experience that “wisdom’s ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”

May it no more be said that America’s daughters are becoming the slaves of fashionable tyrants, who, like the officers of the grand inquisition, refine torture and cruelty to learn how much their victims can bear.

L.

This is from quite a young correspondent, but its suggestions may be of much benefit to many of her elders.—ED.

PLEASANT DUTIES.

Among the many pleasant duties of an editorial life is that of writing short articles, to fill the niches at the bottom of a page. To spin out a short thought, or to cramp a long one, is a Procrustes effort we are often called upon to make. Perhaps it would be as well not to think at all. To be sure the grammar says that words are signs of ideas; but in this respect grammar and common experience are entirely at variance. If nobody talked but those who thought—if nobody wrote but those who have new ideas to give, the world—this earth of ours—would be, comparatively, a quiet place. But methinks the shadow of a coming idea falls forward upon my paper—I have no room for it—I must retreat—I must stop before I begin.

H. F.

In giving the following article to the public, we would say, in explanation, that it was written several years since, and was suggested by a criticism upon some author's style (Dr. Bird's, if we remember correctly). The remark is now forgotten; but at the time, the idea presented itself, that were Truth in *propria personæ* upon earth, how often his reception would depend upon the shape of his hat, and the cut of his coat!

As originally written, we are aware that some portions might be objected to, upon the pages of the Offering, as sectarian. These we shall expunge. Not that we think them less true than formerly, but for *Truth's* sake, we would not raise a mooted question. And we well know that some of our most ardent friends are wont to regard every thing as sectarian which does not sustain their own peculiar code of belief. Some political incidents we shall be necessitated to omit also. This will naturally detract something from the point of Truth's wanderings. But we will hope that, without disturbing the waters of political and religious controversy, the portion of "Truth's Pilgrimage," admissible to the pages of the Offering, will meet the indulgence of the public. We have given life as we have found it. We have not invented its ethics, nor fashioned its etiquette, to meet the exigency of our demand; and if any community, or caste, deem themselves aimed at, we would remind them, that *only* "the wounded bird flutters on the wing."

These explanations we have deemed necessary, as the original article is well known to many of our friends, and we fear that their love of *truth* will raise a miniature tempest about our ears, with the watchword of *sectarianism, in terrorem*; unless, in advance, we inform them that we have extracted all the sting from our bee. We give them the hive, but they compel us to keep the honey for our private use. Yet, we cannot but deprecate that spirit which makes truth sectarian, and actual facts a libel.

1844.

H. F. C.

TRUTH'S PILGRIMAGE.

MID the resplendant brightness of immortal purity, the voice of supplication was heard. The angel, whose spirit imprinted even upon the councils of the HIGH SUPREME justice, petitioned that again he might wander upon the earth, upon his errand of mercy. Not, again, as the angel of light and truth, from whose startling brilliancy the sons of men had fled, but as a being, one of their kind, with his spirit imbued with heavenly attributes, to persuade and teach the earth-created sons of HEAVEN'S KING, that happiness, even celestial bliss, was but the *perfection of love*. JERONAH answered.

"Thy prayer is granted. Go, bright spirit of purity, and seek the mundane sphere. Go, even as thou desirest, subject alike as mortals to hopes, fears, and passions—subjected by thy earthly nature to pain, care, want, and suffering. Go, endowed with all human knowledge of science, language, and art. In Heaven, thou art an angel—in true wisdom, a sage; but in earth, a new-born child, ignorant of its history, its temptations, manners, customs, and prejudices, and helpless from want of experience in the life thou hast chosen. But, go: thy greatest boon while there shall

be, not to know the evils before thee ; and thy greatest consolation in the trials which await thee, that the failings of thy earthly nature shall not be remembered and blotted against thee, when thy spirit is recalled from whence it sprang. Go!" * * * * *

The spirit awoke. A cooling breeze played through the palms ; the fragrant perfume of the myrrh, the citron, and the orange impregnated the air ; and the lovely tints of the oriental flowers spread their gorgeous beauty over the loveliness of the scene.

"Sweet world!" said he, as he gazed upon the beauty which greeted his vision, "how can thy inhabitants depart from the pure teachings of thy natural objects? Every thing is beautiful and in order—every natural want of every creature is supplied by the gracious bounty of OMNIPOTENCE, and how can they wander from, and distrust THY care and THY love, FATHER?" he continued, prostrating himself in homage to JEHOVAH. After this act of praise, he thus communed. "I am not permitted," said he, "to reveal the dazzling truths of Heaven to mortal gaze. Revelation has been given them, that by faith and hope they may enjoy a foretaste of its blessedness. I am only allowed by precept and example to teach them that their best good, their highest interest, is in '*pureness of spirit*.'"

The sun had long since passed its meridian height, and was fast declining towards the western horizon, and Truth, conscious of a desire new to him, plucked the fruit from the overhanging branches to satisfy the cravings of an earthly appetite. At this moment, a cavalcade appeared in distance upon the plain, and reached the grove which embowered Truth as the sun threw its farewell ray along the horizon.

"To prayers!" was the clarion mandate from among the horsemen. Instantly every man dismounted, and, all facing in the same direction, bowed in devotion.

Truth gazed in astonishment. The ceremonies were novel, and without meaning to him. "But," said he, "they are of no moment—it is devotedness of heart which our FATHER requires; and simple ceremonies can neither add, nor detract from purity of intention. These," continued he, addressing the SUPREME, "have not forgotten THEE, the Author of their existence, nor are they unmindful of THY praise. May THY love be with them." And he bowed, to mingle his prayers, with the strangers. They finished their orisons, and entered the grove before Truth had risen from his reverential posture.

"Ha! dog!" exclaimed one of them, spurning Truth with his foot. "Knowest thou not the way of the Holy City! Infidel! at prayers with an unclean face!" he continued, as Truth arose, and he noticed the stain of the orange upon his lip.

"Brother," said Truth.

"Brother! No brother! Christian! Dog! Turn your back upon Mecca, and pray to Mahomet with an unwashed face!"

"I intended no offence," interposed Truth, "but prayed to God, our Father, knowing all cities were to HIM alike."

"Profanation!" interrupted the Mahometan. "All cities alike! and Mahomet's coffin in Mecca!"

"Who is Mahomet?" inquired Truth.

"Christian!" exclaimed the Mussulman with contempt. "Not know Mahomet, God's Prophet!" and beating Truth with his sabre, he left him to perish.

The coolness of the evening resuscitated him, and crawling into the grove from whence he had been driven, he implored divine aid to enable him to bear the trials of his earthly pilgrimage.

With the morning's sun he started on his wanderings, humbled for his presumption in endeavoring to aid ALMIGHTY POWER in the instruction of His creatures, and regretting the bright abodes of purity and bliss which he had left upon an errand of curiosity. We may not follow minutely his wanderings in the East, but, cautious from his first experience of intruding upon the preconceived opinions of mankind, his meek unobtrusiveness secured him the kind hospitality of the barren districts which he traversed. And in entering upon a more populous region, he found himself upon the seaboard, where mingled different nations, kindreds, and tongues, drawn together by the great commercial interests of the world. He sought information of their respective countries, and was induced to think, by the knowledge thus gained, that his mission would be of more effect were he in some part of Christendom where the gospel was understood, and Christ's redemption acknowledged. Circumstances induced a captain bound for parts in the Mediterranean to receive him on board his vessel, and he was landed at Rome. He viewed with eager curiosity its splendid architectural efforts, and finding the most costly workmanship dedicated to JEHOVAH, he entered one of the churches to praise HIM for directing his footsteps where the *best* was consecrated to the worship of the MOST HIGH. The day he landed at Rome was one of a holy festival, and he descended from the porch of the church with the multitude which thronged its aisles, at the moment that the procession of the Pope moved down the street. He was struck with astonishment at the profound stillness of the crowd, and the deep veneration of their manner.

[NOTE. Here we shall be obliged to omit the reception of Truth by the populace of Rome, for fear of intruding within forbidden precincts; yet, for the benefit of those who shall fill the picture here omitted with violence and cruelty, we will state that our hero's reception at Rome was not worse than some which he met in our own beloved land of civil and religious liberty. Truth is too unostentatious, when *unadorned*, to receive much of general attention and kindness in any part of Christendom in the nineteenth century. And were the personifications of Truth and Falsehood to enter any fashionable drawing-room, we care not in what land or country, it requires no stretch of the imagination to decide which would be voted the *bear*—and which the—*finished gentleman*!]

Again the wanderer breathed the pure air of Heaven, and returning thanks to God for His goodness, he proceeded on his way, a lone and weary traveller. But want of sympathy was not to him as to earth-born intelligences. Thus far, from mankind, he had met but rebuffs, contumely, and scorn, and he welcomed with delight the view of the vast mountains where it seemed that loneliness reigned. In communion with his own pure desires, and in indulging in reveries where his ardent hopes for the improvement of the race of intelligent beings, "created but little lower than the angels," he enjoyed something like the blissful peace inherent in his heavenly nature. But, brought in contact with man's errors, frailties, and arrogance—suffering from the exercise of the puny authority of earth's lord, he could not but experience the keenest anguish, while his bosom throbbed with pity and commiseration. Subject to mortal infirmities, feeling the same physical inconveniences, and possessing a deeper knowledge of "good and evil," his first impulse was to fly; and in seclusion, chafed and humbled, to await with resignation his recall to the presence of

ALL GOODNESS. He climbed mountains and descended into valleys, then led his way up the mountain again; but he was unconscious of the weariness of his earthly nature, and regarded not the privations of hunger, which, at times, pressed him amid the barrenness of the higher regions, for in the vast stillness of nature God reigned.

He had not counted the suns which had risen, nor noted the times that the shadows of night had clouded the light, when, penetrating within a valley, he came to what appeared as an outlet between two projecting rocks, by a narrow chasm, which scarcely allowed a foothold upon the side of a small deep torrent which rushed with deafening roar through the channel. Despite the terror of the way, he followed its course, and as the darkness of night gathered around him, he found himself upon a rich alluvial soil, which spontaneously offered the bounties of nature to his hand. The rapid, frowning stream was changed into a calm, placid and beautiful river. Refreshed by the pure air and his evening meal, with grateful adoration he poured forth his spirit in thanksgiving and praise to his "FATHER IN HEAVEN," and composing himself beneath the umbrageous covering of a fragrant tree, was soon in a deep slumber.

When he awoke, he found himself upon a low couch surrounded by several persons, who, apparently, were watching him with curiosity, anxiety, and wonder. They all retreated, when he opened his eyes, save one venerable old man, with a long beard and flowing hair bleached by age to snowy whiteness. He advanced, and laying his hand upon Truth, said, "Whence and what art thou? That we found thee in the same deep sleep which falls upon our eyelids, shows that thou art even as us—not the God we worship."

Truth replied that he was a wanderer upon the earth, and meeting naught but cruelty and unkindness from men, had sought the solitude of the wilderness. His hearers listened with surprise to his remarks upon the world and mankind, for they had thought themselves the only intelligent beings created by God, who were subject to the change of death. They possessed a knowledge of revealed religion, and practised upon the pure precepts inculcated by Jesus Christ. There was a tradition among them that once the earth was peopled, but that it was by bad men, who had by physical prowess destroyed each other. When they found Truth, they were terrified to see one whom they knew not, constituted with a body like themselves, but their compassion overcame their terror, and they remembered that it was enjoined upon them "to be courteous to strangers," and they carefully removed him to one of their cottages, and there awaited the close of his slumber.

Weeks grew into months, and Truth still remained, more blest than he yet had been on earth, among the simple and unsophisticated inhabitants of the valley. He sought to discover from whence they came, but their ignorance of their ancestry baffled his inquiries, and the only solution which he could give to the mystery was, that in some former time their ancestors had retired, disgusted with mankind, and having found so secure a retreat had carefully concealed all knowledge of the rest of the world from their children, through fear that curiosity might draw them from their paternal care and affection. They had some knowledge of government and education, possessed some manuscripts, which were regarded with deep veneration, and were never exhibited, save on the most solemn and dignified occasions. The valley was not more than seventy miles in cir-

cumference, surrounded on all sides by high inaccessible mountains, and without any outlet, save the chasm where the waters rushed under the mountains. The population consisted of some few hundreds—all of whom were contented, happy, and healthy. The inhabitants grew old until their sinews could no longer perform their functions, and then they died, not regretting their change. Pastoral from necessity, they were partially clothed in the skins of beasts, and partly by their own rude manufactures.

Truth noticed, as a peculiarity, the care, attention, and partiality which was bestowed upon the thistle. In every garden there was a spot devoted to its culture: the maiden gave its blossom the preference for ornament; the lover wreathed its flowers into garlands for his mistress; and the matron adorned her household with its graceful bloom. He gazed and wondered at the strange taste which selected a thorn for beauty and embellishment, and inquired from whence originated so singular a predilection.

"Thistle!" repeated the individual whom he questioned; "this is not a thistle, but a rose."

"A rose!" responded Truth in astonishment; "you do not call this weed a rose?"

"Our fathers and our manuscripts have taught us that they were roses," replied the man, with gravity, "and we have not sought to be wiser than our teachers."

It was evident that the man was greatly offended at Truth's presumption in questioning the wisdom and knowledge of his ancestors, and the veracity of his venerated manuscript teachers. The memory of his fathers, their faith, and even their errors were to him sacred, and to violate one, or correct the other, would have been equal sacrilege.

Thus it is in life. Children, in their veneration for their parents and teachers, imbibe the same deference for their opinions, and dereliction from the latter seems but the violation of the former. And in scarce aught, save to avoid physical suffering, and to ameliorate the conditions of that curse which doomed man to "live by the sweat of his brow," do we find mankind pursuing different steps from their fathers. In moral sentiments, in new discoveries of science, nothing, but the most irrefragable proof, the most positive demonstration, can convince them that they might have been taught wrong, or that former generations had not discovered the whole *phenomena* of nature. And for this proof, they are more times indebted to accident—or rather Providence—than design. "*The world*" is not wont to consider that candor and justice require that they should examine with care what they have judged error to prove its falsehood. "*THE WORLD!*" that tribunal from which there is no appeal, will not do this, but will, with ready and willing tongue, pronounce every thing *false* which chances to jostle its prepossessions. And this judgment is oftentimes awarded without any knowledge of the principle or theory which they are condemning, and without a shadow of evidence of its falsity, save that they had been taught differently, or were ignorant of the matter—assuming that they had learned all truth, and had discovered all laws.

While Truth and his companion were yet engaged in their discussion, that bird, which soars the highest and seeks its eyry among the most inaccessible cliffs of the mountain, appeared above them, with some object clutched in his talons. After circling the valley, before it rose again above the mountains, it dropped its burden in a distant field. As they noticed its flight, curiosity induced them to go and examine what had escaped

from its grasp. It proved a chaplet of flowers, interwoven with roses like those with which the peasants of France adorn their arches during the village fetes. Truth seized the chaplet with triumph, as he could then by ocular demonstration convince his companion of his error. He explained that these were, in truth, roses, and exhibited their superiority over the humble thistle. The man listened to him with angered indignation, and would have smote him, but Truth's mild and modest dignity awed his opponent into more forbearance than this summary method of closing a discussion, and he contented himself by seeking his neighbors and traducing Truth's honesty and veracity; and offering, in proof of his tale, that Truth had denied that their favorite flower was a rose, and was for palming upon their credulity a pretty delicate blossom, which he was sure must be poisonous, as none resembling it grew within the valley.

The matter was too serious not to be investigated with due solemnity, and Truth was cited to appear before a council convened to consider his offence. Men, frail by nature, ignorant and prejudiced, without the power or the will to examine but *one side* of the question, met together for mature deliberation of *their* preconceived opinions, and called this solemn mockery of outward pomp—*justice!* Where, upon the earth's surface, shall we look for that divine attribute? Man may aim to do right, but PREJUDICE closes his eyes, and stops his ears from receiving testimony.

The council opened their proceedings by producing their parchment books, where the rose was imperfectly described as bursting from a green bud, supported by a delicate and slender stem, and defended by briars. After reading the testimony of their author, which, under any circumstances, would have been questionable authority, as it was not a treatise upon botany, but an accidental allusion to the pride of Flora's realm, in a volume upon another subject, they called upon Truth to retract his assertions disputing the validity of the thistle to the title of the rose. He refused so to do, and proceeded to show them that the flowers of the chaplet were in reality those alluded to by the authority which they had quoted. His pertinacious defence against their united wisdom threw the whole assembly into confusion. Some cried to drown him; others proposed choking to convince him of his errors, but the more humane and benevolent part prevailed, and he was sentenced to be banished from the jurisdiction of their power. He came, they knew not from whence, and they sent him beyond their knowledge to perish; and but one word of commiseration or pity followed his exit. One old lady regretted that the flowers of the chaplet were not roses, but conscious of the error of her desire, she added, "*they were too sweet to be roses!*" and our wanderer again went forth alone, and without sympathy.

(*To be continued.*)

A single verse, though not quite so sage,
Will nicely help to fill this page;
The last two lines, what shall they be?
I think of nothing—O dear me!

LETTERS FROM SUSAN.

LETTER THIRD.

LOWELL, July —, —.

DEAR MARY: You complain that I do not keep my promise of being a good correspondent, but if you could know how sultry it is here, and how fatigued I am by my work this warm weather, you would not blame me. It is now that I begin to dislike these hot brick pavements, and glaring buildings. I want to be at home—to go down to the brook over which the wild grapes have made a natural arbor, and to sit by the cool spring around which the fresh soft brakes cluster so lovingly. I think of the time when, with my little bare feet, I used to follow in aunt Nabby's footsteps through the fields of corn—stepping high and long till we came to the bleaching ground; and I remember—but I must stop, for I know you wish me to write of what I am now doing, as you already know of what I have done.

Well; I go to work every day—not earlier than I should at home, nor do I work later, but I mind the confinement more than I should in a more unpleasant season of the year. I have extra work now—I take care of three looms; and when I wrote you before I could not well take care of two. But help is very scarce now, and they let us do as much work as we please; and I am highly complimented upon my "powers of execution." Many of the girls go to their country homes in the summer. The majority of the operatives are country girls. These have always the preference, because, in the fluctuations to which manufactures are liable, there would be much less distress among a population who could resort to other homes, than if their entire interest was in the city. And in the summer these girls go to rest, and recruit themselves for another "yearly campaign"—not a bad idea in them either. I shall come home next summer; I have been here too short a time to make it worth while now. I wish they would have a *vacation* in "dog days"—stop the mills, and *make* all the girls rest; and let their "men-folks" do up their "ditching," or whatever else it is they now do Sundays.

But these mills are not such dreadful places as you imagine them to be. You think them dark damp holes; as close and black as—as the Black Hole at Calcutta. Now, dear M., it is no such thing. They are high spacious well-built edifices, with neat paths around them, and beautiful plots of greensward. These are kept fresh by the "force-pumps" belonging to every corporation. And some of the corporations have beautiful flower gardens connected with the factories. One of the overseers, with whom I am acquainted, gave me a beautiful bouquet the other morning, which was radiant with all the colors of the rainbow, and fragrant with the sweet perfume of many kinds of mints and roses. He has a succession of beautiful blossoms from spring till "cold weather." He told me that he could raise enough to bring him fifty dollars if he chose to sell them; and this from a little bit of sand not larger than our front yard, which you know is small for a country house. But it is so full—here a few dollars have brought on a fresh soil, and "patience has done its perfect work," What might not be accomplished in the country with a little industry and taste.

But I have said enough of the outside of our mills—now for the inside. The rooms are high, very light, kept nicely whitewashed, and extremely neat; with many plants in the window seats, and white cotton curtains to the windows. The machinery is very handsomely made and painted, and is placed in regular rows; thus, in a large mill, presenting a beautiful and uniform appearance. I have sometimes stood at one end of a row of green looms, when the girls were gone from between them, and seen the lathes moving back and forth, the harnesses up and down, the white cloth winding over the rollers, through the long perspective; and I have thought it beautiful.

Then the girls dress so neatly, and are so pretty. The mill girls are the prettiest in the city. You wonder how they can keep neat. Why not? There are no restrictions as to the number of pieces to be washed in the boarding-house. And, as there is plenty of water in the mill, the girls can wash their laces and muslins and other nice things themselves, and no boarding woman ever refuses the conveniences for starching and ironing. You say too that you do not see how we can have so many conveniences and comforts at the price we pay for board. You must remember that the boarding-houses belong to the companies, and are let to the tenants far below the usual city rent—sometimes the rent is remitted. Then there are large families, so that there are the profits of many individuals. The country farmers are quite in the habit of bringing their produce to the boarding-houses for sale, thus reducing the price by the omission of the market-man's profit. So you see there are many ways by which we get along so well.

You ask me how the girls behave in the mill, and what are the punishments. They behave very well while about their work, and I have never heard of punishments, or scoldings, or anything of that sort. Sometimes an overseer finds fault, and sometimes offends a girl by refusing to let her stay out of the mill, or some deprivation like that; and then, perhaps, there are tears and pouts on her part, but, in general, the tone of intercourse between the girls and overseers is very good—pleasant, yet respectful. When the latter are fatherly sort of men the girls frequently resort to them for advice and assistance about other affairs than their work. Very seldom is this confidence abused; but, among the thousands of overseers who have lived in Lowell, and the tens of thousands of girls who have in time been here, there are legends still told of wrong suffered and committed. "To err is human," and when the frailties of humanity are exhibited by a factory girl it is thought of for worse than are the errors of any other persons.

The only punishment among the girls is dismissal from their places. They do not, as many think, withhold their wages; and as for corporal punishment—mercy on me! To strike a female would cost any overseer his place. If the superintendents did not take the affair into consideration the girls would turn out, as they did at the Temperance celebration, "Independent day;" and if they didn't look as pretty, I am sure they would produce as deep an impression.

By the way, I almost forgot to tell you that we had a "Fourth of July" in Lowell, and a nice one it was too. The Temperance celebration was the chief dish in the entertainment. The chief, did I say? It was almost the whole. It was the great turkey that Scroggs sent for Bob Cratchet's Christmas dinner. But, perhaps you don't read Dickens, so I will make no more "classical allusions." In the evening we had the Hutchinsons,

from our own Granite State, who discoursed sweet music *so sweetly*. They have become great favorites with the public. It is not on account of their fine voices only, but their pleasant modest manners—the perfect sense of propriety which they exhibit in all their demeanor; and I think they are not less popular *here* because they sing the wrongs of the slave, and the praises of cold water.

But, dear Mary, I fear I have tired you with this long letter, and yet I have not answered half your questions. Do you wish to hear anything more about the overseers? Once for all, then, there are many very likely intelligent public-spirited men among them. They are interested in the good movements of the day; teachers in the Sabbath schools; and some have represented the city in the State Legislature. They usually marry among the factory girls, and do not connect themselves with their inferiors either. Indeed, in almost all the matches here the female is superior in education and manner, if not in intellect, to her partner.

The overseers have good salaries, and their families live very prettily. I observe that in almost all cases the mill girls make excellent wives. They are good managers, orderly in their households, and “neat as wax-work.” It seems as though they were so delighted to have houses of their own to take care of, that they would never weary of the labor and the care.

The boarding women you ask about. They are usually widows or single women from the country; and many questions are always asked, and references required, before a house is given to a new applicant. It is true that mistakes are sometimes made, and *the wrong person gets into the pew*, but

“Things like this you know must be,”
Where'er there is a factory.

I see I have given you rhyme; it is not all quotation, nor *entirely original*.

I think it requires quite a complication of good qualities to make up a good boarding woman. “She looks well to the ways of her household,” and must be even more than all that King Solomon describes in the last chapter of Proverbs. She not only in winter “riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, a portion to her maidens,” but she sitteth up far into the night, and seeth that her maidens are asleep, and that their lamps are gone out. Perhaps she doth not “consider a field to buy it,” but she considereth every piece of meat, and bushel of potatoes, and barrel of flour, and load of wood, and box of soap, and every little thing, whether its quantity, quality, and price are what discretion would recommend her to purchase. “She is not afraid of the snow for her household,” for she maketh them wear rubber overshoes, and thick cloaks and hoods, and seeth that the paths are broken out. “Her clothing is silk and purple,” and she looketh neat and comely. It may be that her husband sitteth *not* “in the gates,” for it is too often the case that he hath abandoned her, or loafeth in the streets. “She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.” Her maidens go to her for counsel and sympathy, if a decayed tooth begins to jump, or a lover proves faithless; and to keep twoscore young maidens in peace with themselves, each other, and her own self, is no slight task. The price of such a woman is, indeed, *above rubies*. “Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her.”

I have now told you of mill girls, overseers and their wives, and board-

ing-housekeepers, and I feel that I have won forgiveness for neglecting you so long. You think that I have too high an opinion of our superintendents. I hope not. I do think that many of them are chosen as combining, in their characters, many excellent qualities. Some of them may be as selfish as you suppose. But we must remember that they owe a duty to their employers, as well as to those they employ. They are agents of the companies, as well as superintendents of us. Where those duties conflict I hope the sympathies of the man will always be with the more dependent party.

Country people are very suspicious. I do not think them perfect. A poet will look at a wood-cutter, and say "there is an honest man;" and as likely as not the middle of his load is rotten punk, and crooked sticks make many interstices, while all looks well without. A rustic butcher slays an animal that is dying of disease, and carries his meat to the market. The butcher and the woodman meet, and say all manner of harsh things against the "*grandees*" of the city, and quote such poetry as,

"God made the country—
Man made the town," &c.

It is true that with the same disposition for villany the man of influence must do the most harm. But, where there is most light, may there not be most true knowledge? And, even if there is no more principle, may there not be, with more cultivation of mind, a feeling of honor and of self-respect which may be of some benefit in its stead.

But I have written till I am fairly wearied. Good by.

Yours always,

SUSAN.

EDITORIAL.

In presenting *Truth's Pilgrimage* to our readers we have a feeling, which we believe will be quite general, of regret that the author has written under any restrictions. Such an article cannot be so well written—its idea can by no means be so perfectly developed, without *freedom*.

We must be true to all our engagements for this volume, but in another we think it would be far better to give our correspondents greater license. Let our Orthodox, our Methodist, our Universalist and Unitarian contributors, write *freely* upon the subjects they choose to discuss, and we shall have more vigor—far more real merit.

Now we are somewhat trammelled. Should we write against slavery, perhaps a thousand subscribers would "*please discontinue*." Should we speak earnestly against Intemperance, War, Capital Punishment, &c., we should displease many more. Should we complain of minor social evils, and earnestly call for the redress of local grievances, there would be raised against us the cry of radicalism. There are many and deep questions agitating the breasts of the thinking community, and should we also query it would seem that it might be tolerated. False views and partial opinions could have but a slight evil influence in a magazine "written by female operatives employed in the mills," and the wise and good might set us right.

H. F.

THE LOWELL OFFERING.

SEPTEMBER, 1844.

THE MAN OUT OF THE MOON.

The man in the moon
Came down at noon.

Nursery Rhymes.

PERHAPS these lines occurred to some of the individuals who witnessed the disappearance of the man from the moon one balmy summer evening. There must at least have been one astronomer, poet, lunatic, and pair of lovers; and how many more may not easily be ascertained. But the moonshine still came down so gently, and the space vacated by that ancient man was filled with such calm brightness, that little was said and no commotion caused by his withdrawal from that place where he had been an admired fixture. Had he dropped down among any of the evening watchers doubtless there would have been a great excitement—especially among children and nurses, with whom this man has been an object of greater interest than any other class. And, as every body was once a boy or girl, there might have been a revival of affection which would have manifested itself in waving of handkerchiefs, loud huzzas, and clapping of hands; perhaps in ringing of bells, and firing of cannon; and who knows what fine dinners might have been given him, and concerts, also, in which a few particular nursery rhymes might have been set to music by *Vieux Temps*, or *Ole Bull*, and the stranger almost paralyzed by the excess of joyous sensibility. But those, who knew that he was gone, could not of course tell whether he had started upon a journey to the sun, or to Venus, or *Herschel*, or some other place amongst the stars; and perhaps few of them dreamed that he had come on a pilgrimage of love to the moon's great satellite, *EARTH*. But, upon the same principle that "little boats should keep near shore," the inexperienced traveller had wisely resolved that his first voyage should terminate at the nearest landing-place. Whether those were moonstruck who first saw him

"Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Where a fair lady throned by the west"

held state upon a little island—whether they were moonstruck or not, matters little; but certainly no skylark ever fluttered into its nest more unregarded, no eagle ever descended into its eyrie more untroubled, no snowflake ever fell into its deep dingle more unnoticed, and no leaflet ever

nestled under its shadowing rock more quietly, than the man from the moon came down, when he alighted under the broad shadow of a noble elm, in a ducal park.

The deer turned upon him their large lustrous eyes, and darted away to their leafy coverts; the rooks slowly wheeled around above his head, and sailed upon the breezes to their leafy homes; and the watch-dog met him at the portal with a fawn of affection. At the porter's lodge had gathered some of the juvenile nobility, and with the utmost courtesy they received unquestioned the remarkable stranger, and invited him to their princely home.

"How beautiful is Earth," said the Man, as a few days afterwards he rambled to the spot where he had first pressed its soil, "and how happy are her children. Before I came here I thought that peace was more common than bliss, that quiet was more frequent than joy; but hitherto I have investigated at a disadvantageous distance, and I here find that my ignorance is proverbial. Nevertheless, I have the will and capacity to learn, and the duke himself shall not know more of his neighbors than I will ascertain."

He bounded over the sweet-briar hedge, and wended his way to a little hamlet, which nestled between the grove and upland at a short distance. He entered the nearest cot, and the first sound which reached his ears was a cry for bread.

"Bread—BREAD!" repeated he; "I saw it given to the dogs this morning. Bread!—there is enough at the castle. Go to the duchess, my child, she will give you enough of bread." The child ceased her cry, but looked at him wonderingly, and an elderly sister shook her head, yet said nothing. Then the man heard a moan from a low pallet, and, looking into the dark recess, he saw stretched upon it the emaciated form of a woman. She called the girl to her side.

"Is there not a little more wine in the phial?" she asked.

"Not one drop," was the reply. The woman moaned more faintly.

"Wine! wine!" repeated the Man; "we drank last night at the castle until our heads ached, and some of the company were carried away drowned by it. *Wine, and bread;*" he repeated, as he turned upon his heel, and flew toward the castle. He entered the drawing-room, and a servant passed him with a silver salver, upon which were refreshments for the ladies, and the sideboard was covered with various wines. He grasped a bottle, and, snatching the salver from the waiter, he turned to go. But the astonished domestic made such an outcry, and vociferated "Thief! Robber!" so lustily that he was soon overtaken. The duke came to learn the cause of the tumult.

"He was stealing your silver," repeated the servant, "after all your kindness to him."

The duke looked at his mysterious guest with a penetrating eye.

"I saw a child almost within a stone's throw of your mansion," replied the Man, "who cried for bread. I saw also a woman fainting for a cordial, and here I knew that there was enough of bread and wine. I ran that they might the sooner be relieved from their misery."

The duke blushed as he heard the simple reply of the Man, and almost doubted for the moment whether he himself were a man. Bread and wine were instantly despatched by the servant, and the duke took the stranger into his closet. What he told him there is what my readers already know—

that Want and Misery stand even within the sunshine of Plenty and Prosperity; that Sickness, Pain, and Death are in the daily paths of the rich and powerful; that all these things are looked upon as necessary evils, and not allowed for a moment to interrupt the usual course of business and amusement. But he could not make it appear to the Man out of the Moon as it did to himself. The more common it is, the more dreadful it seemed to this wanderer from another sphere. The more difficult it appeared to find the remedy, the more earnestly he thought it should be sought. It seemed to him that the great fault was in the government, and at the head of government he learned was a lady as young, as kind, as gentle and compassionate as the duke's eldest daughter. He left the castle, and hastened to the capitol. He lingered not by the way, but sights obtruded themselves upon his notice which gave him much pain. He sought the palace; he asked audience of the queen. He had brought no references, no introductions, and could not be admitted to the young sovereign; but his earnestness gained him an interview with one of her counsellors. He had so much to say, and knew so little how to say it, his ideas were all in such confusion, that it was sometime before the minister could gather aught from him.

"To the point," said he at length. "Tell me, stranger, what you want."

"I want RIGHT," said the Man. "I came a stranger to your land, and, at first, all appeared to me very beautiful. But I soon found hunger, destitution, and death. I inquired the cause, and asked for the remedy. I was told there was none; but I found that if relief could be obtained this was the place to look for it. I left for this city. I hurried on my way; but, unless I shut my eyes, I could not but see wrong. I have seen huge heaps of grain converted into liquid poison, and starving men drunk of it that they might drown all sense of want and misery. I have seen broad fields lie waste as pleasure ground, while squalid crowds were faint for food. I saw a mighty ship filled with brave men; and their garments glittered with beauty, and gushing strains of music stirred their noble hearts. I thought it a glorious sight, but I learned that they were sent to kill, or be killed by their fellow-men. I saw a high and narrow structure spring upward to the sky; and they brought out a man, and put him to death between the heavens and the earth. Crowds of men gazed upward at the sight, and think ye not that God looked down? I went into an old and moss-grown church, and there I saw the man who prayed at the gallows; and all the people said with him, 'Be ye also merciful, even as your Father in heaven is merciful.' 'For if ye forgive not men their trespasses, how will your Father, which is in heaven, forgive your trespasses.' But the more my spirit was pained within me the more I hurried to this place. And when I was come I saw mighty palaces built for the accommodation of a few, and I saw also men herding together in filth and wretchedness; and those who had not where to lay their heads. I have seen warehouses filled with cloths for raiment, and stout men passed by them with scarce a rag to cover them; yet touched they nothing. I have seen bakeries full of bread, and storehouses filled with other food; and savage-looking men proved that they were not yet fiends, for they did not strike dead those who withheld from them these provisions. Even here I have seen dogs and horses receive the care and attention denied to man. You ask me what I want: I want to know if you have known aught of this; and, if so, why stand ye here idle?"

"Who are you?" rejoined the astonished courtier.

"The Man out of the Moon."

"Aha, aha—a lunatic! I thought as much. Now let me see if we have not a nice place for you which you have not yet espied;" and calling the servants, he ordered them to take the man to the hospital.

But he slipped from their grasp, and was soon out of the way. He strayed along the sea-side, for there was there less of the misery he could not relieve. He found a man sitting upon a solitary rock, and gazing far out upon the waters. There was that in his eye which told the Lunarian that here he might meet with sympathy. So they sat together, while the sea-winds moaned around them, and talked of wrong and oppression.

"But why do the people bear all this?" asked the Man. "Why do they not rise up in their strength, and demand clothing, food, and shelter? Why do they not stretch out their hands and take it, when almost within their grasp? Why at least do they not die as men, rather than live like beasts?"

"They are *enchanted*," was the reply of the philosopher.

Then the Man thought how impossible it would be for him to disenchant them, and he sighed; and when the philosopher had gone he unrobed himself, and spread his wings, and flew across the channel till he came to another land.

We will not follow him, as he strayed through various cities, towns, and villages, along the Mediterranean. But he heard of it everywhere—he had heard of it before he crossed the channel—of a happy land, far across many wide waters—a new world, where tyranny, oppression, and corruption, had not found time to generate their train of evils. He yearned for this better land; and one night, when the sky was dark with sombre clouds, and no one could witness his flight, he left the old for the newer continent.

He alighted at the plantation of a wealthy gentleman. With manly courtesy he was received, and entertained with a chivalrous generosity which asked no questions of the stranger, and knew nothing but that he needed rest. He was truly weary, and spent some quiet days in the family of his host, for whom he formed quite an attachment. But one day, as he was walking in the grounds, he heard the voice of piercing lamentation. He looked around, and saw a negro woman, with her young child pressed to her bosom, and sobbing as though her heart would break. He inquired the cause of her sorrow, and heard that her husband had just been taken away, to be sold to another master. Her children had been taken from her long before, all but the babe upon her breast.

The Man could not understand this at first, but after long questioning he learned some of the evils of slavery. He returned to his host. He was sitting with his wife at his side, and his child upon his knee. He caressed them both with much affection. The Man looked at him sternly.

"How dare you love your child?" said he. "How dare you adore your wife? when you have separated mother and child, husband and wife, and consigned them all to misery."

"Who are you?" replied the host, "that you speak thus in mine own house, where as yet unquestioned you have been honored and cherished as a stranger and a guest."

"I am the Man out of the Moon."

Then the host laughed heartily. "Ah, moonstruck I see," said he, carelessly; and, touching his head, he nodded to his wife. After this

they would neither of them heed what he said, but treated him, good-humoredly, as a maniac.

In the neighborhood however he met not with this consideration, for he would not hold his peace while he believed a great wrong was calling for redress. They called him an Abolitionist, and proposed assisting him in his departure from a place which did not seem to suit him very well. They would provide feathers, if not wings; and attach them to him with tar, as the best artificial method. They would not furnish him with a horse, but they found a rail, and this, with the aid of their own locomotive powers, would assist him greatly.

The Man felt as though he would rather continue free of all such obligations, and, on the very night when all things were preparing for his exit, he spread his wings upon the darkness, and flew away.

He had heard the negroes speak of a land to the north, where there were no slaves, where oppression, cruelty, and selfishness did not exist; and he thought that must be the better land of which he had so often heard. He came to its far-famed city; that where morals, intelligence, and prosperity are more nearly connected than in any other. He was pleased at first, but soon became dissatisfied, because it fell far short of his ideas of social perfection. Here also were Wealth and Poverty—here were Misery, Selfishness, and Pride. He saw a wealthy lady roll along in her carriage, while a feeble woman could hardly totter across the streets. "The carriage would have held more than two," said he to himself. He followed the faltering footsteps until he came to a cellar. The woman approached a bed, upon which two children were gasping for breath.

"Can nothing be done for them?" asked the Man.

"I have just called a physician," replied the mother. In a few moments he came in. He looked tenderly at his little patients. "They are dying of want," said he. "They want every thing they should now have; but first of all, is the want of fresh air." The Man started from the house and ran to a street, in which was the residence of an eminent philanthropist. His questionings had already led him to a knowledge of the good. He came to the house. The master was not at home—he had gone to his country-seat, and his mansion was vacant, with the exception of one servant who was left to open the windows each day; and see that the cool air breathed through the deserted rooms. And, as he looked at the lofty well-ventilated and vacant apartments, he thought of the children who were dying in a neighboring cellar for want of air.

The Man was wearied, disappointed, and vexed. "If this is the happiest spot on Earth," said he, "then let me go back to the Moon."

It was a lovely starlight night. The moon, like a silver crescent, hung afar in the blue ether, and there was one bright solitary cloud in the clear sky. The Man spread his wings, and, bidding farewell to Earth, he turned his face upward to a better home. As he passed the bright cloud he thought he saw, faintly delineated as though in bright shadow, the outlines of a human form. He approached nearer, and the cloud seemed like a light couch upon which an etherealized being reclined. Lofty intellect and childlike mildness were blended in his pale spiritual countenance, but there was a glance of sorrow in his deep eyes which told that, if an angel, he had not forgotten the trials of earth.

The Man said to him, "I have just left Earth for the Moon, but I would

gladly leave it for any other world. You seem to have returned to it from Heaven."

"It was my home," replied the spirit. "There I first received existence; there I first drew the breath of life. It was my first home; and, though I know it is full of sin and sorrow, yet at times I leave Heaven that I may view it once again."

"And did you know, while there, that it was filled with Guilt, Ignorance, and Pain? or did you neglect the great interests of Humanity for selfish pleasure?"

"I did *not* live for myself alone. I endeavored to live for my kind, and to find my happiness in striving to promote the well-being of others. I see now that I might have done more, but I saw it not then. God had given me a feeble frame, and I might not go forth actively among my brethren. But I sent my voice among them. I spoke aloud in behalf of the wronged and down-trodden. I spoke not of one evil, but of that which is the source of all evil. I spoke to the young, knowing that they would soon be the middle-aged to act, and then the aged to die. I sent my voice among the ignorant, and invited them to come to the tree of knowledge. And my bliss is now in the assurance I have received, that my words will not all be forgotten."

"But, if you were doing good," said the Man, sternly, "why did you go thence?"

"I was called," replied the spirit, gently.

"And is there any one who may take your place?"

"I hope and believe there are many noble spirits, who are as earnest, as able, as faithful, and more active, who are laboring for their brother men. But there is also another agent. Would you witness it?" and, drawing aside a drapery of cloud, he disclosed a shining volume. The night breeze gently wafted its leaves, and, in letters of brightness, were written upon them such words as these.

"God hath made of one blood all nations of the earth." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "The laborer is worthy of his hire." "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

The Man glanced at them, and then said, "Is this book there?"

"It is there," replied the spirit, "and there it will remain until its words are embroidered upon the hems of their garments, engraved upon the bells of their horses, and bound as frontlets between their eyes. Yea, even until they are impressed upon the hearts of all men."

The spirit veiled the book again in the aerial drapery, and disappeared himself in the bright cloud.

The Man turned away, with a spirit less sad; and, ere morning dawned, he looked down again from his "old accustomed place," with his usual placid smile; and none would now know from his benignant expression, that we, poor erring mortals, had ever grieved and angered the Man in the Moon.

ELLA.

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD.

MID life's tumultuous din,
When friends are few, and early loved ones flown,
The all-pervading voice of God within
Tells us that we on earth are not alone.

The rover of the sea,
Far, far from home and all parental care,
With blest assurance, LORD, may come to THEE,
And find a friend, for THOU art everywhere.

THOU art unclouded light!
Though erring nature oft self-willed has been,
And groped its way through dark chaotic night,
Yet all have hailed the ETERNAL GOD SUPREME.

Yes; "Hallowed is THY name!"
At Mecca's shrine, where the lone pilgrim strays,
The Moslem, prostrate with pure worship's flame,
Bows to the ONE GREAT GOD, ANCIENT OF DAYS.

Revered Jerusalem!
Though priest and prophet walk thy streets no more,
JEHOVAH's might directs thy fate, as when
The bright-faced angels talked with men of yore.

THOU 'rt where the tuneful reeds
Blend with the music of the sounding shore;
THOU 'rt where the hermit counts his sacred beads,
And rears the cross on Alpine summits hoar.

The unlettered Indian sees
THY beauty in each tinted flower that blows,
In each green leaf that rustles to the breeze,
And in the glassy streamlet as it flows.

THY arms of love embrace
All creatures that THY plastic hand hath made—
The being raised to Pride's imperial place,
Or Penury's child, on lowliest pallet laid.

THOU 'rt where the giddy throng—
Where the lone mourner sits in weeds of care—
Mid festal bowers, lit up by jest and song—
And where the good man's voice is heard in prayer.

When sorrows, gathering near,
Rise like the tempest to o'erwhelm the soul,
The still small voice comes to our listening ear,
Saying, "Peace, be still"—thou 'rt under God's control.

When dire disease doth press
Its pallid hue upon the sufferer's cheek,
FATHER, THY gracious spirit deigns to bless
The midnight watcher, and to raise the weak.

When life's last hope has flown,
And thoughts of death burn deep within the soul,
FATHER, oh, FATHER, this is all THINE own,
To light the gloom where death's dark billows roll.

E'er since creation's birth,
The same unaltered being THOU hast been;
The starry heavens above, the boundless earth,
Is one great audience-room where THOU art seen.

M. R. G

"AN O'ER TRUE TALE."

LET those who knew the pleasant little settlement upon the Merrimack a few years since, chosen particularly by the first settlers for its water privilege and agreeable location, now look upon the thriving city of Lowell, containing a population of over twenty-five thousand, and tell me if they can recognize the former *petite* town. It was a half day's ride, formerly, from the seaport city of Boston, and the well-loaded baggage wagons made a day's job of carrying a load of merchandise between the two places, and the friendly waters of the Middlesex canal floated with more speed the daily freights of rich and well-chosen manufactures, while now an excellent railroad will take you to or from either place with the speed of magic. No wonder that, with such facilities for foreign and inland communication as this most thriving city of New England possesses, she should continue to grow and increase in wealth, importance, and the number of her inhabitants. Follow me now to Lowell, (clairvoyantly, gentle reader,) for there our story commences.

It is the sabbath; a mild and lovely summer's afternoon; the noisy clatter of the numerous factories is still; the weary operative is resting her overwrought frame; the mechanic is enjoying the sweets of his happy, though lowly, home; while the ruddy cheeked children of the Irish play merrily round the drowsy father-who sits upon the sill of his door, puffing away care from his fragrant pipe. It is the sabbath with the high and the low, the rich and the poor—a day of rest for all.

Seated at the window of her boarding-house, at this quiet hour, sat Eliza Temple. How neatly arranged was every article of furniture in that small room. The snowy whiteness of the bed linen was absolutely dazzling; the chairs, carefully dusted, were arranged in order; the little washstand was neat and clean, as if just from the shop of the cabinet-maker; every thing betokened neatness and good taste. She sits with a bit of paper and pencil in her hand, with which she is apparently calculating the cost of some matter. "Let me see," said she, "after paying my board, and getting that dark calico dress for every-day wear, I shall have twenty dollars left; well, fifteen of this I will send to mother, and that will leave me five for poor Mrs. Butler. Poor woman, indeed—her husband lost at sea, and her little babe to be provided for. Five dollars will help to make her comfortable, and then I can soon earn enough by night-work to help her still more."

Thus conversed Eliza to herself. She was one of the factory operatives; and when she had fairly apportioned her little accumulation, a smile of pleasure lit up her pale face. She was a native of New Hampshire, where her mother and two younger sisters still resided. Her father died when she was about twelve years of age, and the small property, which he left, becoming exhausted, she was permitted by her mother to come to Lowell, and enter as an operative at the factory; and with the quarterly pecuniary aid she was able to send her mother and sisters, they were enabled to gain a comfortable livelihood. But, alas! Eliza, in her endeavors to assist others, was overtasking her own powers, and was thus steadily undermining her constitution. But she had a light heart, and looked on the bright side of all things. To be sure her constant, though small, char-

ities made large inroads into that part of her small income devoted to her own necessities, but the consciousness of a course of rectitude rendered her happy, and she submitted to the deprivations thus incurred with a cheerful heart. To say Eliza was handsome would not be doing her justice: she was more than handsome—she was beautiful. Those, who were first struck with her winning face, afterwards learned to love her for her kind heart and gentle manner—her charitable and forgiving spirit, and for the beauties of her well-balanced mind, which, richly endowed by nature, required but little cultivation to show its perfections.

There resided in Lowell, at the time of our story, a young man—a professor and preacher of religion. He possessed a fine face and manly form—a well-cultivated mind; and was loved and respected by his charge as a teacher of the living God. He had met Eliza, and being interested in her, sought an introduction, and soon became intimate with her, passing his evenings by her side, reading to her, while she plied her industrious needle. Thus passed weeks and months till Danville W. had fully won the heart of the confiding girl, and had drawn from her an acknowledgment of her love. "I look upon you," said the gentle girl to him, "as my guardian angel, and thank Heaven that has so kindly endowed me with thy love." Danville was a graduate of ———, and was entering upon the second year of his profession as a minister. He was the youngest son of an aristocratic family, and only held the minor office (as he was wont to call it to his particular friends) of pastor of a small society preparatory to entering upon a more extended sphere of action. He was in heart sordid and selfish, but so glossed over his faults, by artful management, as to deceive most of those with whom he was connected. He had easily won the heart of Eliza Temple, who had learned to look upon him as a superior being. * * * * *

It is a mild summer's night; not a cloud obscures the clear blue vault of heaven. Oh, who could look upon that glorious scene, lit up by the mellow radiance of the harvest moon, and not be inspired by holy awe and love for the fatherly hand that had created such beauties. It seemed as if the twinkling stars held converse together in subdued tones, lest they should interrupt the meditations of the moon, while gentle zephyrs wrote in shadowy letters a love tale to the night, with the pliant branches of the waving trees, upon the greensward. Beneath their shade walked Eliza and him she loved. The glories of nature were doubly beautiful to her as described by his eloquent tongue. How affectionately did she listen to his words, which were treasured in a heart that knew no guile; and how confiding was the most secret wish of her heart laid open to his mind. Eliza *loved*; and when a pure and gentle girl—one uncontaminated with the wiles and coquetry of the world—gives her heart, she gives it forever—she gives all she has in life, and every hope, every earnest prayer is rendered for the heart's idol.

None knew more fully or with more truthfulness the heart of the gentle girl than Danville, yet the genial influence, that beautiful and lovely objects ever cast upon the world about them, fell not upon his hardened heart. The subdued and gentle manner, the heaving breast, the loving eye, and the confiding glance, created in his soul only vile desire. It is easy to read the heart's mirror, like as casting back the picture on which its reflective glance may rest, be it either good or evil; but the hardened heart of Danville reflected the rays of innocent loveliness by a picture of vile pollution.

The hour, the scene, the gentle, yet treacherous, tone of voice, all acted upon the tender sensibilities of Eliza's heart. She sank her cheek, glowing with heightened color, in confidence and love upon the breast to which it was drawn; there in her ear the serpent whispered the guilty words, the evil thoughts, the fiendish proposal. Not more swiftly does the star which has its place among the glorious myriads above shoot through the atmosphere than did the life-blood leave the heart of that poor girl. Starting from the false embrace, she stood before him, who would have betrayed her, in all the beauty of injured innocence. Down her pale cheeks streamed the scalding tears, while, with her hands clasped before her, she said, "May God forgive you, Danville;" and she sobbed as though her heart would break. "Would you—could you have betrayed a poor fatherless girl, who loved you so dearly—who had confided all to you?" * * *

Come with us, one short month subsequent to this scene, to the little chamber first described in this sketch. It is deeply shaded now by closed blinds, and closely drawn curtains: Upon the bed lies the fevered form of Eliza Temple. She talks wildly of matters that poor Mrs. Butler, who kindly administers to her comfort, cannot understand. Hark! she speaks.

"Thanks, kind woman. Have I been long ill? It seems as if I was just awakened from a troubled dream. Oh, that I must awake to the horrid truth," said she, covering her face with her hands, as if to shut out some fearful sight.

The poor woman, who had so often received charity from the hard-earned wages of Eliza, was indeed delighted to see the returning dawn of reason to the mind of the kind-hearted girl.

"Pray, miss," said she, "compose yourself, and try to sleep. You will be better soon."

Eliza had lain for nearly three weeks in a raging fever, wild and delirious. The shock she had received, the sudden dashing to earth of her cup of happiness, was too much for her gentle spirit and overwrought frame. Gradually recovering from the physical suffering she endured, Eliza again resumed her station at the factory, though broken hearted and miserable. She had not seen her would-be seducer since the first night of her unhappiness, and now exerted her whole strength to earn a sufficient sum for the wants of her mother and younger sister, and also to lay by a trifle for the comfort of the old age of her much-loved parent, well knowing in her heart that she should not require it herself. Already had she made peace in her own soul with Heaven, believing that her stay in this cold and selfish world would be of but short duration. For all her sorrows she had found a balm in religion, the only source of happiness in the world to the weary and broken hearted. Through the apparently kind and assiduous attention of the minister of the parish she had been led to a happy frame of mind, and to him she looked for guidance and counsel. * * * *

More than a twelvemonth is past. We will look in again at the neat little room of the factory girl. It is evening. That pale, but industrious, girl, who so diligently plies her needle, is Eliza Temple. By frugality and constant industry she had accumulated about four hundred dollars, which she had confided to the care of her minister, happy in the consciousness that it would do much to smooth life's downward path to her much-loved parent. Hark! there is a knock at the door.

"Come in," says the subdued voice of Eliza.

"I have called," said Mrs. Butler, entering and taking a seat, "with

most unwelcome news—not only to you but myself—for anything that will render you unhappy will equally affect me, who have shared so much of your hard-earned wages. I have learned that the Rev. Mr. T. has failed in his prospects, and that the money you, in common with a large number of factory girls, have given him for safe keeping, is now inevitably lost. You know even I have been able to save something since the recovery of little William, and this small sum I had intrusted also to him—a trifle in amount, but much to me."

Eliza dropped her work from her hands, and wept. It was not for the hard-earned money that she grieved—it was not that the earnings of her feeble hands, with feeble health, and by extra exertions were lost—it was not for this that the starting tear now wet her cheek, but she sobbed aloud to think of her poor and decrepid mother, who must suffer for this loss perhaps the gnawings of hunger, and the cold chills of winter, when her child had gone to the spirit-land.

Did this last stroke of hardened fortune, dealt by the hand of a self-styled teacher of God, cool her confidence and love in her heavenly Father? No; for though her brightest hopes had all been blighted under the cloak of religion, by one who should have loved and cherished her—though this second blow, less severe, but almost as discouraging as the first, was dealt by another acknowledged servant of Heaven, still, when she knelt at her bed-side that night, she breathed an earnest humble prayer for forgiveness to those who had so blighted her hopes, and asked for strength and guidance from the Throne, to which she daily knelt, that it would bless her with a right spirit. Oh, ye reverend villains! could ye have heard the prayer of that gentle and forgiving heart, as it ascended pure and warm from the spirit to God, for forgiveness for those who had wronged a poor confiding girl, it would have pealed as a death-knell to your guilty hearts. I envy ye not. Heaven only knows the guilty writhings of your tortured consciences. * * *

Span another month with us, gentle reader, and enter this lowly cot on the hill-side. There is a lovely prospect from this door—rugged, wild, and beautiful. Emphatically, New England scenery. Within, on that lowly couch, lies the blighted and fading flower, Eliza Temple. By her side weep her loving sisters, and doting parent. They have now to take a last farewell of her who has been indeed a kind sister and dutiful child.

"Weep not for me, dearly beloved," said the dying girl, "I am happy, very happy; and only regret that you are to be left behind, to buffet the hard fortunes of this world."

"May God receive thy soul, my gentle child," said the weeping mother, "and teach me to forgive those who have brought thee to this untimely end."

"May Heaven give you that consolation it has blessed me with, dear mother," said the invalid. "In all my grief and sorrows I have found a balm in Gilead. You know not how calmly I await the call of my MAKER to His mansion above. Oh, may He forgive those who have deceived me, and shield you from want."

She sank back upon her pillow in silent prayer; and before the morning's dawn her gentle spirit had returned to God who gave it.

Let the high and the low, the rich and the poor, learn a lesson from this "o'er true tale;" and may Heaven bless the world with the charitable and forgiving spirit of this poor blighted and deceived Factory Girl.

E. A. F

BONAPARTE IN THE RED SEA.

Translated from the French.

GENERAL BONAPARTE, having departed for Syria, wished to see the remains of the Venetian establishments at Suez, and to seek around this city for traces of the canal across the isthmus of Suez, which he had been assured formerly existed in order to connect the Mediterranean with the Red sea. The distance between Cairo and Suez is but twenty-five leagues, but the way is through the desert, where one finds neither tree, shrub, or drop of water. He took with him his aids-de-camp, Generals Caffarelli, Dufalqua, and Berthollet. A squadron of his guides formed his guard.

He rapidly crossed the desert, and reached the Kalioumeth. He crossed the Red sea at the same place where Moses passed with the Hebrews, and did so at a time when the low tide left it nearly dry. Having arrived in Asia, the general left his guides upon the bank, and when he returned from his excursion, he found them completely intoxicated—having, as they supposed, drank of the water of life. Meanwhile the tide began to ascend, and day to decline; they had not a moment to lose.

Having determined the situation of Suez, they started in that direction. But after having marched for sometime in the sea, they separated. Night was coming on, and they knew not whether they were marching towards Africa, or Asia, or towards the great sea. The waves began to rise, until those in advance cried out that their horses swam. By going on in this direction they could not fail to perish, and there was no time to be lost in deliberation. But General Bonaparte, with a mind ever composed, saved them by a very simple plan. He established himself the centre of a circle, and ranged around him many men in depth, all those who shared the danger; and numbered those who composed the first circle without. He then made them march on, following the direction in which they were, and caused them to be followed successively by others at ten paces distance. When the horse of the man at the head of one of the columns lost footing—that is to say, when he swam, the general recalled him, as well as those who followed him, and made them take the direction of another column. By this quickly devised scheme they found the right way, and reached Suez at midnight, the water being above the breasts of their horses.

General Bonaparte's friends had been very uneasy, because he did not return before the rising of the tide, and he esteemed himself very fortunate to escape as he did. He returned to Cairo before departing for Syria, where he took with him six thousand men.

E. W. S.

I KNOW that we can judge the future only by the past. There are indications now of deliverance for the oppressed, and shall we doubt whether it will come? Certainly not. If we do, we injure the cause. We need faith and perseverance to accomplish so great a work.

JANE.

TRUTH'S PILGRIMAGE.

CHAPTER II.

"HALLOO! halloo, there! What's the prospect for our ascent this morning?" called out a loud sonorous voice from a huge pile of blankets and furs deposited in one corner of an Alpine cabin. At the same time a woollen night-cap protruded itself from beneath the load, and in an instant more a man jumped up and began to array himself in a travelling dress which lay upon a bench near him.

"Pleasant enough now, sir," replied a stentorian pair of lungs from the outside of the cabin, "but there will be a storm before night, or I know nothing of these mountains."

"Why a storm?" rejoined the first speaker, glancing at the clear sky as he joined the group at the door.

We will leave the hardy hunter to account for his prediction, while we notice the *dramatis personæ*.

The first speaker was a man forty-five or fifty years of age, and as he stood muffled up to his chin in furs, and a large fur cap drawn over his head, in a distance one might easily have mistaken him for a great bear standing on his hind-legs welcoming the morning sun. In stature he was above the medium height, with broad shoulders and a brawny chest indicating much muscular strength. His countenance, or at least the portion visible, was not prepossessing. It was hard and stern, as if feeling and kindness were strangers to his breast; and the corners of his mouth were slightly drawn down, as if their owner was a constitutional grumbler. He raised his cap a moment from his head, and throwing back his still black and glossy hair, revealed a high and open brow, where intellect and benevolence sat enthroned. The action changed the whole face; and, as your eye rested upon the ensemble of the features, you felt impressed that the proud and selfish nature of the man was wont to be curbed and triumphed over by his more kindly aspirations. His dress was nondescript, combining the peculiarities of several different nations, but the whole told of an Englishman's care and anxiety for his body; and in that piercing atmosphere wrote the truly English word, *comfort*.

The group were joined by another person from the cabin, who remarked, as he listened to the hunter's prophecy of a storm, that "it must be keen eyes that could see a tempest in the clouds of that morning."

"Aye, aye, sir," rejoined the hunter; "but you will see clouds before night—that is, if the snow don't come so thick and fast that you can't see them."

The new comer was a younger man than the first who had left the cabin—perhaps thirty, or between that and forty, years of age. He was tall and slender, with a graceful stoop or bend in his shoulders, as if his chest was weak, or that in youth he had carried too heavy burdens upon his back. His form resembled that of a modern belle after the mysteries of the toilet have disguised her person. His face was pale, but apparently not from illness; and in the expression there was a slight shade of care, or impatience. The features were good, but a touch of mingled pride and selfishness lingered about the mouth, and destroyed the beauty. His dress was rich, and there seemed something more for effect, and less for conve-

nience, than in his companion's; even his fur cap had an air of "the newest fashion," which was not exhibited in any part of the other gentleman's attire. The one wore his garments for his own convenience and accommodation—while in the habiliments of the other you were constantly reminded of the tailor. The dress of each, perchance, recorded a national characteristic. The first speaker was an Englishman, with all his pride, egotism, and consciousness of his own claims upon your deference and attention. The other was an American, fresh from Paris, with his country's whim for imitation.

The group at the door, besides those already enumerated, consisted of three stout peasants, who looked first at the Englishman, then at the American, then from him to the old hunter, then to the sky, and finally turned, with an earnest gaze, to where the sun's bright rays were beginning to illumine the horizon. The question was still pending whether the day was favorable or not for an ascent into a higher and colder region. The old hunter, who knew every appearance in the sky, air, and earth among the mountains, dissuaded them most earnestly from the attempt.

"I tell you, sirs," said he, "it will snow up there before night, as still and glistening as it now is."

"How glorious!" exclaimed the Englishman, gazing at the glaziers above them as the sun threw its first beams across their mountains of ice, and lighting up with wondrous brilliancy each jutting crag and pending icicle.

"What is that?" eagerly inquired his fellow traveller, pointing to a deep ravine, which the light had begun to penetrate. Every eye was turned in the direction indicated, and they could distinctly see some living creature slowly making its way up the mountain.

"Is it a chamois?" inquired the Englishman of the old hunter: "I want its skin for my museum—bring it down, my good fellow."

"No, no," earnestly interposed the American; "take it alive—apparently it is wounded, and it would not require a hard race to secure it alive—do so, my men, and you shall have a handsome reward. I want it," he continued, addressing the Englishman in a tone of apology, "to send home to the national menagerie."

"We have both shown characteristics," returned the Englishman, laughing; "I am for self and the gratification of my friends—you would put a dollar into the purse of some one of your clever countrymen."

"I can't make it out, sirs," remarked the old hunter, who had been intently regarding the object in question, "but I think it is some poor traveller with the skin of a beast wrapped round him." The increasing light confirmed the hunter's opinion, and the peasants were sent to assist the weary, way-worn traveller to the cabin.

If an enterprising Yankee had been present it would not have been a bad investment to secure the body, provided that the *spirit* could have been understood, as the *prosopopeia* of Truth would have been a novel sight in this enlightened era. And a John Bull could not have procured a rarer specimen for his collection than the poor wayfarer, who only excited his pity and commiseration.

The wanderer, as the reader has already surmised, was Truth. His unmapped way had led him among the frozen Alps, and, suffering from exposure, and exhausted by privation, he was near ending his earthly pilgrimage, and rendering his "spirit back to HIM who gave it." Weak,

feeble, and speechless, the peasants raised him carefully up and bore him to the cabin. The "march of improvement" had not destroyed the promptings of humanity, and each individual present contributed his active exertions to revive the benumbed and fainting traveller.

His dress having been bestowed in pieces, according to the will and necessity of the benevolent individuals among whom his wanderings had led him, could now hardly be called fragmentary memorials of our first parents' disobedience. His outer and most conspicuous garment, indeed, the only one which possessed any warmth, was a fur coat of curious shape and fashion, his only memento of the kindness which greeted him on his arrival in the Mysterious Valley.

The storm which the old hunter had predicted, commenced before their anxiety for Truth had ceased.

"Well, we must give up our intention of visiting the regions of perpetual snow," said the American, as he stepped from the cabin to gaze at the snow and clouds contending far above them. "At least, I must, as I have an engagement in London on the fifteenth."

"I will accompany you," rejoined the Englishman. "I was *en route* for London when we met."

The chilliness of the atmosphere making their longer stay in the air uncomfortable, they returned to the cabin.

"It is so late now," continued the Englishman as they entered the cabin, "we had not better leave here before morning. In the meanwhile we may be able to discover who this exhausted traveller is—with all his destitution there is the appearance of the gentleman about him, and I am disposed to think he is some noble refugee."

"Perhaps so," rejoined the American in a tone of indifference.

Their entrance awoke Truth, and he looked up with a pleased smile, which was quickly tempered by a shade of sadness; but he addressed and thanked them for their services in his own simple earnest language, wherein even the tones bespoke a grateful spirit.

"I don't understand him," said the American—"who is he?"

"His language is Polish," returned the Englishman, "but he does not resemble that nation. I will address him in French," for he could not rid himself of the fancy that Truth was a refugee. He, therefore, addressed him in that language, and his suspicion was confirmed by the purity of accent with which Truth spoke the same language.

"I was sure I was correct," he continued, triumphantly, speaking to the American in English.

"That humanity, which relieves the suffering and protects the defenceless, is always correct," replied Truth in his patron's vernacular, and with that accuracy of idiom which is so difficult for a Frenchman to catch in the English language.

"More likely a professor of languages from some German college, absconded or dismissed," remarked the American, laughing. For it must be confessed that there was a tone of refined urbanity and dignified breeding in Truth's manner which one of his companions felt, and which was not quite as vivid to the perception of the other. The one judged of a gentleman by his breeding, taking for the basis of his theory that good blood beget good manners, and *vice versa*, that vulgar blood must of necessity beget a vulgar mien. The other was too wont to esteem well-fitted habiliments as the only outward badge of a gentleman; and an unfashion-

ble man, or one with a threadbare suit, a vulgarity; and yet they would have assured you that no one but an honorable man could be a gentleman. In the prejudice of their "early impressions," the one forgot that many most precious villains were as courteous and gentle as a Chesterfield, and could boast of a most ancient and honorable pedigree; and the other, that a thief, with the money he has stolen, could fit himself with the fixtures of a gentleman.

The remark which Truth had made in English, arose from his simplicity of comprehension of his friend's assertion that he was "correct." He inferred that his protector felt himself correct in offering his protection, and giving promise of safe conduct towards a more propitious land to a friendless stranger; and the interest which might have abated somewhat in the discovery that he spoke English as purely as French, was further awakened by his hesitation and apparent surprise at some political question propounded to him.

"Your secret is safe," said the Englishman, coming to his relief, and saving him from embarrassment of a reply; "we will not ask you to commit yourself in any manner; in the meanwhile any assistance which I can render you will be doing myself the greater favor."

Truth thanked him with deep feeling, but his simple dignity of manner and language was not mingled with the alloy of sycophancy, and this was still stronger confirmation to his patron that he was ministering to the wants of one with noble blood in his veins. The knowledge that the recipient of his bounty was undistinguished in earth, would not have made the proffered aid less prompt or free; but it is equally certain that such knowledge would have changed, in some degree, the manner of deferential respect and delicate consideration with which the noble Englishman treated him.

The next morning they returned to the town where they had left their luggage, accompanied by Truth, who immediately was fitted with those externals which were necessary to give him a seat at his benefactor's table. In arranging for their departure and preparing the necessary passports, Truth was asked what name should be inserted in his. He hesitated, for he did not fully comprehend what was desired; yet he had learned that names were but the designation of one person from another.

"As I have before told you," he at length replied, "I am a wanderer upon the face of the earth; and I have not been called otherwise than as the wanderer or stranger."

"Mr. Wanderer would hardly answer in these suspicious times," interrupted the American; "it would be considered but an *alias* for vagabond. In my country, every body who wants a name other than the one his father gave him, calls himself Smith—John Smith."

"Clever," rejoined the Englishman. "Smith sounds as though it emigrated from the United States, and your presence will also lead to the presumption that our friend is an American. If you do not object, sir," he continued, addressing Truth, "I will so arrange it."

Truth did not object, if a name was necessary to designate him, and he supposed it but one of the inductions to his earthly career; therefore, if "every body called themselves Smith," (as he was assured,) then that was a proper name for him. And his ignorance of earth, combined with his perfect simplicity, prevented him from being aware what a perspective of trials and sorrows was added to his life by the thoughtlessness, or per-

chance *present* carefulness of his sponsors. But few, even when they have an opportunity, exercise aught of taste or fitness in their choice of names. John Smith was a good name, but it was too plebeian for the aristocratic atmosphere to which Truth was soon to be inducted, and I more than suspect that there never was a *John Smith* who did not regret that the *two* names were put together as his appellation. Again, there should be some consideration in regard to fitness. To hear a little dirty saucy news-boy called Napoleon, Washington, Thomas Jefferson, or Lafayette sounds outrageous; and to hear a dignified, sedate, and grave gentleman familiarly nicknamed as Harry, Tom, or Jack, is as much out of place. A modest, timid, gentle, serious girl should never be named Kate; and to hear a merry romp, full of fun and mischief, called Mary, will sound like the discordant jarrings of a triangle to one with fine perceptions of "sounds and sense."

But to return from our digression. The travellers' passports were obtained, and they proceeded on their journey. Truth, with a spirit of grateful thanksgiving, acknowledged the care and protection of his heavenly FATHER, whose "tender mercies regarded all his works," and whose watchful providence thus provided for his earthly wants, and solaced the sufferings of His wandering child. In due time they arrived in London, where they bade adieu to their American friend; and shortly after his right honorable patron welcomed to his own magnificent home, and introduced to his noble family the humble "Mr. Smith."

LETTERS FROM SUSAN.

LETTER FOURTH.

DEAR MARY: You say that you wish to come to Lowell, and that some others of my old acquaintance wish to come, if I think it advisable; and, as I have but a few moments to write, I will devote all my letter to this subject.

There are girls here for every reason, and for no reason at all. I will speak to you of my acquaintances in the family here. One, who sits at my right hand at table, is in the factory because she hates her mother-in-law. She has a kind father, and an otherwise excellent home, but, as she and her mama agree about as well as cat and mouse, she has come to the factory. The one next her has a wealthy father, but, like many of our country farmers, he is very penurious, and he wishes his daughters to maintain themselves. The next is here because there is no better place for her, unless it is a Shaker settlement. The next has a "well-off" mother, but she is a very pious woman, and will not buy her daughter so many pretty gowns and collars and ribbons and other etceteras of "Vanity Fair" as she likes; so she concluded to "help herself." The next is here because her parents and family are wicked infidels, and she cannot be allowed to enjoy the privileges of religion at home. The next is here because she must labor somewhere, and she has been ill treated in so many

families that she has a horror of domestic service. The next has left a good home because her lover, who has gone on a whaling voyage, wishes to be married when he returns, and she would like more money than her father will give her. The next is here because her home is in a lonesome country village, and she cannot bear to remain where it is so dull. The next is here because her parents are poor, and she wishes to acquire the means to educate herself. The next is here because her beau came, and she did not like to trust him alone among so many pretty girls. And so I might go on and give you the variety of reasons, but this is enough for the present.

I cannot advise you to come. You must act according to your own judgment. Your only reasons are a desire to see a new place, a city, and to be with me. You have now an excellent home, but, dear M., it may not seem the same to you after you have been here a year or two—for it is not advisable to come and learn a new occupation unless you can stay as long as that. The reasons are that you may become unaccustomed to your present routine of home duties, and lose your relish for them, and also for the very quiet pleasures of our little village. Many, who are dissatisfied here, have also acquired a dissatisfaction for their homes, so that they cannot be contented any where, and wish they had never seen Lowell.

But tell Hester that I advise her to come. She has always lived among relatives who have treated her as a slave, and yet they would not allow her to go away and be a slave in any other family. I think I can make her happier here, and I see no better way for her to do than to break all those ties at once, by leaving her cheerless drudgery and entering the mill.

I don't know what to say to Miriam, so many pleasant and unpleasant things are mingled in her lot now. There she lives with Widow Farrar, and every thing about them looks so nice and comfortable that people think she must be happy. The work is light, but every thing must be just as the old lady says, and she has strange vagaries at times. Miriam has to devote a great deal of time to her whims and fancies which is not spent in labor. Yet she would find it unpleasant to leave her nice large chamber, with its bureau and strip carpet and large closets, for the narrow accommodations of a factory boarding-house. And the fine great garden, in which she now takes so much pleasure, would be parted from with much sadness. But then her wages are so low that she says she can lay aside nothing and still dress herself suitably, for she is always expected to receive and help entertain the old lady's company. When the widow dies, Miriam will have nothing, unless she leaves her a legacy, which, on account of the many needy relatives, is not to be expected. So you had better tell her to make all arrangements for coming here, and then if the old lady will retain her by "raising her salary," tell her to stay with her.

As for Lydia I think she had better not come. I know how disagreeable her home is in many respects, but it is her home after all. She has to be up at four o'clock in the morning, and to be "on her feet," as she says, till nine o'clock at night, unless she sits down for an hour to patch the boys' clothes or keep her father's accounts. She has to be everybody's waiter, and says that all seem to think she was born for that occupation. Then she has no accommodations but a little crowded attic, which she shares with old Jenny and three or four little ones, and she has told me that she never knew what it was to have a dollar of her own to spend as she might like. Yet there she is an important personage in the family,

while here it would be quite different. She enjoys excellent health, and her varied employment appears to suit her. It might be very different here in that respect also. She has nothing of her own now, but she is sure of care and comforts in case of sickness, and necessities always. When her father dies, or when she marries, she will probably have something of *her own*. "But," you will reply, "her father may live as long as she will, and she may never marry." True; but tell her to consider all things, and, before she decides to leave home, to request her father to pay her a stated sum as wages. If he will give her a dollar a week I should advise her to stay with him and her mother. Here she would have as many of the comforts and accommodations of life as there, but perhaps no more. She could dress better here, but not better compared with others. That is something to consider.

Nancy wishes also to come, because her trade does not suit her. If she is losing her health by a sedentary employment, I certainly advise her to change it. I think she could do well here, and then she has a voice like a nightingale. It would gain for her notice and perhaps emolument.

But I have hardly room to say good-by. Yours, as ever, SUSAN.

STANZAS.

Thus said the prophet Jeremiah unto Hananiah the prophet, Hear me, Hananiah; the LORD hath not sent thee; but thou makest this people to trust in a lie. Therefore, thus saith the LORD, Behold I will cast thee off from the face of the earth; this year thou shalt die.—*Jeremiah xxviii. 15, 16.*

CALM and serene the prophet stood
Midst hosts assembled there,
And Israel heard the word of God
In silence, and in fear.

Then in their presence one arose,
And boasted he had power,
God's secret councils to disclose,
And bade them rest secure.

Steadfast the holy prophet stood
Before them in that hour,
Nor uttered a reviling word,
Nor boasted greater power.

But said, "The LORD perform the word
Which thou hast spoken here;
If such should be His gracious will,
It is my earnest prayer.

Yet hear the word He spoke to me,
His name I truly fear;
A message He hath sent to thee,
That thou shalt die this year.

For thou hast spoken in His name
Words which He gave not thee,
Before His people to proclaim,
And death thy doom shall be."

He heard the word of God in fear,
And to his home retired;
And ere the closing of the year
The false one had expired.

"Woe to the prophets," saith the Lord,
"Who peace and safety cry,
Who wickedly pervert My word
When sure destruction's nigh."

MARIA.

EDITORIAL.

MIND AMONGST THE SPINDLES.

"I have lived to mark
A new and unforeseen creation rise
From out the labors of a peaceful land."

Wordsworth.

From a friend in New York we have been favored with a copy of a recent London publication, entitled "MIND AMONGST THE SPINDLES. A selection from The Lowell Offering." It is the second of a series of cheap books designed for "Book-clubs for all readers." The work is intended as a stimulus to self-improvement among the English operatives, and an evidence to their employers that mind can exist, can progress and act "amongst the spindles." Very few among our own factory population know how much a book like this is needed there. "We are getting to be just like England," is a complaint frequently heard, and made upon such trivial occasions that it is very evident the complainants are little aware what it is to be "*just like England*." The miseries and privations of factory life there are portrayed, we hope exaggerated, by *Mrs. Trollope* in her "MICHAEL ARMSTRONG, the Factory Boy," and by *Charlotte Elizabeth* in her "HELEN FLEETWOOD," the factory girl. These books are well worthy of an extended notice in our pages, but we have no room for it. They are the productions of two very different minds, and a similar subject is treated by them in a very different manner, but the impression left upon the reader's mind, with regard to factory life in England, is the same. In Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for 1833 there is a powerfully written article upon THE FACTORY SYSTEM, to which we can refer with greater confidence than to any work of fiction. Could we make long extracts from this, our own operatives might form some idea of what it is to be "just like England." A few sentences must suffice.

"The lower orders—for godsake quarrel not with the word low, for they are as low as tyranny can tread them down—are in many places as much parts of machinery as are the spindles. Thousands are but cogs. The more delicate parts of machinery soonest wear out; and these are boys and girls. You can have no conception of the waste of infants. The weak wretches are soon worn out and flung away. True, they are not expensive. They are to be purchased from their parents at a low price. The truth is, they are too cheap. Their very bodies are worth more than they bring; and then there is one error in the calculation, which, great as it seems to us, has been seldom noticed—seldom has buyer or seller thought of inserting their souls."

"The following were the hours of labor imposed upon the children employed in a factory at Leeds the summer before last. On Monday morning, work commenced at six o'clock; at nine, half an hour for breakfast;" &c. &c. "till nine on Tuesday evening, when the labor terminated, 'and the party of adult and infant slaves' are dismissed for the night, after having toiled thirty-nine hours, with brief intervals (amounting only to six hours in the whole) for refreshment, but none for sleep. On Wednesday and Thursday *day-work only*. From Friday morning till Saturday night, the same labor repeated, but closed at five—to show that even such masters can be merciful."

"A factory child must be at her work—say at four o'clock of a snowy winter morning—else she will be cursed, fined, or strapped. . . . She gets drowsy and lies down on the floor to snatch some sleep. The overlooker espies her white

face upon her thin arm for a pillow—blue eyelids shut—pale lips apart; and, to cure that lazy trick dashes over her head, and neck, and breast, and body, a bucketful of water. Well may our legislator laugh at the recital, for all the imps there laugh louder than he at the reality, and it cannot be denied that the practical joke is of the first water."

"Nobody dreams, that in Britain labor can now be apportioned to men, women, and children, according to the laws of nature. We are in a most unnatural state."

"In 'the chosen land of freedom and independence,' men work from sunrise to sunset, thirteen hours all summer, and half an hour longer(?) all winter—and therefore it is right. Does he not see, that by his own statement they are steam-driven slaves? In Germany, the Netherlands, and France, they beat 'the routine in the land of freedom and equality' all to sticks."

"It is cruel to tell little boys and girls that they will be 'acclimated' to any thing; and then shut them up for fourteen or fifteen hours a-day in a sort of oven. Such treatment is more philosophical than Christian."

"What is a billy-roller? A billy-roller is a heavy rod, from two to three yards long, and of two inches diameter, with an iron pivot at each end. Its primary and proper object is to run on the top of the carding over the feeding cloth. Its secondary and improper function is to rap little children on the head, making their heads crack so that you may hear the blow at the distance of six or eight yards, in spite of the din and rolling of the machinery."

We here omit a passage too painful to quote.

"It is very difficult, he adds, to go into a mill in the latter part of the day—particularly winter, when the children are weary and sleepy—and not to hear some of them crying for being thus beaten. A young girl has had the end of a billy-roller jammed through her cheek; and a woman in Holmfirth was beaten to death. We have been taking another glance over the cruelties, as described by scores of witnesses, not a few of whom had been sufferers, but any detailed account of them would be sickening—so we refrain. Suffice it to say, that unless the witnesses be all liars of the first magnitude, the billy-roller is in active employment in many factories—that black-strap is at frequent work in them all—that cuffs from open and blows from clenched hands are plentiful as blackberries—that samples are shown of every species of shaking—and that there is no dearth of that beastly punishment, kicking. To be billy-rolled, or strapped, after perhaps having been bucketed for falling asleep, is bad to endure."

We know that many of our factory operatives, who have often complained that we are getting to be "just like England," will turn with horror from these particulars, and shudder at the thought of what it would be to be *just* like England, or rather *unjust*, like England. But it may be asked, "Are there not influences slowly at work which, in time, will strengthen the likeness between our factory system and that of England?" If there are, surely we have a sufficient number of antagonistic influences to counteract them. It is impossible, unless indeed our whole country assimilates itself to England in her darkest feature, which none of us *believe*.

But our reviewer continues, "There are evils necessarily inherent in the labor of factories. They will endure forever. No legislative enactments—no regulations, however wise and humane—will entirely remove them, while the beings working there breathe by lungs, and their blood circulates from their hearts. The atmosphere must be hot, and dusty, and polluted; and therefore does humanity demand for them who must inhale it a few more gulps of fresh air. Sickness and sorrow enough, and too much, will there be made under a Ten Hours' Bill, but many will then escape death, who now wither away out of a languid life, old-looking dwarfs though yet in their teens. The engine will, under any bill, clutch up boy or girl, and dash out their brains against the ceiling, or crush them into pancakes by pressure against the walls, or seem to be devouring them, as, in horrid entanglement, mutilated body and deformed limbs choke the steam-fed giant, till, for a few moments he coughs—rather than clanks—over his bloody meal, and threatens even all at once to stop, when away he goes again, free from all impediment, as if fresh oiled with that libation, and in scorn of his keeper, who, in consternation, has been shivering amidst the shrieks like the ghost of a paralytic."

These are not necessary evils—at least not to the extent which the writer imagines. Much can be done to ventilate the rooms and purify the atmosphere, and, by employing none but adults, who can take proper care of themselves, few accidents need occur from the machinery. But, when we think of what is so common there, that it has been looked upon as an inherent evil of the system, we

glad that our humble words have gone over the seas "to confound the wise and prudent." In the little volume before us there are sketches of factory life, which must contrast strangely with that of "the adult and infant slaves" there. And, if there had been no such pictures of American life, if there had been none but didactic or purely imaginative articles, those, of themselves, would have been sufficient indication of a different state of affairs here. No girl, who could write the conversation upon physiology, which closes the volume, would stay where she was liable to kicks, cuffs, and blows, or where others of her sex were. And, if it were possible for well-educated girls to be thus situated, all their talents and energies would be employed in calling for a reformation of the evils to which they were subjected. It may be asked, "Do the writers of the Offering allude to the evils peculiar to their lot? for such there must be unless they are favored above all other classes. There are but few evils peculiar to a factory life. We are confined, but a life of seclusion is the lot of most New England females. We have but few amusements, but "all work and no play" is the motto of this section of the Union. We breathe a close atmosphere, but ventilation is not generally better attended to elsewhere than in the mills. We are better and more regularly paid than most other female operatives. Our factory life is not often our all of life—it is but an episode in the grand drama, and one which often has its attractions as well as its repulsions. The great evil is the lengthened hours of labor. In this respect we are "just like England." But we are cheered and invigorated by hopes of better times, and also by the sustaining power of "*mind amongst the spindles.*"

Miss Martineau says, in a letter to the editor of this book, "In Waltham, I had an opportunity of observing the invigorating effects of *MIND* in a life of labor. Twice the wages and half the toil would not have made the girls I saw happy and healthy, without that cultivation of mind which afforded them perpetual support, entertainment, and motive for activity. They were not highly educated, but they had pleasure in books and lectures, in correspondence with home; and had their minds so open to fresh ideas, as to be drawn off from thoughts of themselves and their own concerns."

The editor has for us a graceful compliment, and some excellent advice. He says: "We have read what they have written with a deep interest. They have all afforded us much pleasure. May the love of letters which they enjoy, and the power of composition which they have attained, shed their charms over their domestic life, when their days of mill service are ended. May their epistles to their friends be as full of truthfulness and good feeling as their contributions to 'The Lowell Offering.' May the success of this their remarkable attempt at literary composition not lead them to dream too much of the proud distinctions of authorship—uncertain prizes, won, if won at all, by many a weary struggle and bitter disappointment." We would gladly extract more from this finely written introduction, but must forbear.

Mr. Knight concludes by a generous offer to transmit to this country a portion of the profits of the work. The former editor of the Offering, to whose care he would consign it, is not now a citizen of Lowell. And we believe that we can confidently speak for all the "*mind amongst the spindles*" here if we decline the proffered boon, and request the gentleman to dedicate that which was destined to "the advance of intellectual improvement" among us, to the relief of physical suffering in England. We do this with feelings of deepest gratitude for the honor already done us, and the good intended. But the little compilation he has sent us is of itself a stimulant and reward, and encourages us to say that the next and closing number of this volume shall not be the last exhibition of "*mind amongst the spindles.*"

H. F.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, March —, 1844.

Miss Farley: Having recovered from the effects of imtemperate mirth, as before hinted at, I will try to give you an inkling of "the how" we manage to spend our time. Like all true Yankees we keep an eye on the main chance, looking, as somebody has it, two ways for Sunday. (It's hard to tell when Sunday comes even then, unless we consult an almanac, as the cry of the news-boy, milk-man, etc., is full as loud under our window on this as any other day. New England ears are often shocked at the desecration of the Sabbath— But I will leave preaching to the profession.)

Through the politeness of Lowell friends I was furnished with quite a list of letters of introduction—or "billets for soup," as the prince of dandies has it—all of which I have duly presented. Unfortunately, however, the more prominent persons are quite ill, which prevents my availing myself of their kind offices and influence. This I much regret, as doubtless it will affect my list and consequent success. However, a friend of my father's from Springfield is here, and will cast in his mite, and maybe, like the poor widow's, it will be worth more than all the rest. I have visited the museums, attended a festival at Niblo's, listened to the wise "saws" of an "Egyptian queen" (or in plain English, been gulled by a gipsy), walked on the battery, gazed my fill at parks, fountains, mountains, etc., and shall be ready at a moment's warning to bid farewell to the Gothamites.

There are three distinct phases in the circle of aristocrats, all of which go to constitute "the aristocracy." The more prominent, and by far the "more observed of observers," are the gentlemen pigs. I have heard of their social habits, plans of association, promenades, and so on, but now mine eyes have seen, and ears heard, far more than tongue can tell. A New York porker is a gentleman, and no mistake. He can march up Broadway as gracefully, escort the ladies as gallantly keep the right of the walk as thoughtfully, as any knight of the pave. Then they have concerts; also favor us with serenades, making night hideous. I believe it is customary, when an owner misses his pig, to advertise as "accustomed to walk such and such streets" thus: "Missing. A spotted pig (not striped)—usually feeds in Broom street, or from Broom street to the Bowery. Whoever will return, the same to the accustomed haunt shall be duly rewarded."

You know my character for wit was never above par. Well I sold a bit of that same article the other day for two dollars, which is more than I would give for my whole stock. I fear if I try to explain the matter the joke will be lost in the telling—so I will keep it for an oral communication. Harriot laughs frequently at my "greenness," but I tell her blackberries are *red* when they are green. I play off jokes on myself quite frequently; that is to say, I have been so accustomed to thinking people in general tell the truth, that I often get my wisdom teeth cut for me. A few instances are in store, which I dare say she will work up in her next "Kate;" if she does not they will *keep* for all my telling them.

I find people almost everywhere disposed to doubt the assertion that the Offering is a *bona fide* factory production. I frequently offer myself as a fair specimen of "Lowell quality," but all the while conscience accuses me of being but a libel. As you very well know, I cannot shake a goosequill in comparison with most of your contributors. By the way, I received a letter the other day from one of your Offering poetesses, who is a real live factory girl, which I took the liberty of showing to sundry persons who were disputing their ability to write even an *ordinary* letter. Like all her productions it was replete with sense, and no small degree of the beautiful. I have an idea of depositing it in some museum, duly labelled, as a permanent witness in favor of "animals who congregate in Lowell menageries." How strange it is that people of sense will confine common sense and education to particular spheres and positions, as though employment in a manufacturing establishment necessarily detracts from moral worth. As public opinion is, a man may stand behind a counter and sell tape by the cent's worth, and be very politely termed esquire, while a woman who chances to need so common-place an affair as bread and butter, and who by circumstances beyond her control is obliged to earn the same, is considered but little better than a slave, because forsooth she assists in the manufacture of fabrics the esquire so daintily handles. I am sick of hearing people talk of position in society, difference of employment, and so on. If our kind lords of creation will devise some other way by which a friendless, homeless orphan may earn her bread, as earn it she must before she eats, we will then most cordially join in reprobating an employment which tasks body and soul. Till then, for one I claim to be the handiwork of the same Creator, as near akin as they not only to earth but heaven.

A woman's lot is hard at the best. If she be not born to a fortune, wages and customs are such that she cannot possibly attain even a comfortable maintenance, much less a competence, save by the fortunate commission of matrimony. A poor alternative at the best. As the relatives of the rich are ready to brand her as mercenary, simply because she treads the only road left open for the acquisition of life's luxuries. But all this you have heard thousands of times.

It is a threadbare fabric I send this time—take it though, and hope for "better luck next time." With assurances of regard I remain, &c. A. G.

PHILADELPHIA, March —, 1844.

Miss Farley: My last very, very intelligent letter I dare say you have received. This hails from the city of brotherly love—where I find myself rather unexpectedly. After writing you from New York I concluded to leave that field for Harriot. She opened the campaign, and I am perfectly willing she should occupy the ground. She is of opinion that much more can be done there than elsewhere, which will be determined in time. All the honors, as well as profits, I think she ought to enjoy. Why, woman! a dollar is a dollar in New York, and no mistake. "And he is wise who wins"—though I am of opinion H. will win if any one can.

A Mr. S., of New York, furnished me with a list of names; also, letters of introduction to persons of standing in this city. My letters I have sent, and will duly inform you of results.

Let me give you a sketch of the route through from New York, as the opportunity to do so *per voce* may not soon occur. I left New York at 9 A. M. on Tuesday. A ferry plies between the city and the Jersey shore, when we take cars. A crowd were already there, when I took my seat. Like the woman in an "ower true tale," I began to count my baggage thus: "Great trunk, little trunk, band-box, and bundle," lest an item in the list should be forgotten, but invariably stopped at the "great trunk," as that contained the extent of my worldly possessions. An English family took seats in the same car, with what I should call an unusual proportion of bird cages. I fancied all sorts of reasons why they should thus encumber themselves, but finally concluded they knew best. (A wise conclusion, say you?)

A trifling scene occurred on board. "Somebody picked somebody's pocket"—the which or who, I could not ascertain. A few words passed on the occasion, the purport of which I did not understand; and that is all the information I can possibly give in relation to the matter. There was a "breakdown" of the engine, which detained us in the woods an hour or two. It is common, I believe, for repairs to be made *en route*, as all needful tools were at hand. No wonder though, that accidents frequently occur, for of all miserable roads I believe this is the worst. A constant rolling and shaking. I felt on arriving at P. as though food and I had not met for a fortnight. We passed through Trenton, Princeton, Bordentown, Elizabethtown, and sundry other towns whose names I have forgotten. The face of the country is quite novel to a New England eye. In many instances it is level as far as the eye can reach. Soil quite sandy, of a reddish cast, which fact will, I presume, account for the taste of the people generally. I think I shall henceforth associate red houses and New Jersey in my mind, as almost every dwelling is famously red, at the ends, white in front, with *green doors*. No more fitting place for the green, I fancy, as variety is said to be charming. We arrived at Camden about four o'clock, P. M. It rained most of the day, which precluded particular observation of either men or things, and consequently my impressions are rather vacant.

The next day after my arrival, I visited the Fairmont Water Works, escorted by the very gentlemanly R. F. W., Esq. The works are fine, and are justly a matter of pride to Philadelphians. The New Yorkers talk of "Croton," and are so lavish of the luxury of cold water that they must needs keep their streets fairly flooded; while here, if you wish to see aught of it, you must visit head quarters. The water is taken from the Schuylkill—ejected to the height of one hundred and two feet above the river bed. The "works," I believe, cover about six acres. The basin is cut from a rock hill, which is, I believe, the only elevation near to, or rather within the limits of the city proper. A suspension bridge crosses the Schuylkill here, the most perfect specimen, I am told, of the kind. It looks too fragile to support large weights, but I shall venture to cross it nevertheless. I also, by the kindness of Mr. W., visited the "Franklin Library." This, as you know, is an *almost sacred* place. May the generous spirit which animated its founder, possess its directors through all coming time.

But I must close. My next, and probably last, will give you all the details of "life in the city of brotherly love" up to the moment of being homebound. Till then, adieu.

A. G. A.

THE LOWELL OFFERING.

OCTOBER, 1844.

TRUTH'S PILGRIMAGE.

CONTINUED.

THE gentle and graceful dignity of manner, the refined elevation of sentiment, the frank sincerity, the winning simplicity, the undeviating justice in all things, the kindness of heart, the deep reverence for the CREATOR, the love of mankind, the remembrance of all duties however trifling, combined with that perfect charity which "hopeth all things, and seeketh not her own," won for our lone stranger the profound respect and ardent interest of all who associated with him.

His ready command of every language, and his intelligence in all knowledge, save that connected with historical incidents, excited both surprise and admiration. And his ignorance of history was attributed to policy for the more effectual concealment of his interest in present events, that accident might never betray his secret. Thus by his own imagination his patron was self-deceived; and this concatenation of facts and fancy the more confirmed his first impressions as to the quality of his guest. And deeming it beneath the birth of the illustrious stranger, he objected to Truth's self-elected appointment of tutor to his fair daughters. But as Truth insisted that it was a pleasure to direct their studies, the question was not further discussed, and they were allowed to profit by his instruction.

Long and pleasant was our wanderer's stay in that noble and amiable family; and as it is human nature to assimilate to those with whom we associate upon terms of intimacy, the protector, perchance, was more benefited than the *protege*. The one found repose from physical suffering and an area for action where by example he could effect something towards his mission on earth. The other unwittingly became the recipient of pure and noble precepts, which taught reverence for the DEITY, and active love for mankind. And these truths, inculcated without the disheartening display of affected superior sanctity, and by one not "set apart by the world to minister those things which give life," and enforced by constant practice, fell "as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion, where the LORD commanded the blessing, even life forevermore."

Time passed; and an accidental occurrence awoke Truth from a dream in earth, but a reality in Heaven. That sympathy which dignifies human nature, and is the being of divine existence—which in earth concentrates upon one, but in Heaven is felt by all for all—which is the essence of a

noble soul, and the necessity of a selfish one—which is awakened sooner and thrills with more fervent ardor in the “pure in heart,” and in them is unshackled by the selfishness which detracts from its intensity in the hearts of the less pure and exalted, had awakened in Truth’s bosom and concentrated upon one of his fair pupils. He had long been aware that the influences by which he was surrounded breathed something of the bliss of the celestial sphere; but in the simplicity of his nature, and in his ignorance of the peculiarities of an earthly passion, he had not understood that humanity entailed pain even in emotions heavenly. The restlessness caused by a deprivation of the presence of the loved object, he could comprehend; but if he could be by her side, hear the music of her voice, and gaze into her soul-speaking eyes, he could not realize any thing of pain or pleasure connected with the beloved beyond.

But this state of things could not remain unnoticed, or uncanvassed in duenna England. His patron, naturally generous, and the more elevated in his sentiments by his association with Truth, waited for the avowal and solicitation of his consent, for he was assured by the nobleness of his guest’s character, that he would not seek his daughter’s affections unless sanctioned by her parent’s approval. The considerations of wealth he was willing to waive, if upon the acknowledgment of the real name of his guest he found that in birth he was a fitting match for his high-born daughter. He waited anxiously for Truth to broach the subject and avow his birth and rank, but time brought no change, and his duty as a father compelled him to forget his delicacy and ask our wanderer in plain terms his intentions.

“My intentions!” repeated Truth, in amazement; and he fell into a reverie. And then continued as if but thinking aloud: “My mission on earth is to promote the good of mankind. As an unknown wanderer it has been void. Has my FATHER conducted me here that I may connect myself with his earthly children, and from this centre irradiate the truths I would promulgate? Does earth contain emotions so near allied to Heaven’s own bliss? My FATHER! the praise be THINE!” And he bowed in silent adoration. After this silent communing, he turned to his patron: “If,” said he, “your daughter feels that deep sympathy for me which I am now aware that I do for her, it is proper, according to the customs of earth, that we marry. As it is my better nature to love all the beings whom my heavenly FATHER has created, I did not realize the deeper feeling which has arisen in my heart toward her—now I comprehend it. You are aware that I am without wealth and possessions—dependent upon your bounty; and as I have not learned how men gain money, I shall be obliged to remain so.”

“My daughter’s fortune is independent,” rejoined the Englishman, “and whatever settlements I might justly claim and anticipate from her husband I shall not consider, if a union with you is necessary for her happiness. But—but—you do not forget that I am ignorant of your birth and real name. As you have shown yourself,” he continued, hurriedly, “both noble and honorable, I do not doubt but that your blood is as pure as your sentiments and manners are correct and gentlemanly; yet I must know of your connexions and birth before I can consent to your union with Clarence.”

“My name!” repeated Truth, in astonishment. “My blood and connexions! I do not comprehend. I have another name, but it is not for

earth ; and the present one received your approbation when your friend suggested it."

"Certainly," rejoined the nobleman, "none could have been better under those circumstances. But you must know, without my saying it, that an obscure Mr. Smith would not be a fitting husband for the Lady Clarence B——. Wealth I do not insist upon ; but birth is indispensable. There is not in England purer blood than runs in our veins, and it never has been crossed with a commoner."

"What my blood and birth has to do with the question we were discussing I do not well see," replied Truth ; "but I believe my blood is as good and pure as any person's. Temperance, sobriety, cleanliness, regular hours and simple diet do not engender diseases of the body, and that I practice all of these requirements of health, you are already aware ; and as for my name, if you did not give it you certainly approved of it, and I know no cause why it is not as good now as then. It may not be as euphonious as some—"

"Mr. Smith, (if I still am to call you so,)" interrupted the irritated nobleman, "this is not a subject for you to be facetious upon ; I am serious, and have desired to be very generous with you in consideration of your unparalleled worth ; but an unknown adventurer, with a name only of convenience, cannot unite with my family." Then noticing the expression of pain which rested upon Truth's countenance, he continued : "I repeat, I desire to be generous and open with you and waive every consideration where imperative duty to my posterity does not interfere. There is so much modern nobility that almost every family in the kingdom has become mixed with the plebeian extraction ; and the few who are left owe it to themselves and their country not to permit the members of their own families to degenerate with base blood. I have inherited an escutcheon without a stain, and it shall descend as pure from me to my descendants. My ancestors were second to none but William himself, when he entered England."

"William who?" asked Truth, puzzled to know whether his patron was in a fever raving, or whether he meant this *tirade* as serious.

"William the Conqueror!" responded the nobleman, in a sharp tone, for he was beginning to lose his patience with poor unsophisticated Truth for what he deemed his irreverent trifling.

"That was the name of the great robber whose history I was reading but a short time since," said Truth, with all simplicity.

"Sir, I need not suggest to you that we hardly make robber and conqueror synonymous terms," interrupted the nobleman, proudly.

"And yet," rejoined Truth, mildly, "William the Norman conquered the Saxons, and took possession of their homes and lands by force, and that constitutes robbery, for neither he nor his followers had any claims, save those which were founded upon their superior prowess ; and surely you will not contend that strength is justice?"

"But in that half-civilized era, superior strength and skill in arms constituted the only tribunal of appeal," returned the nobleman, half apologetical.

"But I thought you referred to your ancestors as a matter of pride?" persisted Truth.

"I did, sir," rejoined the nobleman, haughtily, "and if you cannot understand that pride which an ancient and noble lineage may give to birth, our conference is at an end, and I need not add more."

"Your remarks are enigmatical," replied Truth. "I do not comprehend what honor or excellence you may arrogate in tracing your ancestry through successive wrong, sin and oppression to a brave robber; but if you desire a corresponding lineage in me to entitle me to unite with your family, I have none to show. My ties in earth are sympathy with mankind, and a desire to advance their rational happiness. No descent, however illustrious, can ennoble me; and no one, however humble, but has a brother's claims upon me as long as he remains 'pure in spirit.'"

"And I have no sympathy with your ultra radicalism," rejoined the nobleman; "and from what has been said, it is scarce necessary for me to add that you must not see Clarence again, and that we part."

"Not see Clarence again!" exclaimed Truth in a tone of deepest agony, unmindful of the presence of her father. "Not see Clarence again! nor hold communion with her pure spirit! Earth, indeed, is the abode of wretchedness and wo created by falsehood and injustice! The body, which 'is of dust and returns to dust again,' men have made *the* man, and have forgotten the immortal emanation from JEHOVAH. Are THY creatures so perverted?" he continued, addressing the God of the living. "FATHER, forgive them, for they know not how they pervert THY gift of life;" and he turned and sought his own apartments. "Not see Clarence again!" was the suffering thought that struggled in his bosom. "Oh, earth!" he exclaimed, as his eye caught his form reflected in a mirror, "canst thou separate and bind spirits? Art thou but the fetters and prison-house of the soul's longings and aspirations? keeping it from the embrace of its kindred thought and feeling. Yet," he continued in the language which one of the gifted daughters of England has since wove into the poesy of her song—

" 'Tis well—for earth were too like Heaven,
If length of life to love were given."

And then as faith pointed heavenward he rose triumphant. And as the poet has often caught the spirit of his inspiration, one of America's sons has since written the closing words of the song of hope which then rose from his lips.

"I shall pass away,
And in the light of heaven shake off this cumbrous load of clay,
And meet the lost, the loved of earth, and meet each kindred breast
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

And did the Lady Clarence grieve for the spirit which from childhood had been her monitor, tutor and companion? Perchance so; but the Lady Clarence was a daughter of earth, and it is their task, after the first dream of youth, to learn to suffer, to become callous, cold, to forget, or die. Either were a sad fate for one so good, beautiful and true; but the Lady Clarence, with all the noble blood in her veins, was not exempt from the common fate of woman; and she lived in an era when the seeming was more prominent than the true—when, although Truth was in earth, yet his example and admonitions were futile beside the giants of prejudice and hollow fashion.

"And whither shall I go?" was the inquiry which suggested itself to Truth when his thoughts turned from the present to contemplate the future. He had now learned much of the history of earth, but he judged of facts not through the false medium which dimmed man's vision; and his im-

pressions were equally at fault with the professed good and the boasted wrong of mankind. To him a conqueror of possessions not his own was a robber—a patriot, a lover of his country—and a philanthropist, a lover of his kind. And his thoughts turned to that land where “all men” had been declared “born free and equal,” and each recognized in the fact of his manhood—where civil and religious liberty was guaranteed all the inhabitants, and where love of God, *truth* and justice had thrown off the trammels and claims which made the mass only the purveyors of ease to the few. To America, where liberty overshadowed her chosen people, Truth turned his wandering gaze. God help him! He understood the spirit and declarations of the institutions, but he had yet to learn that even there men administered and regulated its government, laws and social intercourse as they “*understood it*,” without much regard to the primeval spirit of their declarations. That there, also, inherited prejudices and cultivated selfishness were the continued sources of wrong, oppression and suffering. God help him! But we will not anticipate his trials.

His patron was too generous and noble to allow him to depart as destitute as he found him, and as he had learned Truth’s intention of going to America, he sent and engaged his passage and provided bountifully the many necessities which he was aware from the simplicity of his *protege*, would be unprovided. And as he bade him adieu, he presented him with several letters of introduction and recommendation to his transatlantic friends and acquaintances, and also a valuable note upon the Bank of England for his future assistance. Truth received the letters and gave his assurance of their speedy delivery after his arrival, as if his patron was the person to be obliged.

“What is this?” he inquired, intently regarding the note which he held in his hand.

“A token of my gratitude for your many valuable services, and a small provision for your future necessities,” answered his patron.

“You mistake, sir,” rejoined Truth; “the Bank of England does not owe me any thing;” and he placed the note upon the table, and departed.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! there’s music in the word;
It hath a lulling tone;
No dissonance is ever heard
Where Friendship dwells alone;
But sweet seraphic harmony
Is heard in every strain and key.

’Tis Friendship cheers the blazing hearth
Where kindred bosoms meet;
It adds a zest to social mirth,
And makes communion sweet.
’Tis Friendship bids the tear-drop start
From its deep fount when friends depart.

Parent it is of righteous deeds
 From Virtue's altar warm;
 The hungry, aching soul it feeds,
 And clothes the naked form,
 Where'er the sufferer's wail is heard,
 Sweet Friendship speaks a soothing word.

When, from the paths of Wealth or Fame,
 Our wayward fortune turns,
 This antidote for every pain
 Like holy incense burns;
 Upon Affection's kindling shrine
 A vestal flame and all benign.

Even love, that burns intensely bright,
 "Immaculate divine,"
 Shines with more pure and lasting light
 When kindled at its shrine.
 Misfortune Love would ne'er survive,
 Did Friendship keep it not alive.

There are on earth, we fondly think,
 Scenes with enjoyment rife,
 Where the unsated soul may drink
 The generous wine of life.
 This nectar Friendship's hand doth bring
 In golden bowls from Virtue's spring.

Dear friend, whose many virtues gem
 The blooming May of youth,
 Oh! wear thou Friendship's diadem,
 The signature of Truth:
 And never recklessly design
 To pluck a gem from Friendship's shrine.

M. R. G.

A SKETCH.

WHAT poet has not sung of Italia's sunny skies, or feasted upon visions of her glorious beauty? Or who, that has a living soul, has not found some conceptions, however faint they may be, of her deep blue heaven, her silver streams, her maidens, her vineyards, her music? Italy! that land where cluster the thrilling inspirations of olden time; that land, guarded by the shade of the wise and brave, whose soil is hallowed by the breathings of poesy, and embalmed by a spirit of living beauty! Hail! far-famed Italy!

Thus soliloquized Mr. Irwin, an American gentleman, as he landed in Venice, that city of magnificence and grandeur. Weary of a spot where the tenderest ties of life were left bleeding, and where he had consigned a beloved wife and infant to the cold grasp of the destroyer, he bade it farewell for a season, to regain, in a blander clime, health, cheerfulness, and vigor. With him came a bright being, who was now the star of his existence, his only earthly idol, his Mary. Partly for her sake it was, that he had sought a foreign shore, in order that the unfolding powers of her mind might have full scope for exercise in the varied succession of

new objects, and her enthusiastic love for the lofty and beautiful be gratified. Possessing much of her father's originality of mind, his lofty spirit, depth of thought, and grandeur of conception, she yet mingled with these the deep-toned pensiveness, at times approaching to melancholy, which gave an added sweetness to her sunny smile, and beamed in a ray of more liquid light from her full dark eye. Hers was a spirit which might mingle with the gross and error-stained of earth, and yet remain unsullied; for with them it had no affinity. Endowed with a character so nearly resembling her father's, tempered with such pensive sweetness, it is not strange that on her should be lavished his warmest affection; nor that she should as ardently, and truly return them. It was not strange, I said, that she should thus return them, for, though many who knew her not might deem her proud, and void of that depth of feeling which is life's brightest sunshine, her heart was keenly alive to love and sympathy. Naturally extremely delicate and sensitive, she shrunk from having her feelings scanned by the curious and penetrating, with whom she might chance to come in contact, until gradually there gathered around her an air of coldness and reserve, mingled with something like haughtiness, which served to keep at a distance minds of lower stamp and feeling, so that she moved among them in her queenly pride—*among them*, but not *of them*.

The deep heavings of her spirit's tide were concealed from the noisy world around, and none but the OMNISCIENT might fathom its depths. She felt that in her bosom vibrated chords which awakened no echoing sound in other hearts—that there slept sealed fountains that must slumber for aye, and treasures that must ever be hidden, for lack of some kindred spirit to call them forth, to mingle with theirs. And thus it was, that, in her loneliness of spirit, she would turn aside and commune with Nature's own mysterious self, and drink, from the light of the holy stars on high, a balm to tranquilize her throbbing spirit. To her all nature was one vast page, traced with characters of living beauty, and radiant with light and loveliness. Whichever way she turned, whether to Nature in her gentler features, or in her wilder moods, all was beautiful; she loved it all. The fresh breath of the morning, which scarcely ruffled the dew-drop on the cheek of the rose, was to her inspiration; and evening's misty mantle brooded over her spirit, like some good angel, bidding it stretch the wing of daring thought, and soar beyond heaven's wide concave, to those fair realms where blight and sorrow never come. And by the ocean—the dark blue ocean, when the tempest lashed it into fury, and the white foam dashed madly on the shore, there she felt at home—there she loved to dwell.

With tastes and feelings such as these, it may be imagined with what ardent enthusiasm she first beheld the Italian shores, stretching far away in the blue distance: it was to her a new world; and when, soon after their arrival, her father selected a lovely spot in the valley of the Arno for their temporary residence, Mary deemed that nothing was wanting to complete her happiness. Her mornings were devoted to study, or spent in reading to her father, whose delight it was to watch her expanding faculties, and to lend his aid in their development. They often repaired to a sylvan bower, standing on the margin of a glassy lake, where they spent hours in the study of classic lore. To this spot Mary would often repair with her lute, when the gray shades of evening stole over the water which bore on its bosom the moon's lovely image, and when imbued with the softness of the scene, she would pour forth a strain of melting music,

which stole across the lake like an echo from fairy-land. At such times the poet's gift was hers, and she would pour forth, in words that burned, thoughts and feelings which had long lain deeply buried in her heart, and which naught but song might embody. Oh, the spiritual happiness of those hours!

Mary was in the midst of gay and fashionable society, with which she was often called to mingle, but it possessed few charms for her: happier, far happier, was she in her bower by moonlight, communing with her own heart, than when mingling with the thoughtless crowd that thronged the halls of fashion. Their heartless formality and trifling was as a fetter to her young spirit—she longed to be free. Yet, among those whom Mr. Irwin's taste and genius had drawn around him, and who often sought his residence, and met around his board, Mary found occasionally kindred spirits with whom she loved to mingle, whose tastes and feelings were like her own. And at the social dinner hour, when men of letters and talent often met around Mr. Irwin's table, he felt proud that Mary was the soul of the circle, that her wit and vivacity formed its chief attraction.

"Mary," said her father, as they stood one evening on the margin of the lake, "it is fortunate you did not join the pleasure party of to-morrow, as your remaining at home gives you an opportunity of seeing a young English artist, who, in his tour through Italy and the south of France, spends a few days in our vicinity to sketch the ruins of that ancient chateau on the right bank of the river. His splendid talents procure for him a welcome reception wherever he goes. As a poet, his fame has already extended across the Atlantic, and his paintings, which have gained for him a high rank in that art, prove that his is a soul of no mean capacity."

"Really, my dear father," replied the laughing girl, scattering around her the fragments of a rose, as she spoke, which she had been busily employed in picking to pieces, "you have excited in me quite a curiosity to see this rising luminary of the literary firmament. When shall it be gratified?"

"To-morrow," was the reply, "should his health permit. He has recently been suffering from a severe affection of the lungs, occasioned by his exposure on the passage. Being in imminent danger while crossing the channel, his gallant exertions to save his fellow-passengers had nearly consigned him to a watery grave. But, see! the silver-browed moon, shrouding itself behind those sable clouds in the west, proclaims the hour of repose. Good night, my love, and may He, who never slumbereth nor sleepeth, guard you ever."

Thus saying, and imprinting a kiss on her marble brow, he left her. While Mary, after giving one more look at the lovely scene before her, and a passing thought to the young artist who had been the subject of their conversation, retired to her peaceful slumbers.

M. A.

This sketch appears to be an introduction to something which may be very interesting. Will not M. A. introduce us to the artist, and inform us of the more recent adventures and fate of the young lady?

Ed.

THE SONG OF THE SHOE.

So many lays are sung in praise
Of all that's good and right,
That I believe mankind receive
In praising much delight.

If I could sing of anything
Ne'er sung about before,
Such rhymes I'd string each voice would sing
With loud and jovial roar.

But every man, of every clan,
Has more than justice had;
Each beast and bird has praises heard,
Unless 'twas very bad.

Of every root, and flower, and shoot,
King Solomon once sung;
Of Fire and Light, of Death and Night,
Have modern praises rung.

Why should I dream of some new theme?
When all assert it true—
The infidel will even tell
That—"there is nothing new."

Yet may not I for once just try
My lyre to string anew;
For no one yet, that I e'er met,
Has sung THE RUBBER SHOE.

Ah! many a maid, who's ne'er afraid
Of one man, or of two,
Would never dare to face the air,
At eve, without this shoe.

When summer showers wash earth and flowers,
What can a fair girl do,
If she's without a thick and stout
Elastic Rubber Shoe?

To stay within, and knit or spin,
When all without's inviting,
When rainbows glow, and fresh streams flow,
And gems the scene are lighting.

When hie away! and skip! and play!
Are what we all would do;
We'd stay at home, and fear to roam,
But for the Rubber Shoe.

And when we hear that spring is near,
With skies so bright and blue,
We always bless, from heart's recess,
The India Rubber Shoe.

Though poets sing of lovely spring,
She's always mud or dew;
And we our feet could ne'er keep neat
But for the Rubber Shoe.

And we can go through melting snow,
And slippery streets walk through,
And trip so nice o'er glowing ice,
With an India Rubber Shoe.

Our grand-ma'ams sure did much endure—
 How much they scarcely knew—
 Their feet they wet, and colds did get,
 For want of a Rubber Shoe.

In days "lang syne" the sun did shine
 Upon a world of mud,
 And green trees grew, and one dove flew,
 Where no one ever stood.

And Noah's wife had blessed her life,
 I think, for one good view
 Of that which we so thankless see—
 An India Rubber Shoe.

And Noah's girls had giv'n their curls
 If Japhet, Ham, and Shem
 Could have some boots—if not *sur-touts*,
 Some *over-shoes* for them.

For, from the ark, a beauteous park
 This earth looked to that crew;
 Only 'twas wet, to their regret,
 And not a Rubber Shoe.

But I must not go back a jot
 To Gentile or to Jew;
 But close this song, which is so long,
 About the Rubber Shoe.

It rhymes with pew, and rhymes with grew,
 And rhymes with glue, and blew;
 It rhymes with hue, and rhymes with slew,
 With few, and with imbue.

It rhymes with stew, and rhymes with sew,
 With queue, and *mew*, and *whew*!
 And I could screw, I surely knew,
 A song from a Rubber Shoe.

JUNE, 1844.

THE HOSPITAL.

INSTEAD of being thankful for having a home provided for us in sickness, we are raising continually our objections against an establishment every way calculated for our comfort and convenience; and, when all other resources fail, exclaim, "You know I always hated the name of a hospital."

Hospital! What can there be in the name so odious, so disgusting? We often hear this objection, "I do not like the physician." Why not? "Well—I—I—he says right off what he means."

Hear, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth! What a reason!

Again: "There are evil intentions at the bottom; when a patient dies, the corpse is conveyed to a separate building for something." Well, for what? "O you know for what." Let us visit the cemetery. Here we behold a tomb with an enclosure, which, aside from the hospital, is an honor to the company, and what do we suppose this is for? Is it not to receive our remains until friends can be summoned to remove them to our

distant home ; or, if they choose, inter them within the enclosure ? What more could have been done to allay suspicion than has been done ? How thankful then ought we to be for a home in sickness, away from the clatter of machinery, where we can inhale air as pure as the breath of heaven, away from the noise and bustle of a boarding-house, for noise there must be which it is impossible to prevent. How many there are, away from home, among strangers, without any friends but those whom money can procure, to watch over them in sickness ; and yet they will be influenced by such unreasonable objections, and remain in their boarding-house to suffer, perhaps die, rather than avail themselves of this blessing—a home at the hospital.

Methinks I hear some one exclaim, “How unreasonable to suppose we would let each other suffer.” Do what we may there are sufferings we cannot prevent. How often while rent with anguish almost insupportable, will the sound of half a dozen voices fall on the ear singing in a distant tenement—there are wheels in the streets, and a thousand other noises which serve to disturb and distress the patient. This we cannot prevent. Are we not more likely to receive attention from those whose business it is to administer to our wants, than from those who are not at all interested in our welfare ?

A home in sickness ! Laugh at this who will, for such it is, and such we ought to esteem it, also to respect and honor those who have done so much for us. In conclusion, permit one who knows to say, that nothing but the voice of kindness greets the ear ; every indulgence is granted which it is reasonable for a patient to receive ; and never, while life remains, or memory retains its power, shall I forget the kindness received while at that so-called hateful place—the hospital.

A PATIENT.

We are not personally acquainted with the writer of this communication, but doubt not her ability to judge correctly and speak truly of the advantages of the hospital as a “home in sickness.” But we have several times been promised such an article from some of our acquaintance who have availed themselves of its comforts and attentions, and who wished to be instrumental in the removal of an unreasonable and very general prejudice. Want of time, or distrust of their own abilities, has probably prevented them from forwarding us the contemplated contribution.

Ed.

SABBATH BELLS.

Lo ! athwart yon distant height
Shoots the sun's resplendent light.
Waters blue and valleys green,
Glisten in the crystal sheen.
Earth awakes ; and men go forth,
Not to business, or to mirth ;
Not to strife for pomp or power ;—
Hushed is tumult—calm the hour.
Hark ! what breaks the quiet spell ?
'Tis the Sabbath morning bell.

Pealing through the breathless air,
Hear the summons, “Come to prayer !”
Nature greets her Lord with song ;—
Mortal, tune thy grateful tongue !

Come, ere earth pollutes each thought;
 Be thy week-day cares forgot;—
 Burst from sloth's debasing chain,—
 Hie thee to the hallowed fane,
 Where the HIGH AND LOFTY dwells!
 Ushered by the Sabbath bells.

Now the mellow light has gone,
 And the gentle stars look down
 Through the darkened sky aloft;
 And the moonbeams, still and soft,
 Fall on tree, and dale, and hill.
 All is peaceful, solemn, still.
 List! a faint—a far-off chime!
 'Tis the knell of holy time.
 And the spirit upward swells
 With the Sabbath evening bells.

"Come to prayer!" the last, low call.
 Come, while evening spreads her pall.
 Come! the blessed moments haste!
 Thou must tread again life's waste.
 Earthly care and strife and scorn,
 Bury heavenly thoughts new born.
 Come, and in the house of prayer,
 Gather strength for every snare.
 Prayer and faith thy foes shall quell;
 Heed the Sabbath evening bell!

When the morning breezes play,—
 Ringing in the sacred day;
 Pealing loud at noonday bright;
 Tolling through the gleaming light;
 Echoing along the shore,
 Drowning ocean's billowy war;
 Chiming from the city's spires;
 From the hamlet's altar-fires;
 Waking woods and lonely dells;—
 Pleasant are the Sabbath bells.

Swift life's evening hasteth on.
 Soon a holier day shall dawn.
 When the ransomed just shall rise
 To their home in Paradise,
 It shall burst upon their sight,
 With a blaze for sense too bright.
 Ushered in by loftier praise,
 Than all earthly notes could raise,
 Where that endless Sabbath dwells,
 They will need no Sabbath bells.

L. L.

A MAN cannot take unto himself a better helpmate through life than Self-Confidence. It is always a cheerful companion—strengthening him for difficulties, and consoling him after failures and disappointments.

BASHFULNESS.

"So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
E'en pity scarce could wish it less."

Byron.

No doubt the immortal poet imagined he was unfolding a great and glorious truth, when he penned these lines, but be it our province to show, from woful experience and observation, the utter sophistry contained therein. It awakens in our bosom every dormant principle of truth and veracity, to see his lordship perverting the godlike gift of poesy to convey sentiments such as this. And, gentle friends, deem me not self-sufficient, nor vain-glorious, thus to dispute the truth of the poet's maxim, for all Nature's children, from the hippopotamus to the humming-bird, (men included, and women also,) have a right to speak that they do know, and testify that they have seen, which is all that I purpose to do at this time.

His lordship, methinks, must have looked somewhat obliquely upon human nature as it is, or his spectacles have been a little dimmed by the mists of misanthropy, to have such mistaken ideas of sweetness. Sweetness, forsooth! Talk of the sunny skies and romantic scenery of Nova Zembla, or of soft repose on a couch of Canada thistles, but never speak of sweet bashfulness. One thing is certain, Byron was never qualified to judge from experience, and I should hardly judge from observation, else he could not refrain from pitying, if perchance that heavenly virtue abode in his bosom. Do you imagine his lordship ever beheld a bashful man seated bolt upright in his chair, with his hands and feet placed in all kinds of uncertain and doubtful attitudes, as if determined that they should, in some of their experiments, hit upon the proper and graceful one? Did he ever watch the profuse perspiration gathering upon his forehead, as he sat motionless, endeavoring to count the minutes, seemingly so long that Methuselah might have lived a dozen lives in each one of them? and notice him stammering and blushing, in reply to any plain simple question (particularly if the speaker chance to be a lady)?

Cowper (Heaven preserve his memory) seems to have had a perfect understanding of these things. He declares that "he pities bashful men, who bear the marks, upon a blushing face, of needless shame, and self-imposed disgrace," and then goes on to give a most pathetic description of their sufferings. The bashful portion of community ought, from motives of gratitude, to erect him a monument which shall immortalize his fame. Some, however, may tell us that Byron alludes particularly to the so-called better half of creation—the fair sex. If so, we have even less patience with him than before, and most heartily wish that he might be metamorphosed into a bashful girl, for a time at least, in order that he might have an opportunity to know something of "sweet bashfulness." I could never perceive any very peculiar grace or sweetness in the flush that rises upon a bashful person's cheek; and as for the confusion and embarrassment they experience, defend me from them.

The faint-heartedness of the coward upon the field of battle, the perplexity of the miser, who has been robbed of the boarded treasures of years, or even the sullen desperation of a condemned criminal on his way to the gallows, are as nothing in comparison. Many of your bashful young ladies would much prefer a bare-footed pilgrimage to Mecca, or a ram-

excursion to the coral groves in the depths of the sea, to a half-hour's conversation with a stranger. The intense effort to speak when ideas and even words, monosyllables, polysyllables and all, fly from you as on the wings of the wind, and, whenever you can, by a fortunate accident, seize a sentence by one corner, and send it floating upon the air, the awful pause that succeeds, together with the crimson tinge that will, spite of yourself, mount to your burning cheek and brow, all these items together form such an aggregate of misery that any heart of common sensibility must surely wish it less. And whatever Byron may say to the contrary, I contend that bashful persons are entitled to the pity and sympathy of the entire community.

M. A. D.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OFFERING.

Boston, July —, 1844.

MISS FARLEY: Having become quite ill by confinement and over work in the factory, I have been passing some weeks in Boston, in hopes thereby to regain my health. I think the bracing effects of the east wind, fresh from the ocean, is of great benefit to me, notwithstanding the Bostonians complain of the frequency of their winds, which prevail here at all seasons. I have seen much to admire, much to surprise, and much to grieve me since I left Lowell.

First, I have admired the many noble buildings that ornament the city, its fine cleanly streets, its beautiful park, or common, as it is called, and its noble harbor, dotted here and there with green isles of fairy-like beauty, and its broad bosom bearing tokens of commercial prosperity. I have counted more than fifty sail at one time, with their snowy wings spread to the breeze, and their prows up-ploughing the smooth waters of the bay.

The numerous curiosities offered to the attention of strangers in the city have afforded me some surprise from their singularity. For instance, it is odd enough to witness the process of hatching eggs by steam. I have seen this with some curiosity, as you may well suppose. I have enjoyed, too, a very interesting and instructive visit to the Museum in Tremont street. I am informed that it is unsurpassed by any like establishment in the Union. Immediately under the Museum there is now exhibiting a **STEAM GUN**, capable of discharging an almost incredible number of balls per minute. Can you realize that gunpowder is to be superseded by steam?

I have said that I have seen much to grieve me. There is poverty in this great city. There is vice here too. I think I may say that there are thousands of the poorer classes of females here who obtain their bread by the most unholy and vicious lives. I speak advisedly, for I have been observant, and am told that in the southern cities this vice far exceeds that of Boston in proportion to the number of the inhabitants. This is a horrible state of society.

I saw, yesterday, from the cupola of the house where I reside, the arrival of a steam packet (the *Hibernia*) at this port, from Liverpool. I watched her coming from the moment she was telegraphed at the Merchants' Exchange, she being then at forty miles distance from the wharves.

I could first observe her location by the long narrow cloud of smoke that skirted the horizon in the distance, and at length could discern the black hull and fiery-red smoke-pipe of the royal mail packet, walking up the harbor as it were on feet of foam, and with breath of fire. It was a noble sight to see this huge craft crowded with foreigners and "homeward-bound" Americans: the former looking perhaps for the first time upon a free republican city, and the hearts of the latter throbbing to the tune of "Sweet Home." I observed that the United States ship-of-the-line Ohio, which was anchored in the bay, lowered the American ensign three times as the steamer passed her, in answer to a like movement on board the British packet. I was pleased to see this nautical interchange of good feeling between the United States and British flags.

I am glad to know of the continued prosperity of the Offering. It is designed to promote the interests of the operative, and a liberal public will sustain it.

Affectionately your friend, E. A. E.

THE WASTED FLOWERS.

ON the velvet bank of a rivulet sat a rosy child. Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of rose-buds was twined around her neck. Her face was as radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it; and her voice was as clear as that of the bird which warbled at her side.

The little stream went singing on, and with every gush of its music the child lifted a flower in its dimpled hand, and with a merry laugh threw it upon its surface. In her glee she forgot that her treasures were growing less, and with the swift motion of childhood, she flung them upon the sparkling tide, until every bud and blossom had disappeared. Then, seeing her loss, she sprang to her feet, and, bursting into tears, called aloud to the stream—"Bring back my flowers!" But the stream danced along, regardless of her tears; and, as it bore the blooming burden away, her words came back in a taunting echo, along its reedy margin. And, long after, amid the wailing of the breeze, and the fitful bursts of childish grief, was heard the fruitless cry—"Bring back my flowers!"

Merry maiden! who art idly wasting the precious moments so bountifully bestowed upon thee—see in the thoughtless impulsive child our emblem of thyself. Each moment is a perfumed flower. Let its fragrance be dipped in blessings on all around thee, and ascend as sweet incense to its beneficent GIVER.

Else, when thou hast carelessly flung them from thee, and seest them receding on the swift waters of Time, thou wilt cry in tones more sorrowful than those of the weeping child—"Bring back my flowers!" And thy only answer will be an echo from the shadowy Past—"Bring back my flowers!"

ROTHA.

A PRAYER IN AFFLICTION.

WEARY with grief I come to THEE,
My FATHER and my God,
Submissive I would wait THY will,
And kiss THY chastening rod.

I would be THINE, be wholly THINE,
Still lean upon THY word,
And trust THEE in my darkest hours,
My Friend, my Helper, God.

O wilt THOU deign to stay my grief,
If it seem best to THEE,
And give my mind some sweet relief,
If it be stayed on THEE.

If it be not, O lead me, LORD,
Into THY chosen way,
And keep, O keep my sinful heart,
That I may never stray.

And when on earth my stay is o'er,
And Death shall call for me,
Then may my spirit upward soar,
To rest, in heaven, with THEE.

LAURA.

AUTUMN.

THE glory of summer is departing, and the winds and frosts of autumn are fast approaching. Soon the gay blooming flowers, and rich foliage, will become withered and dead; the green freshness be changed for the sere and yellow leaf; and hushed will be the music of birds. To most minds this season of the year is associated with feelings of sadness and gloom. Is it not that we behold therein a representation of our own destiny? that in the decay of the beauties of nature there is presented so striking an emblem of moral desolation, of fading joys, of blighted hopes and withered affections? Though the moral world has its season of decay, yet unlike the natural, it has no returning spring; the human heart once blighted will never revive; and if hope be withered by the chilling frosts of adversity, it will never bloom again in its original freshness. The time of birds and flowers will return, and earth be again arrayed in the glowing beauties of spring. But if the delicate flowers of innocence and virtue be withered, and their fragrance departed, no dews of sympathy or kindness will revive them, and what sun will ever restore *them* to life? And when in sorrow we have garnered our own cherished ones in the grave, how long is the winter which rests upon them. But to the winter of the tomb, long and mournful as it is, there will come a succeeding spring. The period will arrive when that which is sown in sadness shall be raised to bloom in unfading beauty. And in that better world to which we look forward in bright anticipation, even the *fear* of blight and decay will be unknown.

E. D.

EDITORIAL.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME. We have been waiting more than a week to find ourself in a mood to write a formal valedictory, and now that we can wait no longer, we find ourself less than ever disposed to do any thing of the kind. We will not attempt any thing labored or elegant. We will merely give to our readers an informal statement of some of our affairs, and trust that they will excuse the absence of elegance or method.

Among the circumstances which have afforded us much gratification and encouragement, has been the interest which the Offering has awakened in England. It seems to us that we have done great good—that even our feeble words may have much weight in the cause of true democracy, of truth, justice, and oppressed humanity.

We give the following extract from a note recently sent us. "The Lowell Offering is probably exciting more attention in England, than any other American publication. It is talked of in the political as well as literary world. In the great contest which is going on between the agricultural and manufacturing interests, it is quoted and discussed. It has given rise to a new idea—that there may be "mind among the spindles;" and as a natural consequence that it is entitled to legislative consideration. It is doing not a little to give the English, a juster opinion of our New England character and institutions. The book is a stubborn fact, a proof of what was deemed fabulous, and politicians and literati speculate about the state of society of which such are the fruits.—In Manchester, a few months since, an association was formed by the young men of the city, principally clerks and overseers, similar in plan to, and suggested by, the "Improvement Circle." Singing societies, too, have been established, and Mechanics' Institutes dispense instruction and amusement. But for the female operatives these are all useless and unappreciated. A horse-race is far more attractive, and the mills in Manchester were stopped last month two or three days during the races, so that all might attend. Contrast this with your thronged lyceums, and the broad difference between the condition of the operatives in the two countries will be obvious, and the cause of the difference explained."

To our own operatives the idea will seem very strange that females should be willing to attend a horse-race, and to our employers it would be "a new thing under the sun" to allow their work-people two or three successive days for any amusement. In one other respect there is also a wide difference between the two countries. We allude to the intellectual superiority of the males of English manufacturing. In this place the females are, if not more intellectual, at all events more literary. And when they learn that their efforts for self-culture have been incitements to others in the same good cause, they will be encouraged for farther efforts. Our Improvement Circle has been very pleasant and interesting to those connected with it. We have only to regret that more of our female friends have not associated themselves with us. Our Circle is not an exclusive one. All can enter, upon compliance with the regulation to furnish one article, as short or long as they please, in a month. And to the many who have never joined us, but who have tastes and capacities equal to those of the contributors of our magazine, we would again extend a kindly invitation, and hope that the feelings, whatever their nature, which have prevented them from gratifying themselves, our readers, and, of course, ourself, may not be allowed an unworthy influence.

And what shall we say to those of our operatives who withhold from us their patronage, and exert all their influence in opposition to us, and to their own best interest? We feel that they have strangely mistaken us. They appear to think that we are false to them, and to our own professions of interest in their behalf and desire to do them good. And they seem to feel that the Offering writers would be a clique by themselves, and above their fellow-operatives. These suspicions are entirely groundless, and nothing but wilful ignorance and a perverse determination to stand aloof from us could sustain them in these unreasonable prejudices.

We have cause for complaint against the citizens of Lowell generally. We have not as many subscribers in this city as in Boston; and New York does for us even more than Boston. In Portland, Me., and Concord, N. H., we have more than half as many subscribers as we number at home. The New Yorkers and De

Easters have done nobly for us. For their generosity they have our grateful thanks, and may it meet its just reward. In Philadelphia, Baltimore, and many other distant places, we have our kind and earnest friends, whose good wishes and good deeds will not soon be forgotten. But all subscriptions out of New England have been obtained at an expense which leaves no profit, and we at the close of a hard year's labor find ourselves but ill paid for our exertions. While one of the proprietors has been roaming the country in quest of patrons, the other has been left alone to edit, publish, and bear as she might the burden of new cares and anxieties. Will not Lowell do something more for us? Will not the proprietors of our mills assist us? We cannot discontinue our work this year; we must go on; we will not fall down, but we should be very glad to sit down. We should like a respite from some of our labors, and cannot endure the thought of another year like the one which is just past.

To those subscribers who have been patiently waiting and hoping for some embellishments, we can only say, that if they should look in our treasury they would see the reason for their non-appearance, that is, if they have the faculty of making nothing visible.

Some kind letters of advice and encouragement have been sent us. For those not otherwise answered, we here return our sincere acknowledgments. One distinguished lady has written to us that she feared she saw in the September number of the Offering, "a tendency to depreciate the clerical order." Far would it be from us to depreciate them as an order. As the daughter of a clergyman, and of one whose moral character is as pure as the snow that glistens on an Alpine height, we have always been taught to look upon them with reverence and trust. And this, perhaps, is why we feel impatient and indignant when we learn of the hypocrite; when we see that profession is not always principle; when we know that the garb which we have looked upon as hallowed, has been used as the cloak for vice and crime. We would more willingly make public an abuse of this confidence a breach of this trust, that it may never take place again—that the impostor may be deterred from other deeds of darkness, and the unwary taught to guard against deception. We by no means think that hypocrisy is confined to the clerical order, or that they are the only ones who preach righteousness when the truth is not in them: And we do verily believe that the clergymen of our country, of all denominations, are to be respected for the good influence they exert, and the high standard they maintain. But that ministers may err, has been taught, not by the Lowell Offering, but by the records of our judicial courts, and by occurrences continually transpiring in common life. We have published as fiction that which we knew to be fact. If we have succeeded in exciting indignation at treachery and imposture, we hardly see how the contribution should have an immoral tendency. So far as religion consists in truth, justice, sincerity, philanthropy, and devotion to our heavenly FATHER, so far are the pages of the Offering devoted to its cause.

To the gentleman who writes requesting to know of the petty tyranny by which our female operatives are oppressed, we reply that we have never known any thing of the kind. Probably none of our female operatives attended the funeral of the late Mr. Boott, because his obsequies were performed in Boston, instead of Lowell. But we do not think any female was ever denied the privilege of leaving her mill labor to attend the funeral of a friend.

With every desire to do strict justice to all classes, whether connected, or not, with Lowell or any other factories, and hoping that our efforts in this cause may be looked upon with that charity which excuseth many mistakes, and looketh patiently for better things, we consent to appear again before our patrons as the editor of the Lowell Offering.

HARRIET FARLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, March —, 1844.

Miss Farley: I have delayed writing till this date, that I might be able to give you a full account of sayings and doings in this delightful city, up to the last moment of my stay. I leave on the morrow for New York, as my term of absence from "life's sober duties" has nearly expired. I very much regret the limitation, as another three months could be spent in your service with pleasure, if not with profit. I have been enjoying this delightful evening out of doors. Do you remember the description of a moonlight scene in the "Merchant of Venice," somewhat on this wise?

“ How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep into our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
There’s not the smallest orb, which thou behold’st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,” &c.

If so, you can participate in the rich pleasures of this evening. Perhaps the thought that this is the last, the very last, I am to spend here, has given it its peculiar charm. Be that as it may, it will be to me a delightful spot, and memory's storehouse has a peg appropriated to the hanging up of this evening's events.

My stay, from first to last, has been marked by kindnesses, such as Philadelphians know how to bestow, and your friend to appreciate. I came a stranger, but leave with the consciousness of having won many friends; and, doubtless, "winged messengers" will often, hereafter, bear the kind wishes of those whose acquaintance it will ever give me pleasure to retain. I have endeavored to present facts in factory life, giving to every one as fair an impression of our northern system of labor as I am capable of doing; and can assure you, and through you our friends generally, that people abroad are deeply interested in the moral and intellectual improvement of Lowell operatives. My intercourse has been more particularly with persons of refined taste and high literary attainments, and universal approbation of the object of my mission has been awarded. While I have been enjoying the hospitalities of different families, the good work of gaining subscriptions has not been neglected. Those to whom I was favored with letters have taken a deep interest, and I am wholly indebted to them for my success in obtaining names so far. The firms of Hanson & Brothers, Parish & Price, and D. S. Brown & Co. have been very kind, as well as generous. The last-named firm (and, by the way, the *first* in point of wealth and liberality) have given fourteen dollars. Mr. Parish, of the firm of P. & P., obtained twenty-three names, beside his own generous contribution. I have five subscriptions for five copies each. For these I am indebted to W. R. Hanson & Brother. From this you may infer my effort has been both opportune and successful. It will be your part to thank these friends for their kindness, as I happen to belong to that class of persons who find grateful emotions inexpressible. With so much for business, let me relieve you by a partial description of pleasures enjoyed.

I told you of my visit to the "Water-Works." Through the politeness of Dr. Allen, I attended commencement at "Jefferson Institute." The services were quite new to me—the novelty consisting in the dubbing of M. Ds. One hundred and eighteen graduates. The orator of the day gave them what he called "just praise" for their proficiency and manly course of conduct during their attendance of three years. Through the politeness of the same, I have visited "Independence Hall," and sat in the chairs said to have been occupied by the signers of the Declaration, and felt my native dignity considerably increased as I reflected on my favored position. I also climbed the stairway to the tip-top of the steeple, which brought me much nearer the clouds than I ever expect to be again. Indeed, I must beg to be excused from climbing Jacob's, or any other ladder, if my sensations are to be the same as when I first looked from that fearful height. Fancy led me to Lilliput as I gazed on the pigmies below. At the base of the cupola hangs the bell which *toll'd* the story of American Independence. It was cracked some years since and taken down to be recast, but by a fortunate discovery it was saved from desecration. The bell bears an inscription quite in keeping with its office. It is this: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto the inhabitants thereof."—Lev. xxv. 10. No one was aware of it, I believe, until it was sent to the founders; and why a subject of good King George should fancy such a passage is a mystery. The statement going the rounds of the papers in regard to the bell of St. Augustine's being the old State-house bell, is false. It still hangs, as above, in the cupola of the State-house, and has never been in possession of the Catholics.

Have also visited Girard College that is to be. It is at present in a most glorious state of uncertainty, so far as completion is concerned. A fit monument of its founder. This giving what we cannot longer keep, is, in my estimation, no charity; and bequests generally, though ostensibly benevolent, are but the last efforts of a silly man to perpetuate his name.

I ought to have mentioned, ere we entered the Academy of Fine Arts, where are the celebrated paintings of Raphael, "The Fall of Man," "Christ healing

the sick," and "Death on the pale horse." "Christ healing the sick," was presented by Mr. West to the Pennsylvania Hospital, and has been exhibited until a sufficient sum has been raised to enlarge the hospital; and I have the impression that some thirty or forty poor persons are at present supported from its avails. The two hours spent there passed like a dream. I cannot possibly define the emotions excited by these pictures, and therefore decline the attempt.

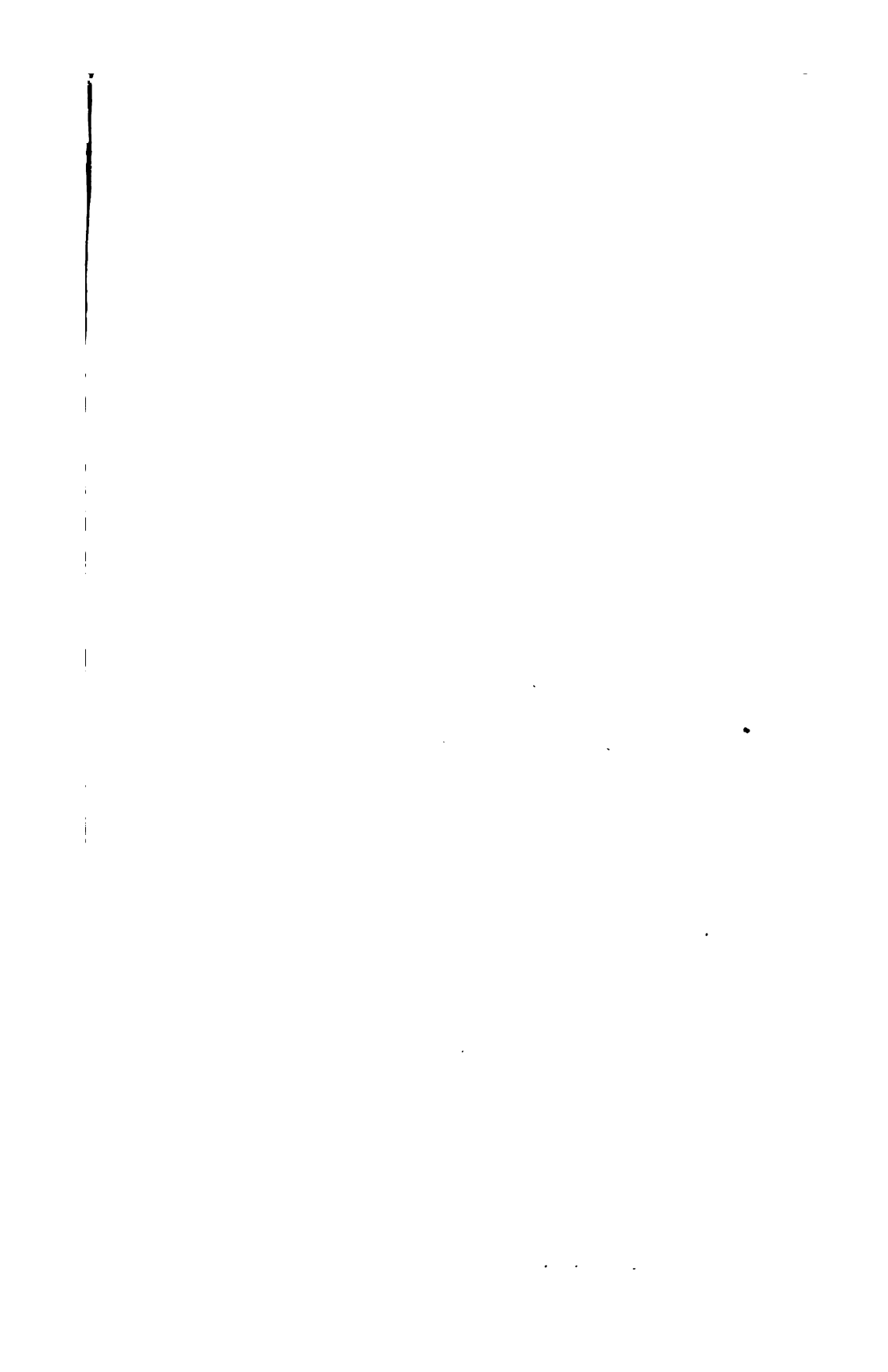
But time would fail me in attempting to detail all the pleasant visits I have paid in and about the city. We have pleasant company at Jones's. A Mr. and Mrs. B., of Boston, have been here for a week. They are very kind. A young lady is stopping here from Ohio. We are quite good friends, and I anticipate the pleasure of her company to New York. A brother of hers graduates in April, from the Pennsylvania Institute. In my peregrinations I pass the market quite frequently. You would be pained as well as amused at the appearance of the "huckster women," as they are called. My friend, Dr. Campbell, says "fish-women" are the same in all ages, or at least since the days of Shakspeare, when they sat in Billingsgate. This remark was provoked by the stentorian voice of a woman(?) crying "Fish! fish!" with a basket of those articles on her head, as our Irish women carry bundles. Don't talk of *degradation* when you see a mill girl again, good folks. Why, she is a lady in comparison, and what is more, at the north and east I believe men are the only fish pedlers. The coarseness of language of the marketers is equalled only by their coarseness of feature. While I have been so richly enjoying this beautiful spring, I have frequently sent my thoughts homeward. Jack Frost is still nipping your fingers, I suppose, while here it is balmy as May. And then, too, the perfect leisure I have. At home it is hurry, hurry; while here it is quite after the pattern of the man "who came when he went, and did just as he pleased for all nobody."

There are multitudes in our goodly city, who are *alone* so far as kindred are concerned. They are with us, but not of us; alone in Nature's pleasant paths, though amid the rush of thousands; alone in joy; alone in sorrow; alone at the altar of their God; alone in hours of weakness and dependence; alone when the soul hungers for aliment never found in the selfish and sordid avocations of life; alone always; and for them I have wished I had the power to do something to relieve the painful monotony of their existence. The more conversant I am with the "big world," the more I am convinced of the strength of local prejudices. As a community, I think we are sadly at fault. We form our own circles for pleasure and interchange of friendly feelings, forgetful at the same time of the many whose weariness might be relieved by a small effort on our part, or a little self-denial. Ours is, to a great extent, a community of widows and orphans; and the bond of sympathy ought to be stronger when there is a commonality of afflictions. We (that is, every resident of a city like ours) are bound to alleviate as far as possible, the sufferings of others. And it seems to me, females having a like employ should have a like sympathy. The petty jealousies of position, etc., should be forgotten; and the fact that those about us are gathered from the corners of the earth in pursuit of the same object with ourselves, (i. e. a support,) should be a sufficient bar against clanship.

You must excuse my moodishness to-night. I am not always so very thoughtful, but you know sometimes one cannot help but feel "the world is one vast caravan."—But it is time to court the favor of Morpheus. Maybe he will send dreams of home and thee. I will finish and send from New York. Adieu.

NEW YORK, April —, 1844.

Safe here, and ready for home. Shall leave at six, A. M., Monday. Several of my Philadelphia friends called the morning of my departure. I did not forget, but neglected to mention my indebtedness to Dr. Warrington and family, together with sundry of his friends, for their interest and attention. Dr. A. came on board the boat, as we were ready for Camden. Good-bys are soon said, but not so soon forgotten. He was accompanied by Miss W., of Ohio. Arrived at New York about two o'clock, P. M., Friday. Found H. well, but rather sad at the prospect of being left alone in her labors. Would gladly stay with her, if I could. Mr. and Mrs. B. are at the Astor House, and will bear me company through the sound. Shall return via Hartford, Springfield, etc. So here ends my journal. If the descriptions I have been able to give you have proved wearisome, I would suggest as a relief to the same, the assurance I gave at the first, that I presumed my part of the journal was the most agreeable. Avowing my readiness to write in any way, and hoping to greet you soon "viva voce," I remain, as you may be assured, in the quiet way, yours always, A. G. A.



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